

114

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Huh.

This journal belongs to

Jewel Prince



DVM SPIRO SPERO.

April 3 2017

Skip this Page

This is the second day of the trip but I should start with the first. The very first moment. Only then can stories of travel begin.

Day #1: Longest day: 4/1/17

I had never been to the Louisville airport before, and the architecture was everything one should expect. It had this out of style - in style quality; modern and outdated; clean and dingy. I loved it.

The plane to Atlanta was the same way. It rattled and shook in the air like a child on a bicycle and the wing outside the window had a look of scrap metal. But we flew all the same in comfort. It really was strange. The air vents ~~were~~ and entrance doors were reminiscent of 60's jet spacecraft parts and really it felt that it shouldn't have

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flown at all. Planes always
sleep from a distance so
maybe depends on the
I didn't have a window
seat but I could see through
my friend Brandon's. As
as we took off from the
ground exhilarating took hold
my heart and I - for
hold of my blood, I
a smiling fool with
in his head for most
the remaining two hours
that which was
of spiritless sleep.

The layover in Atlanta
was tedious. We were pre-
sented then delayed, excited and
bored.



The layers in a mountain
was tedious.



Hub.

Personal
Edition

The most beautiful adventures are
not those we go to seek.



September 18, 2017 12:18 am

So right now I'm listening
to Cisco Kid. rocking song.

Gotta think of a christ figure
from a book for class.
I ain't got shit.

Later I'll have to
do some calculus worksheet
also. See Huh. original for
more on that.

* Decided I'm gonna trip
some mushrooms next week
(hopefully). Pretty hyped about
that. I'm probably the
most psychologically
stable guy I know right
now.

Of course that varies
but it's been a good
half semester. Glad it's already
almost October. Mad I
had to miss the pride festival
Alabama was fun though.

* See October 8, 2017

I'm gonna write some
of what that's like down
I hope. I'll put it in here.
It's nice to keep a journal
like this. Decided I was
gonna do 3 grams. Anything
lower just doesn't
sound worth the effort.
Like, CJ Carney said 2 for \$20
but I'm gonna try to
get some changing ratios. I
want more damnit.
I want to lose my
head man.

Really I can't wait for
the day. Heard a lot of shit
of what it's like.

Too many varying accounts
to trust any of them.

I'm a big dude, I can
take 3 grams.

I have also heard of powerful
psychological affects, like heightened
personal understanding.

I'm kind of excited for that too.
I started this out just wanting
to see shit but it could now
help me more. Exciting prospect.

Could probably hurt me too
though. Not putting much stock in
that. Once I have my mind made
up on exhilarating shit like this
I get pretty well bent on
it. Strong certainty: good trip.

I had never heard this before either
but they say even "bad trips" are
helpful for your psyche.
Very interesting. I need to work
out who's going to be there with
me and who I'm going to be
up to. Sitting with the guys is
currently available, but I
don't think that atmosphere
is especially conducive to
the experience. Albert Johnson might
be cool to hang with, plus he
has experience with these things.
May even call up my boy
Ryan. It's been some time
since I've talked to him.

Albert Johnson is on the docket
because I've been talking to his
new girl, Chloé Sacré a lot
recently. She's a cool gal. Definitely
flirting with me. It's weird
though. She's high-key
about to date Albert.

I don't get such things.

She drew this of me. I think
it's pretty cool.



Flattering
as hell if
you ask
me.

I think I would hate her, but
the timing is bad with Julia and
all and I also I might be against
dating over all. We'll see
how that plays out. I'm
kind of all for freedom right
now is the thing.
Women are controlling.
Maybe it's just that I let them
be. My life, isn't it?

I wanna put some photos in
here all the time. Have like a
cool compendium of photos to leaf
through with the stories.

Man, I'm listening to
The World is a Shattered Dry War
right now and this shit
kills. Needs to be checked
out. Cisco Kid is a classic, big
fan also of City, Country, City,
4-Cornered Room, and the
self titled track, but that's only
as far in as I am. It's
all good. Funk really is
the best genre of music & it's
got all the flaring guitars
of rock with more impressive
musical understanding.

I like knowing that there is
hot tea in my thermos. It's
just cool that it can sit there
in this cold room and be
so goddamn hot. Like my
thermos is keeping my
tea warm and safe in a
separate dimension accessible
only by removing the lid.



Frankenstein's monster
is a Christ figure

September 19, 2017

Was not expecting to update this so soon but tonight I got high on weed for the first time. I had smoked it before but I hadn't ever reached the point.

Really interesting experience. When I hit it, that point where you know you are high, I felt like I was watching in slow motion the dark I from very far away a movie screen of a finger pointing at me. I had a laughing face on and almost I could see the face I was making. I thought I smiled for like half an hour.

Felt unreal. Was definitely necessary for experiencing shrooms.

I might have lost my mind had I skipped ahead.

Joseph and William did not look real at first, it felt like all of that which was going on surely could not be real life. Really weird. I am still kind of amazed that I was really in such a state like that. Felt like some effect in a video game. Really intense.

I walked around this tree probably like six times to clear my head.

William and Joe apparently both saw my eyes roll back in my head, like one up and one down.

Really weird shit. I did feel my eyes were closed but not a lot. Must have been that that kept happening.

Most favorite moment had to be when we were at the waterfront. It felt too obvious we were high.

moments seemed to last infinitely.
I was waiting for my guys
to come to my table at guys
Cabin's and it seemed like I sat
there for a million years, also
my order taken. Took a
looking all time getting
my change.

Funked me out.
Music sometimes got really
interesting to me. Like, it
was never orgasmic but there
were a couple instances where
it felt really good on my
mind.

It really is awe-striking to
have your literal perception of
reality sent askew.
Totally nuts really. I
just felt so far away
from my hands sometimes.

I wonder where that
would rank in like
a list of highest points.
Weed being smoked itself
did not really fuck me
up so bad. I think I
get it now, like how to do it.

There was just this moment
where I very suddenly went
from sales to gone.

Didn't know how to
take it. I had to walk
all around.

Apparently Jeremy freaked
out his first time so
I'm glad I did so much
better than him.

Fell pretty bad for Joe,
I hear the dude is
basically now supporting
too many smokers.

Financially.
Not that I'm going to
do that too much. It
immediately felt like something
I should not do after.
Like it was very clear clear
that what I was
doing was not morally
right!



September 24, 2017

I had a dream where I had gone on a walk in an area I was unfamiliar with. It was like this section of Louisville that was very rural and more or less country. It was really a good time I remember but eventually I came upon some trouble. I saw this very large woman rolling a family at gunpoint of their pet cat. Well, I had a rifle on me and so I went to hide behind something and take a shot on her. Somehow though I guess she saw me because she came around my hiding spot, paused until I stood up, and shot at me. I dodged it, and shot back. I hit her in the stomach and she died. Everybody at school knew and thought poorly of me because I was acting too neutral and not ~~resonant~~ ^{relevant} enough. It was really interesting

A couple of hours later I am sitting here trying to run myself up trying for a college essay.

The book analysis is a good one.

"I've grown with the lessons of humanity. As a child I was Harry Potter. I was the Brothers Grimm, good old Asop on the ring. The world was a place of magic, wonder and joy for a curious mind to explore. I grew older though, knowing those things weren't real. I had moved on to realistic fantasy, imagining and believing it."

This feels too conventional. I need something more me.

I like caring. It's actually a little too much sometimes. I probably think about it once a day.

"He's too loud" "Naive"
"He's obnoxious" "Easily distracted"
"Stupid" "Genius" "Smart" "Experimental"

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A couple of hours later I'm sitting here trying to sum myself up trying to write a college essay.

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"I've grown with the lessons of humanity. As a child I was Harry Potter. I was the Brothers Grimm, good old Aesop on the mind. The world was a place of magic, wonder and joy for a curious mind to explore. I grew older though, becoming these things weren't real. I moved on to realistic fantasy, imagining and believing it."

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"He's obnoxious" "Easily distracted"
"Stupid" "Genius" "Smart" "Experimental"

"Self-absorbed" "alboj"

Nevermind. Stupid idea
I don't think you should ever
relate the idea of how others
describe you when you're
describing yourself. That shows
you have ~~not~~ formed yourself
enough yet to be able to
disagree.



It's just
amazing it
can keep
my tea so
disconnected
from everything
else.
You could leave
this ~~any~~ thing
anywhere for
48 hours
and your drink
would still be
hot.

It's amazing.

at 18 years old, I feel like I've
been here a while. I can
look back in my memory probably
about 15 years. The Roman Empire
began Republic fell and an empire
began in 15 years.

I ~~can~~ walk around a lot.
It's just my way.
Unsurprisingly it started back
when I couldn't drive.
My friends lived within walking
distance, and in a neighborhood

I walk a lot. My friends all live
in my neighborhood and I've known
them longer than my driver's license.
It might be a couple miles for
some of them, but I still walked
it everytime. It offers time to
think. Even better than staying
immobile. I can see interesting
things and interesting people when I
walk. I can see more clearly
into myself, too. Other people
come too, sometimes. I've walked
with pets and friends and loved
ones too.

I've always walked a lot. My friends all live in the neighborhood and I've known them longer than my car. That was only the start, though. After learning thereby that my feet could take me ~~more~~ places farther I left footprints on sidewalks all over Louisville. My neighbor at first it would take me all day to walk to the park and back, but over time my stride grew longer. My reflection in the ~~mirrors~~ shop windows I passed by looked larger, ~~too~~, a little a little taller every journey. I still walked to my friends' houses, but I went other places too. I've walked with my family, my pets, girlfriends, whose feet ~~no~~ but mostly it's just me and the road ahead. I've brought books with me on my walks. I've come home ~~that~~ in the evening with a whole new look on the block after reading them. Now things have gotten a little bit more complex. The temptation to drive is all the more powerful, and still I do it. I do it today frequently. It saves time on the way, but since that journeying time

had not been wasted in the first place. I find that when I drive now I sometimes forget where I'm going. I'll make a wrong turn and have to go back in reverse. My walking self would be embarrassed. He knew more than usual where he was going and where he wanted to be. I still make time for him when I can, but most things now are immediate. I have hard schedules with deadlines that require arrival with the utmost speed. I get so caught up in them I forget how to think.

This is the October 10,
winning No it wasn't.
analogy.

I came up with it at Hume Bros while these dudes were playing chess behind me. I had also been reading Lord of the Rings. Finally on to the
2 Towers

I got to the first chapter featuring characters other than Boromir, Legolas, Gimli, and Aragorn and then took a break to write. I liked being in there writing and reading. I spread out all my stuff on the table and for once I enjoyed the food there. I listened to my Spotify daily mix and it was alright.

Featured album of the last couple days is Open Mike Eagle's Brick Body Kids Still Daydream.

Rocking stuff. Not sure whether or not the guys liked it but I hope they give it a shot.

I was looking at college acceptance likelihoods today. 20%+ feels like so much more than it actually is. The powers of hope are just too much. It's unfair to my psyche. I have to temper myself. The essay ain't that good. Columbia would just be too good.

I can't expect it but man I still wish Makenzie didn't even get in. She had it all, man. Why would they accept me? Could I even fund it?

I'm just having trouble accepting that they won it. I don't know why it's so hard. You'd think I'd get it by now. I don't. Man, I'll keep dreaming until I get that rejection letter. Young white dude with an alright home life, decently high ACT score but his grades ain't great. Maybe his essay will be alright but it probably ain't too special. There are so many actually good candidates that it just doesn't make sense for them to accept me.

Can you imagine the vibrancy of it, though? The cultural revolution that happens on that campus every day it's New York. Things change there. People are in the know there. That's where everything is happening and I want to be as involved as possible. Think of all the music. Think of all the spice. Think of all the clashing thoughts that make a beautiful life. Think that you can't have it. You ruined your own fate. You aren't changing your own ambitions cause too late.

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Can you imagine the vibrancy of it, though? The cultural revolution that happens on that campus every day. It's New York. Things change there. People are in the know there. That's where everything is happening and I want to be as involved as possible. Think of all the music. Think of all the press.

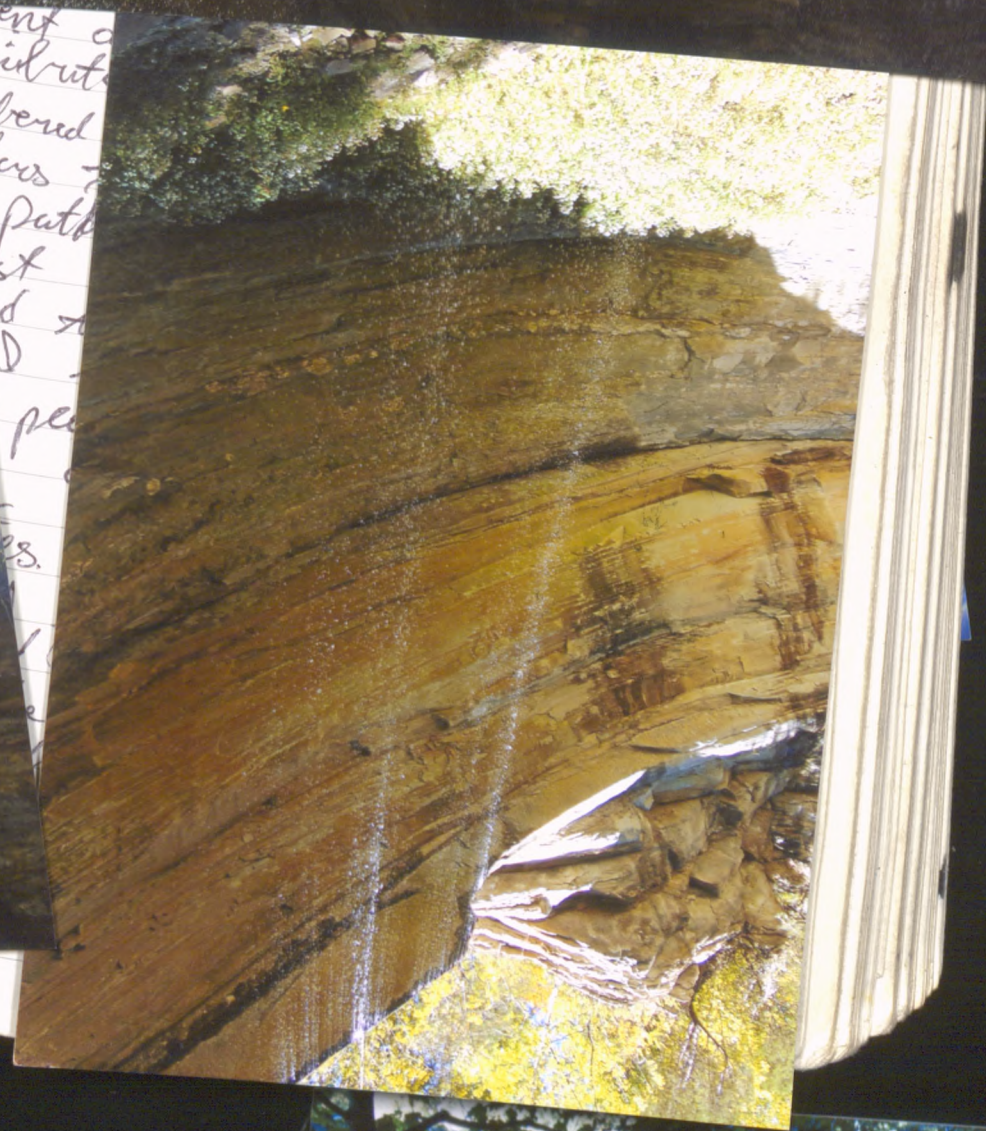
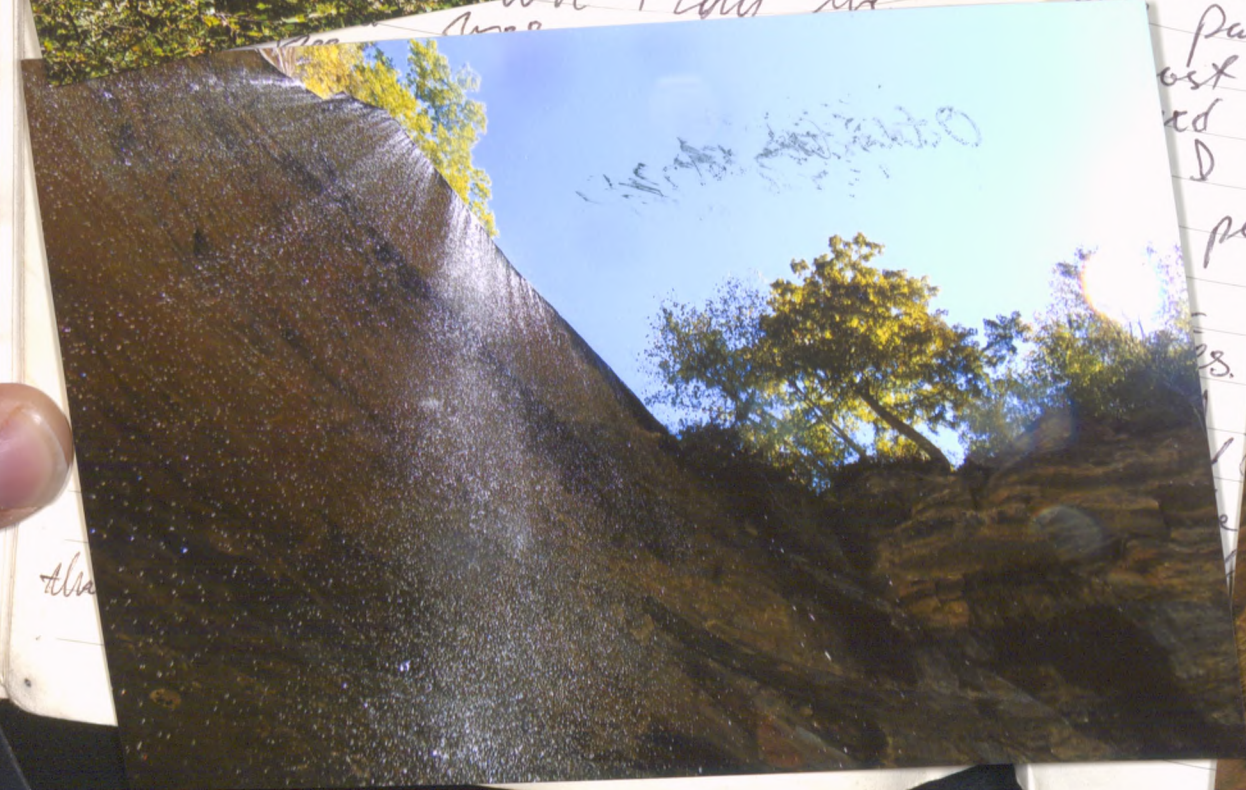
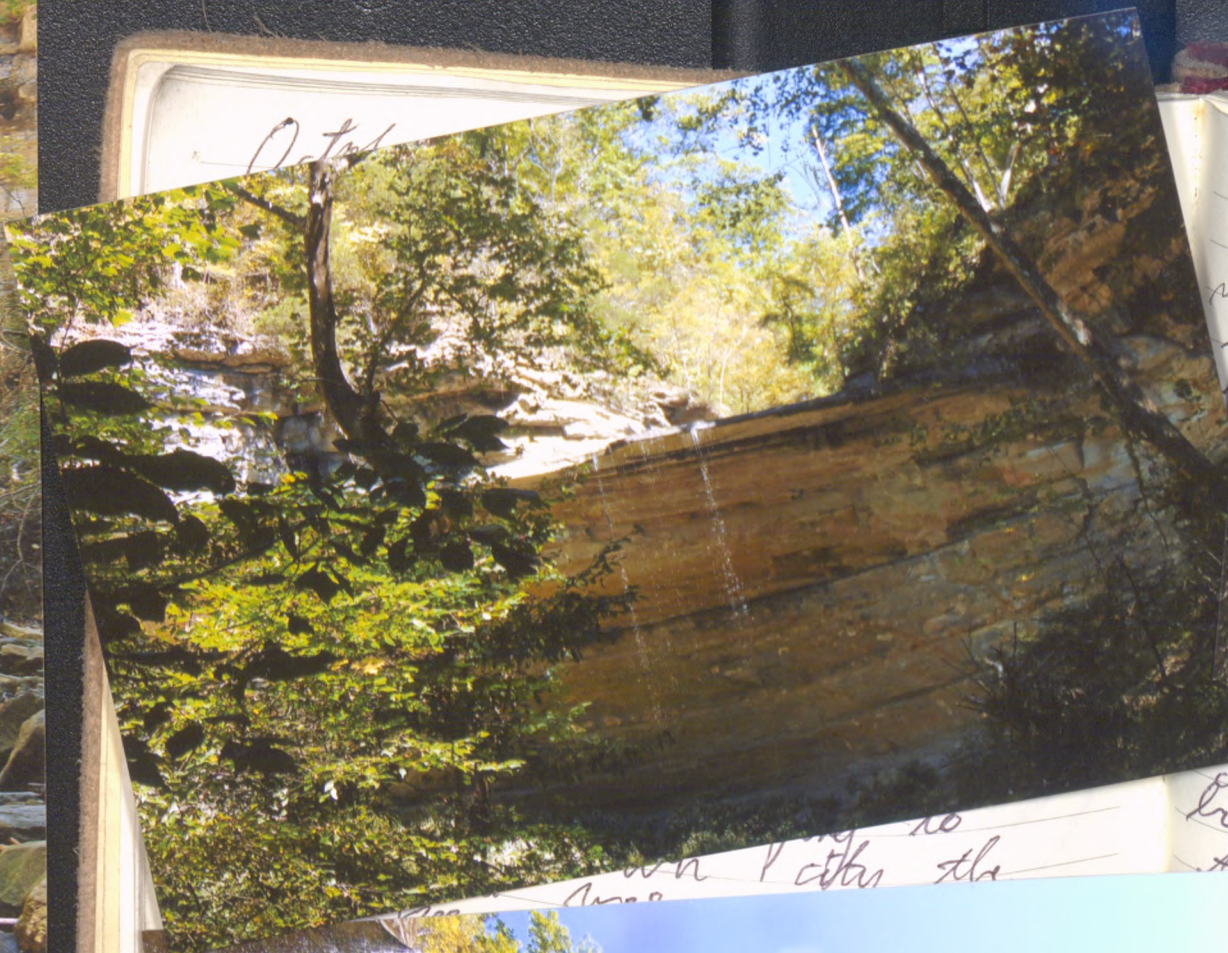
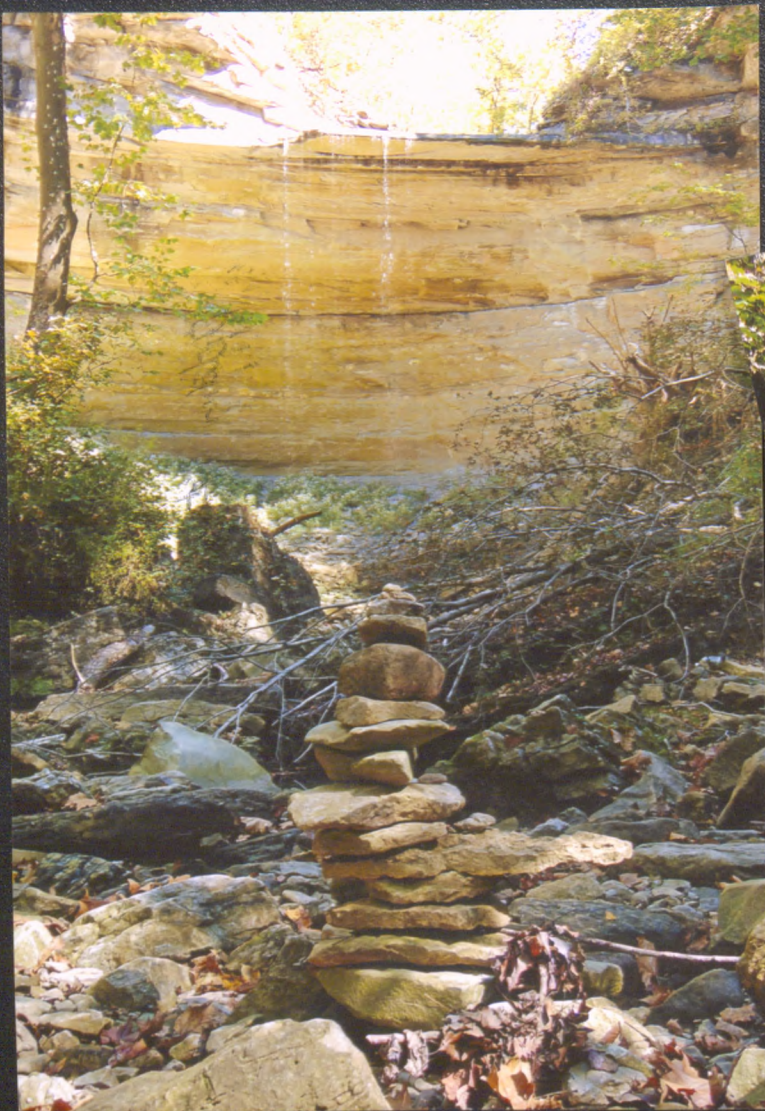
Think of all the crushing thoughts that make a beautiful life. Think that you can't have it. You ruined your own fate. You aren't changing shit and your ambitions came too late.

September 28, 2017

Had a very strange dream.
My wife and I were living in
like a Victorian Town going to
see a play. My wife disguised herself
as one of the actors ran by and
she just jumped in line and stole
one of their chain costumes. She looked
exactly like a chain and so did the dude
chasing her. Then they mock sword
fought, it was really funny.
Then we went upstairs where
we had like a hotel room
and they gave us clothes for the
play. I don't remember the rest,
which is a shame. I remember
surrealism.

→
We were driving around
last night, I drove outside of
my car. It was awesome.





Oct 10
went a
hike but
climbered
boulders to
the top of the
cliff
pat
lost
ed
D
pe
es.
1/2
e

Could probably hurt me too
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I get pretty well bent on
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I had never heard this before either
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Allent Johnson is on the docket
because I've been talking to his
new girl, Chloe Sacre a lot
recently. She's a cool gal. Definitely
flirting with me. It's weird
though. She's high-key
about to date Allent.
I don't get such things.

She drew this of me. I think
it's pretty cool. I think



Flattering
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I think I would date her, but
the timing is bad with Julia and
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now is the thing.
Women are controlling.
Maybe it's just that I let them
be. My life, isn't it?

October First, 2017

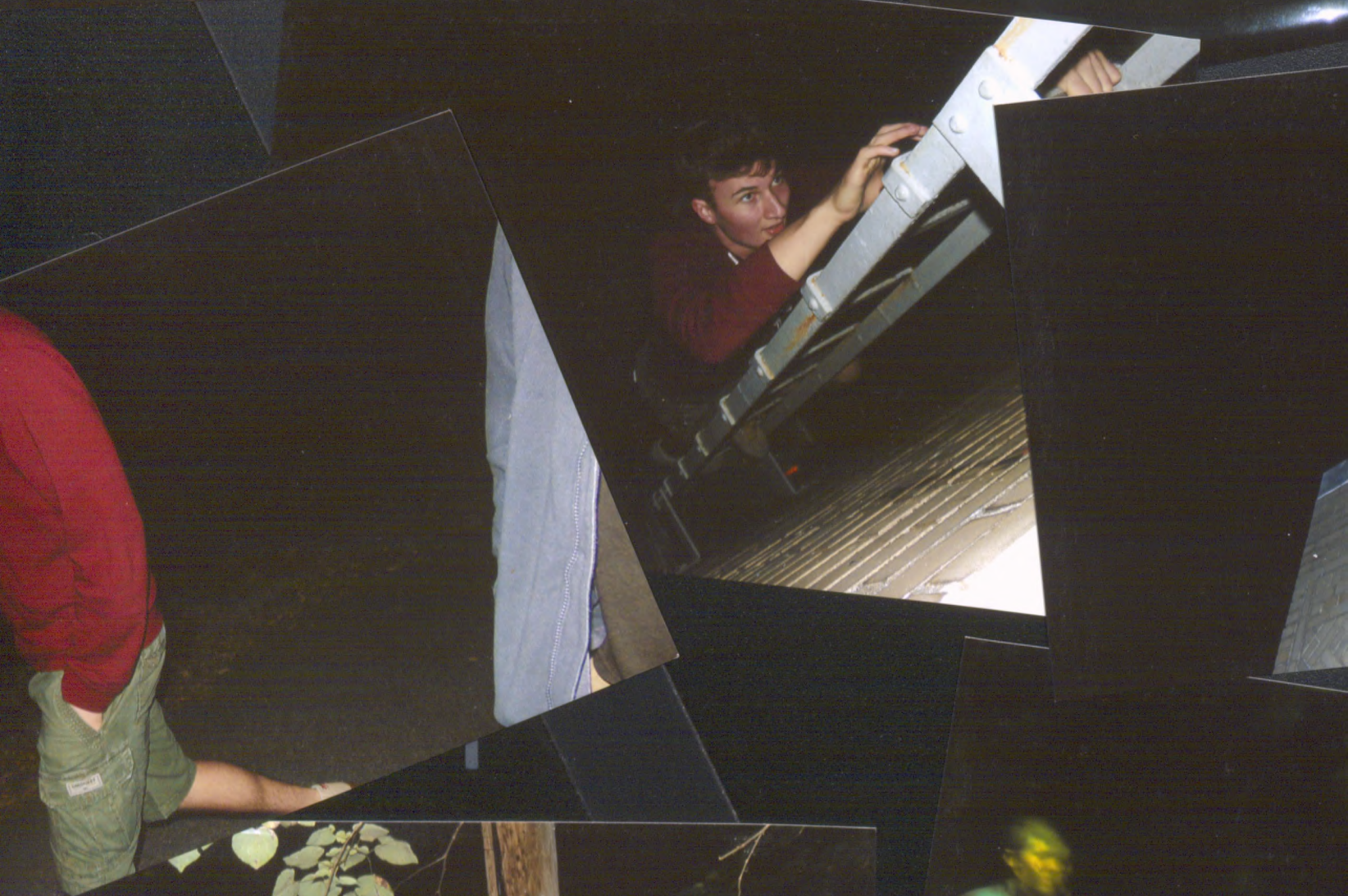
October is going to be a good month. I spent all of yesterday doing things that I enjoyed. For one I didn't really have any substantial moments of entropy or boredom. Started off trying to get some friends together to go hiking. They are guys I were entertaining cousin Jacob Leotis until 2:30 and were not able to come so I went on my own. Other than the 30+ minutes I spent trying to leave my own city the drive down was nice. Admission was free so I donated \$2 to the fund because I had been prepared to pay anyway.

The hike was great. I probably arrived at like 12:45 or so and got started pretty quick. Started at the nature center to consult a map. I had heard one of the trails was especially challenging and wanted to try it. Found it (trail #2) and I also want to say now that I was at Clifty Falls. I thought I had already said that.

Trail two, interestingly turned out to be a creek bed that you just walked down and then walked back. Not too tough, really. What was nice was that trail two and others linked all the trails together so you could ditch the car and hike all day. I stayed focused until the end of the trail, when instead of twiddling around I went down the feed of a tributary stream. I clambered over huge, mossy boulders that had fallen into the path and at one point fell, almost hitting my face. I stayed there for a minute until I heard laughter. There were people on the ridge above me and they were laughing because I fell. We exchanged waves. Anyway I kept going until I found a waterfall at the end of the stream. Fair Falls? The waterfall with the trail. I stood under it. Fun. Then when I had my fill I climbed a gradual part of the hill with the trail until I reached said









trail. I went through the Tunnel
and it was fun. I kept ~~hanging~~
haze-ing a couple of tortoises
on the trail. I would pass them,
get sidetracked, get back on the trail
and pass them again. It was
kind of awkward. I stood at the
top of a different waterfall, which
practically is way less cool than
I standing at the bottom, and
I walked along the trail until I
made it back to my car and I
~~returned home~~ began my trip
home at about 4:18 I think.

I took off my shirt and shoes
for comfort and Kentucky pride and
listened to Holst's planets. Such a
beautiful album really. I love it.
I could listen to it all day.

Another thing I could listen to all
day: Three Little Pigs by Green Jelly.
I have it stuck in my head
right now actually.

But yeah I made it home and
called up Cadan trying to hang but
I could not find he, Chris, and
Jacob Coates. C who incidentally
did not leave at 2:30 after all
before my phone died. We met
up later after I charged it, and

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I have it stuck in my head
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But yeah I made it home and
called up Caden trying to hang but
I could not find he, Chris, and
Jacob Coates. Caden incidentally
did not leave at 2:30 after all
before my phone died. We met
up later after I charged it, and

went out to eat at Joella's. We were
discussing which animals would
beat others in a fight and we
watched these hilarious videos about
animal teens like characters in a
video game and then got Jeremy.
Caden's car broke down. Actually
but Jeremy fixed it and we went
to Caden's house. We stayed there
a while when Jeremy hit a stroke
of genius.

What to do?
"Night photos."

We went out for a walk in
the neighborhood at like 12:4
11:10 and wound up climbing on
top of Barret Middle School.
It was an awesome night man.
The whole day was awesome.
Not a moment was wasted,
bequipped or unenjoyed. One of my
favorite days in a long time.

The pictures left herein are
the best of the night photos
and the hike photos.

I'm stuck waiting here to print them.
My computer is updating. I think I'll
read.

October 3, 2017

Stressed mood, I'm doing test review for Calculus and this test is about to be very difficult. I just wanted to channel her and also write with this pen I found today. Very nice pen. If you think about it, the loss-ability of pens is like advertising. I am definitely more likely to try this pen in the future.

My handwriting looks so good in it.

Just Prince

Fuck yeah.

It's Cadan's birthday today also. I'll probably try to buy him tea stuff for it.

Now I keep making penmanship mistakes and it's making me upset.

God dammit.

What a waste of a page, honestly. I'm imagining myself reading all this out loud to someone. How loved they'd be. Also I lost my thermos. Stressful.

I hope I didn't leave it at school or anything because if I did and it was taken forever I will actually be devastated. I love that Gal-damned thermos more than anything. Like, it's so nice. Plus, it's not right to just replace shit either. Like, I wouldn't even want to buy another. It's like my Ray-Bans. I lost them after 2 years early last summer at King's Island. The worst pain, man. Really.

Dude, now that I think about it, what if I left it in the bathroom, like sitting on a hand towel dispenser sometime so after school on Monday? Somebody surely would have stolen it, if that's the case. I just checked my car to no luck and I haven't seen it around the house.

Man I love that thermos. Fuck dude. Goddammit. I'm seriously torn a' up about this shit right now. I hope like fuck that I still have it somewhere. The last place I remember putting it was Latham's on a rack in the Gleevers Bathroom, but I think I took it off of there? I can't remember.

That thermos and I were destined for greatness. I really hope I find that thing, it kept my heart and my tea warm. I'm kind of joking right now but actually I have not been this sad in like ten years. Like dude I have shit to be doing right now but fuck, all I can think about is my thermos. If someone stole it I'm just not really sure what to think. I'll be able to confront that motherfucker if I ever see them because there are some identifying marks on that thermos. Bitch-ass motherfucker is gonna get it, too. Ooh, that'd be too damn satisfying. I'd beat him with my goddamned thermos.

I went to William's place after school Monday but I do not think I stayed there long enough to have brought the thermos in or anything. Please tell me I still have it shit.

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Please tell me I still have it shit.

October 4, 2017

I found it.

(7)

October Whatever, 2017

Tulane College Visit Notes

I drove six out of the ten
hours to get down here
the night before last.
I'm pretty proud of that,
honestly. Yesterday was a
pretty good day. We
did the good. We
that was French Quarter and
city. Anyway good. It's a beautiful
this anyway... middle 50% of
so I don't think I'll be getting
any merit-based scholarships.
I did suck. I'll still apply for it.
I didn't get commended National
merit after all.
Anyway.

Notes start here:

- Intro classes
- TA (teacher's assistants) ~150 students
- DI athletics
- No car 1st
- Streetcar 81 year, must campus live 1st 2
- No guarantee 25

- Loyola shores library, classes, etc.
- New Orleans is just a festival hub
- Crampfest = student music fest
- Not optional "Why Tulane?" question

We're gonna go on the tour now,
not very sure if I'll be able to
take my notes here.

October 8, 2017

I think the secret of good journaling is not taking it too seriously. Of course you need to be serious enough about it to write in it regularly, but considering the stuff you write it doesn't all have to be so weighty all the time. In my previous journals I tried to be super serious all the time, in every entry, and think about every word deeply and with eloquence. It made me sound like an idiot. I've adopted this new carefree style for it that makes the journal more interesting to write in and probably it reflects who I am better. I like it, much more fun.

I'm chilling in Caden's room right now after hours. He's letting me stay in until he leaves himself. So I set out all my stuff and I'm ~~at~~ writing in this. I love setting out all my stuff on a table too. It all looks very good.

together.

I'm finally onto book 4 of
end of the Rings, and it's just
switched to the tales of
Frodo and Sam after a long
whole book 3 of merely hearing
their names mentioned a couple
of times. Not that that's a bad
thing. I bet that book 3 in total is
way more interesting than book
4 but who knows. Also, I know
I've read up to Book 3 before but
I'm also not sure if I did.
I am sure I read some of the
chase after Merry and Pippin but
~~I don't~~ and also I remember reaching
about the ents.

I definitely do not remember however
the battle of Helm's Deep
at all. I remember knowing
what it was and all but
either I glossed over it heavily
or I never made it there at
all. Also the total ruin of Isengard
was cool. All the water. I was
so proud of the ents when that
part came up.

Thinking about the book as a sort of allegory for WWI is interesting. Like he's using these fantasy characters and their fantasy war to help cope with the real war and trauma that the entire world faces with him.

Hemingway confronted it straight on, Tolkien had to resort to fantasy. It's kind of like Billy Pilgrim in Slaughterhouse V. He can't accept the reality of it so in his mind it becomes fraught with fantasy. He can't explain it in real world terms, and neither can Tolkien.

Stewart said he doesn't like Kurt Vonnegut. I'll have to ask him if he read Slaughterhouse V. Yeah it's out there but the theme is ~~one~~ right in line with all the other writers he likes like Hemingway, O'Brien, whatever.

The Hell of War

How could he dislike it?

Helm's Deep was fantastic. The horn that echoed forever through the ravine,

the sudden appearance of the half-trace
bat things, trapping the ocs
in between the King's charge, himself
riding in force over the smooth
ridge, and the mysterious forest
that hates Orl.

They really got waylaid and it was
all the more satisfying because they
had been winning so certainly early on.
Just wonderful.

I need to write my college
essay. Here's a new idea: driving
vs. being driven. I've always
liked that feeling of being driven,
but now I like driving better.
Shows a readiness to take control
over my life. Also, I wanted to
trip shrooms tonight but CJ Carney
has not answered my snapchat.
He was up late last night so he
could be asleep but at the same
time it's already 4.

Also, my phone's dead. I really better
charge it. I don't want to be the
only one not tripping tonight.

all the guys (minus Chris and Caden,
naturally) will be tripping

LSD tonight but I'm exclusively into
shrooms.

Woah, my hair just clipped on to
my notebook. I didn't even
know it was wet.

What the fuck man.
I mean it's raining outside but I've
been in this joint for 47 minutes
at least. More like 50, honestly.

I need to get it cut before Wednesday,
sadly. I really don't want to, but
if I don't I'll get it from Mr.

Wise. I really want to go
through all four years with no
detentions or anything. We'll get
a party.

I just plugged my phone in on
the last in the backroom,
but now Caden's mopping. I don't
really know what to do
about it for real.

Fante's is a coffe shop that
feels a little too funny.
I'm sitting in a seat by the
door with the regular windowed seating
to my left, the counter before
me, and the more studios, mirrored

the sudden appearance of the half-trace
ent things, trapping the ones
in between the King's charge, Randall
riding in force over the smooth
ridge, and the mysterious forest
that hates Ore.

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liked that feeling of being driven,
but now I like driving better.
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but now Caden's mopping. I don't
really know what to do
about it for real.

Fante's is a coffee shop that
feels a little too fancy.
I'm sitting in a seat by the
door with the regular windowed seating
to my left, the counter before
me, and the more studios, mirrored

the sudden appearance of the half-tree
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in between the King's charge,
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liked that feeling of being
but now I like driving
shows a readiness to take
over my life. Also, I wanted
trip tomorrow tonight but CJ
has not answered my snail
He was up late last night
could be asleep but at a
time it's already 4.
Also my phone's dead. I really
charge it. I don't want to
only one not tripping tonight
all the guys & minus Chris
+ "I" and Caden,
and

LSD tonight but I'm exclusively into
shrooms.

Wah, my hair just clipped on to
my notelock. I didn't even
know it was wet.

What the fuck man.

I mean it's rainy outside but I've
been in this joint for 47 minutes
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if I don't I'll get it from Mr.

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through all four years with no
detentions or anything. We'll get
a party.

I just plugged my phone in on
the bar in the backroom,
but now Caden's mopping. I don't
really know what to do
about it for real.

Fante's is a coffe shop that
feels a little too funny.
I'm sitting in a seat by the
door with the regular windowed seating
to my left, the counter before
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if I don't I'll get it from Mr.

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detentions or anything. We'll get
a party.

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the but last in the backroom,
really now Caden's mopping. I don't
about it for real.

Ante's is a coffe shop that
feels a little too fancy.
I'm sitting in a seat by the
door with the regular windowed seating
to my left, the counter before
me, and the more studios, mirrored

seating area behind me. The tables are all faux granite, the walls are white & milky gray color with white borders, and the whole place is arranged so that it almost feels clinical. I think that usually coffee shops are more warmly colored so this place being so white, bright, unrounded, and clean makes it feel just a little different than I think it should. By all marks it's a nice place, but I don't think I'd come here over Day's if Caden didn't work here.

This, actually is the first closure I've run into today that worked out for me. I went to I got ready at like 2:30 to go work out at Lakeside, but they were closed, I went to Carmichael's to try and purchase Kafka on the Shore but they didn't have it, and then finally I came here to Caden's work and they were closed too.

"4 gallons of milk"

It is a Sunday after all.
People just came into Fante's,
asked me if "you"
"are your guys closed?"
"Yeah, sorry." I said.

Caden and I talked about
why they thought I worked here.
I thought it was strange
because I'm just writing
but he said that I could
just be writing like inventory
like "4 gallons of milk."

October 8 Part 2

We're at the Baylo right now.
I'm gonna be tripping acid
tonight. It should be pretty fun.
I'm gonna keep this page
open for the trip report.

Corey, Ryan, Joseph, Jeremy, Nathan
Corey

Corey's on adderall, we're all
tripping.

I've got 2 on my
tongue right now.

Fuck yeah man, let's go.

The countdown begins.

We started at 12:43 and
it's 1:01. My head feels pretty weird
but I'm not tripping yet.

I am feeling it. It has
hit me dude. I'm not started on
any visuals but I feel it.

I've got butterflies in
my stomach. My brain is
mad in the back of my head.

I'm extremely happy right now.
Nathan. It has colors changing
already

1:40 am - things are already
starting for sure.

I feel really good about it all.
Cotton choked

"You're saying I'm not
hydrated?" - Nathan

Nathan

"Your colors are just off"

Joe keeps making
this really funny
joke about me
writing stuff down
at specific times

Nathan

Nathan

"I'm just interested in what
will happen from this point on"

October 8 Part 2

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right. It should be pretty fun.
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"You're saying I'm re-
hydrated?" - Nathan

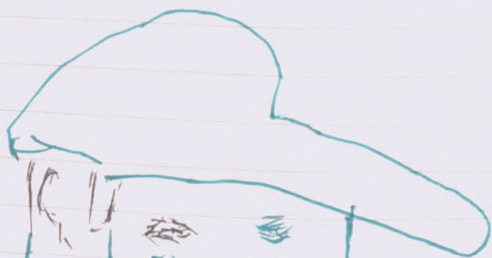
"Your colors are just off"
Nathan

We keep making
jokes really funny
at me about me
writing stuff down
"specific times"

Nathan
Vittorio

There was a moth on my notebook

"Watch me" "who is playing this music"

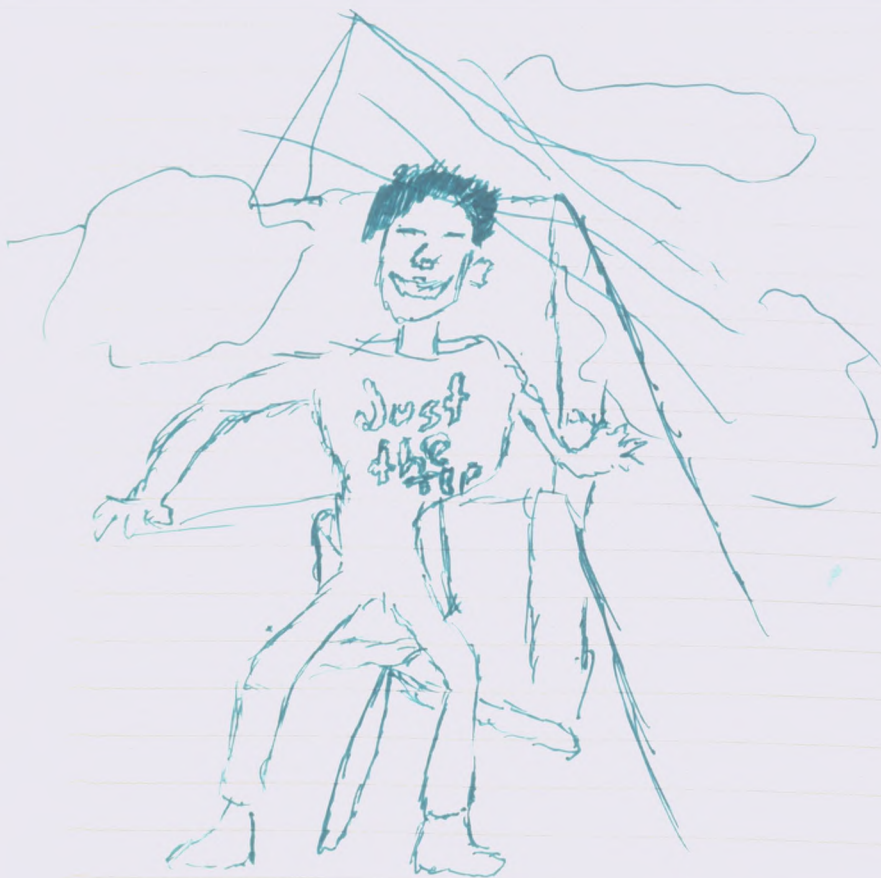


my pen came out of ink and I slipped me one of Cory's

So it's like I've got warm cotton especially kind of tickleness in my body on the inside.

my hands are very sensitive electric ladyland

was the right album



Joe moved all over
the place and remembering

"I don't want the Hershey"
- Nathan
Vilthorn

~~an~~ nathan does
calculas
wakes
short.

-2:20



2:25

my hair

feels
weird

Nathan ~~Her~~ does not
remember question

This was very important to ~~the~~

Joe has had a really intense
internal conversation with
himself about whether or
not he should ask Nathan

Jeremy what the
question
was.

"This first hour
went by very badly."
- Nathan Winton
2:34

Ryan told me and wanted
me to know that the
chair had three legs.

Joe that I wrote it down.

I A's pretty weird people
have even doing this in a!

2:43 Joseph decides not
to. by trampoline

Joseph just left, actually
What is he doing?
- 2:45 He

Nathan just turned out
the lights. This
Corey,

"We're like our
own ecosystem.
If you looked at
us from afar..."

Like a painting

I just had one of those moments
Everything was a picture
my hands

I'm seeing this picture
Everything is

2:55 Jacob left the
room mentally

This is insane

I can't believe how
far I am right
now

I'm seeing purples and
oranges

I see this in
world's vibrating
colours. This is
going back in
so many color.

The world
is lacking

Ryan just

it's getting darker

I am seeing flickering

I was just looking
backwards

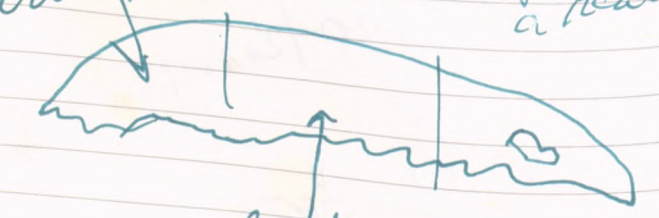
I can remember when

That's how
how it happens.

So many
spirals the world
is just so many
things. Even now
I see

This part
was blue
dark blue

so many thoughts it's been
a really long



light
blue

My level

need roll not my lead
code

4th hour: 4:44

thespian No MORE
thespian

4:44 - Jeremy
is being
jerk a

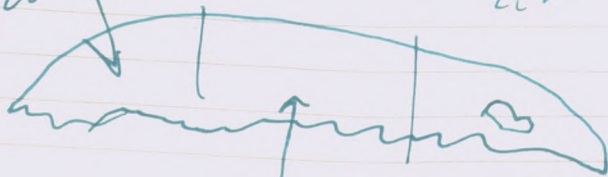
thespian

higher
quality of
world

So many
spirals the world
is just so many
things. Even now
I see

This part
reads blue
dark

so many -
thoughts it's been
a really long



light
blue

So many
miracles the world
is just so many
things. Even now
I see

This paint reads blue
dark blue

so many thoughts it's been
a really long



light blue

My level

need not not my level
code

4th hour: 4:44

thespian No MORE
thespian

4:44 - Jeremy
is being jerky a

thespian

higher quality of
world

6:27 AM
It's been a few hours and
my now I've felt their loss.
kind of sad, really.

I just remember being there
man.

Shapes whirled in a kaleidoscope.
It was limitless all of the
time. So many fractals, as I
remember it now.

I would look at my Notebook
and out of the corners of my
mind see fractals, and eventually
I'd surrender to them and
shapes would be turned over
themselves and rules etc new and
forever.

There was this thing
about rubbing my head.
The head rubbing drew
hallucinating lines of perspective.
Like one time it was like
thrills of vision

divided by the lines of my
rubbing hands.
would see myself as
having one flat side



Yeah. Holy shit. a jellyfish.
Dude no wonder things like
that are considered trippy.
You literally see them. I remember

6:42 Alright, here's a momentary reflection
on the trip from the beginning.
At first I felt the same as if
I had smoked a lot. Like I was just
really fucked up. This is the stage that
most people who do like I told and
shut get to. They're just social and
maybe might hallucinate a little
bit. The "cool" acid trip.

The cool acid trip began
interestingly, very similarly to my first
time getting high on weed: with a
fixation on a scene. I guess the kick

6:27 AM

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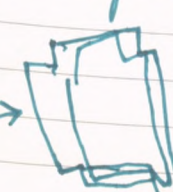
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time getting high on weed: with a
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in wasn't that subtle though.
I got very confused amazed by the
delayed movement of my arms.
My arms would move and then
right after this, following like a
vibration, a wave immediately
afterwards, my arms would follow
my arms at a slightly
delayed pace.

That's when I knew something was
happening. I looked at my notebook
sitting on the table in front of
me and basically the world
started to revolve and rotate
around certain axes and those
axes were all a part of a shape.
So yeah, I looked up at one point and
saw myself looking up in a kaleidoscope
and then I'd look somewhere
else and lose it.
I remember Cory's face morphing into
the shape of the Spanish Peninsula.
Cory actually embodied Spain for a
moment and so I think the subconscious
kind of made him Spain.
Embodied I discovered I really liked
drinking Sunkist. Somebody had
said something that made
me think of Sunkist being

and so through finity leverage thoughts
I wound up at Sunkist

Hub here - I also realized
before the main trip occurred that
was seeing rainbow on the
outline of everybody's bodies. I
would focus on them at first
and they'd slip away but after
a minute they became more
permanent.

But yeah the Sunkist would taste really
good I thought because the whole
scene was this blue, green,
purple, yellow red. Like, orange and
red shining from the lamps in
the middle of the table and varying
shades of green, beige, into blue
and purple were everywhere else.
The Sunkist tasted really good.
It felt like, really satisfying. Every
swallow. Eventually it became this
thing in my mind called
"Down shifting" and I had a little
image of how it felt in my
head. I can't describe it.
It felt really soft
by this point to
swallow. At some
point of
like
this? → 

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this? →



point it was really funny just what
was happening and I laughed and
squinted drunk everywhere. I
remember everything felt wet
after that for a while. I
felt much heaviness on my
~~the~~ eyelid and lip.

These are places where the soda
had fallen and they were afflicted.
I had smoke a few hits to
at try and raise up high and either
it worked just enough or the
second tab came in but I was
gone gone. Then was this moment
where I was watching hallucinations
and from them I understood how
Scientists in the past had drawn
those crazy organisms with the
tubes and tentacles all over.
Because I just saw them. That really,
hallucinations really must have
inspired those guys because man
it was the same damned shit.
My hear was really soft.
Texture was really important
and I liked the way the cover
of my book felt and also
slipping through the pages. Feet really
cool eventually &c.

anyway, at some point I wanted more
snack and so I went to get
some from Joe's. Everybody was saying
if I did, I'd be caught
but I did not feel that way.

I got into Joe's yard and
I really liked moving. I remember
a trip starting because my vision
was getting further away as I
ran toward the house.
Like, it started ~~real~~ reeling like that
and hallucinations occurred. Anyway
they didn't let me go in and Joe was
really afraid I'd be caught and then
get everyone else caught. On the way
out I really liked how the
yard looked and I wanted to stay
there but again they were afraid
I'd be caught so they made me
come back. I didn't want to sit
down but they wanted me to.
Standing I was really tripping out
there and like the table kept
looking like it was from
different perspectives. Any way I
eventually sat down and luckily
my vision kept swirling like that.
Eventually I went out to the trees
with Ryan and Joe and Joe was
climbing the tree and Ryan was

sitting on the swing and
later I was on the swing and
Ryan was pushing me and
at some point it had started
to swirl around in circles and
I felt like a star left thing being
swung around on a rope.
I think I told him how
it reminded me of my dad putting
my sister and I on a blanket
and swinging us around to feel
the G-forces.

So I sat down a while in a lawn
chair and the gazebo looked
like this neon blue island
drifting of psychedelia I have to be
flawless because I can't remember
the specifics like I should.
I also remember the leaves
of the trees wound up looking
like a wallpaper behind the
rest of the world. The wallpaper
was like a least with mouth and
one big eye. That part was
strange. I also remember
during the swings the sky looked
like that blue shirt I own.
Like darker patches lighter patches
of gray swirling around on

the dark. Really the hallucinations
were like this: I felt like my
eyes would follow a shape, and it
was like the way they were
doing the shape everywhere would
manifest until I was full trip.

Here's what I think: I remember
when I smoked weed apparently
my eyes would roll back in my
head. Research determined that
this is a natural relaxation
position for my eyes. I didn't even
notice they were closed for real
while this was happening.
Well, this is probably a similar
thing, but my eyes were moving
rapidly, like REM sleep, and
the slow movement created
shapes created hallucinations.
I think my eyes moved in shape
like patterns.

Eventually new words started happening
Voices in my head that fit perfect
situations.

I lost the word actually, but
I had this idea of a smear
between forms. Like radio static
with a blue grey smear.
That was really important of

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later I was on the swing and
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at some point it had started
to turn around in circles and
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I think my eyes moved in shape
like patterns.

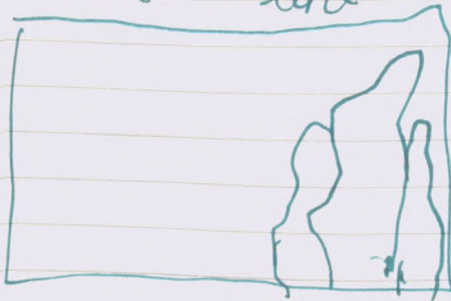
Eventually new words started happening
in my head that fit perfect
situations.

I lost the word actually, but
I had this idea of a smear
between forms. Like radio static
with a blue gray smear.
That was really important of

the time. I'm between ~~state~~ state.
"Throipingua" happened. That was
my word for all the flowing
nature of everything. Somebody
tried to ask me what it
meant and I described something
like this I remember.. It was
all here!



or like



Ooh now that I think about it there
was this cool moment where all
the light felt like a liquid, or
something. Everything looked the
same but it was more liquidy.

There was one moment also when Ryan grew out of my hand in my peripheral vision. Like he turned and his face was on my ~~palms~~ palm.

Speaking of faces, people started looking like what on frames of love. Bad ~~over~~ description, actually. People looked more like muscle than muscle. I don't mean people, but faces. Like big fleshy muscles and shit underneath hair.

Joe was looking weird after a while. Sometimes he would look like a shark or young T-Rex. Other times he reminded me of a word and shape. Both of which I have now forgotten.

This will be an interesting read someday, I hope. I've included most things I remember.

I remembered more stuff

And I went outside to pee and I reviewed the morning scene.

I remember tracing a spiral
with my eye into some stacked
cups & bowls. The curve went
over some of the bowl's rims
and localized in the ~~two~~ borders
between a cup in the bowl
and the bowl.
and The next was a fun edition
just remembering I had actually
several times I remember
being asking to be a part
of the rotation. The idea of
it sounded pleasurable and
it would intensify the high
as well. Definitely a good
edition to the night.

Somebody just reminded me.
Somewhere deep in the
purple green orange lighting
A ~~the~~ with all the
perspective changes & surreal it looked
like Minecraft for a minute.
Everything had that texture to
it. Way too cool.

after I ran across the yard
and I had been sitting I did
not feel like the running had
happened.

October 10, 2017

I was thinking about that
word from before and I've decided
that the closest phonetic
spelling was actually *thrapinka*.
Actually maybe *thrapinka* pronounced
thaoi-pen-hya.

It just felt important to finalizing that.
I'm getting my college essay
done here, finally. It's taken a
damn good long time.

I tested Michael about drugs
his trip, but he didn't seem to
remember any of it. I guess it's
good I had my look. It seems
that it helped me remember
everything I saw. Scratch everything.
I definitely do not remember
everything. Maybe he was just not
wanting to share any of it.
Being all stoic while I was
embarrassingly wide-eyed in
excitement about it.

I remember tracing a spiral
with my eye into some stacked
cups & bowls. The curve went
over some of the bowl's rims
and localized in the borders
between a cup in the bowl
and the bowl.

The next was a fun edition
just a good idea I'm actually
just remembering I smoked
several times I remember
being asking to be a part
of the rotation. The idea of
it sounded pleasant and
it would intensify the high
as well. Definitely a good
edition to the night.

Somebody just reminded me.
Somehow deep in the
purple green orange lighting
& the green with all the
perspective changes & surreal it looked
like Minecraft for a minute.
Everything had that texture to
it. Way too cool.

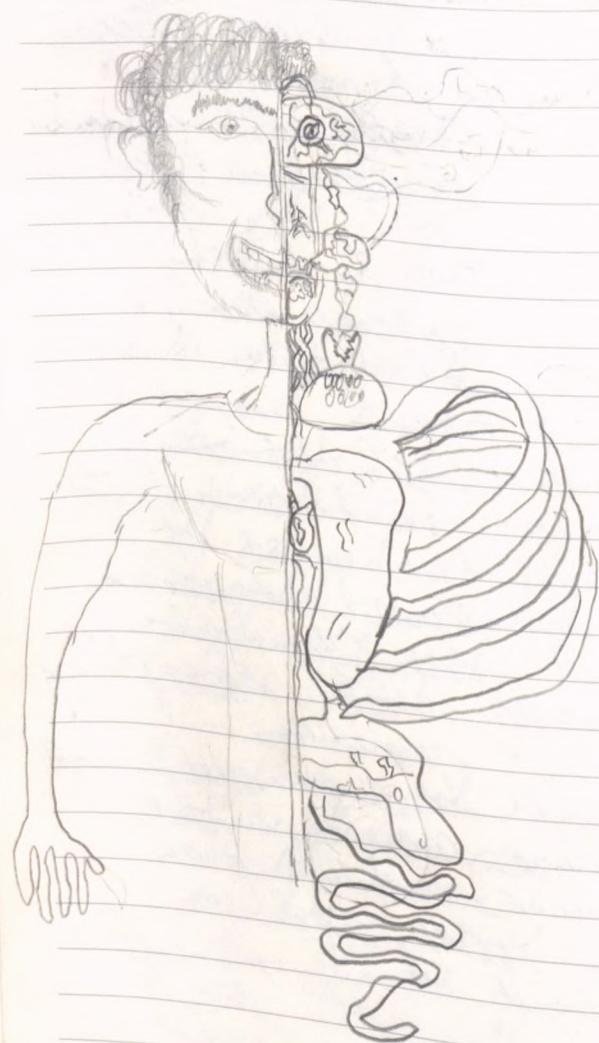
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I was thinking about that
word from before and I've decided
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Actually maybe thropinka pronounced
throi-pin-hya.

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wanting to share any of it.
Being all stoic while I was
embarrassingly wide-eyed in
excitement about it.



October 15, 2017

I'm experimenting with a tighter, smaller handwriting style. It's really hard to keep it so controlled when I get to the end of the page where - still, this is nice because each page will contain so much more information than before.

Yesterday was a good day. The quip and I went up to the back for some carving that I found out about from this topographic map outline. The system was called Twin Lakes and we hiked our way there over dense woods and swaths of cut forestland that follow electric lines and stuff. The cave was a bit of a let down, really. It was a crawl space that never really seemed like it was gonna get bigger. There were some serious moments where we were hardly giving any room to breathe as we crawled through water and stone. Army crawling sometimes. It was challenging but fun on all accounts. So my disappointment though, the Polar footage wasn't all that great even with the new light. My theory is that it's all about how the headlamp and the 20 Pro are aligned.

After the cave it was like 8:30 so we changed and went to the Belknap festival for an hour at 9:00. A cool band called the Jack Longoria Project was playing there and they played this song called "Stagnant" which I really enjoyed. Before that we ate these Piteya Steak Sandwiches which were simply delicious. A great time, but apparently in the day there were a bunch of cool lectures, lectures of art and fun that we missed.

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October 15, 2017

I'm experimenting with a tighter, smaller handwriting style. It's really hard to keep it so controlled when I get to the end of the page where. Still, this is nice because each page will contain so much more information than before.

Yesterday was a good day. The group and I went up to Little Creek for some caving that I found out about from this topographic map outline. The system was called Twin Caves and we hiked our way there over disused roads and swathes of cut forestland that follow electric lines and stuff. The cave was a bit of a let down, really. It was a crawl space that never really seemed like it was gonna get bigger. There were some serious moments where we were hardly given any room to breathe as we crawled through water and stone. Army crawling sometimes. It was challenging but fun on all accounts. To my disappointment though, the GoPro footage wasn't all that great even with the new light. My theory is that it's all about how the headlamp and the GoPro are aligned.

After the cave it was like 8:30 so we changed and went to the Belknap festival for an hour at 9:00. A cool band called the Nash Songoria Project was playing there and they played this song called "Thankful" which I really enjoyed. Before that we ate these Piteye Steak Sandwiches which were simply delicious.

A great time, but apparently in the day there were a bunch of cool lectures lectures of art and fun that we missed.

after that we played Secret Hitler at Joe's and smoked
a bit before heading off to ~~Caden's~~ Caden's place where
we played Juckbox and stayed the night.

In the morning we stopped to see him at
work and I ate a little then we all went home.
I slept most of the afternoon so now it's 11:30 and I
still have homework to do.

William and Cathryn are about to date. This is pretty interesting
to me. They're well-matched, honestly. Both in the same
manipulative status climbing boat as I see it. I just
like William better.

I called him out on this crazy lie about receiving
some LSD chemical at BSP in front of Meredith Miller
who was at his BSP and he got extremely upset.
I don't know why he lied about it or made it
up, but dude it's real evidence that he is a
slut for sure. He's pretty fun to hang out with,
but I disagree with who he is fundamentally.
It's really understandable though. He wants to feel
popular. Really not too much of my business to dislike him
for that but I still do.

Friday was a really good day. ~~at first~~ I Caden, Chris,
and I reunited the trio at like five, I found my
temporarily lost debit card, and I bought a
I don't think the three of us really did anything.
Or, I remember we walked to that Hien Bros
near Caden's house and spent a while in there
talking. Chris is forcing himself to like coffee, so it's
really fun to go with him to drink it. He's
mystical about it, as he is with everything.

Anybody could tell he doesn't ~~like~~ like it, but he's
really trying. Conversation is the most important
part of being with other people. We did just enough
for our activities to be interesting, but they
wouldn't have been half as fun without
the wonderfully enjoyable and constant strain
of easy conversation that we fell into.

We picked up Jeremy after that and played Juckbox
for a while with Melvin. That was pretty fun from
a late-night affair. I love hanging out with the dudes,
as long as Jeremy doesn't try to act like Mr. Seader.
He irritates me a lot, actually.

No body controls me, except me.
I look also at how much good stuff I got on one just
three pages. Small handwriting is so the way to
go. I'll never run out of room in this book if
I keep writing like this. Plus, this ~~is~~ is the
second entry following a weekend-report formula.

I did this unknowingly, but really it's pretty good.
At the beginning of each new week I spend
some time reflecting on the last. Also if I start to
average three pages a week, assuming there are like
100 pages left in this thing... let's actually assume
116 more entries or 116 more weeks,

370 pages left in this thing... which is a little over 2 years. Hopefully
16 weeks is actually 2 years. I also know I won't
only last longer than that though. I also know I won't only
do three pages each time. This is definitely going to be
a multi-volume series. This journal. I've always
known that it's an extremely cool idea to me. I'll keep
them all together in a box or something. I hope someone reads them.

after that we played Secret Hitler at Joe's and smoked
a bit before heading off to ~~Calen's~~ Calen's place where
we played Juchlox and stayed the night.

In the morning we stopped to see him at
work and I ate a little then we all went home.
I slept most of the afternoon so now it's 11:30 and I
still have homework to do.

William and Cathryn are about to date. This is pretty interesting
to me. They're well-matched, honestly. Both in the same
manipulative status climbing boat as I see it. I just
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I called him out on this crazy lie about receiving
some LSD chemical at BSP in front of Meredith Miller
who was at this BSP and he got ~~at~~ extremely upset.
I don't know why he lied about it or made it
up, but dude it's real evidence that he is a
shakes for sure. He's pretty fun to hang out with,
but I disagree with who he is fundamentally.
It's really understandable though. He wants to feel
popular. Really not too much of my business to dislike him
for that, but I still do.

Tuesday was a really good day. ~~at~~ I had, Chris,
and I reunited the trio at like five, I found my
temporarily lost debit card, and I bought a headlamp.
I don't think the three of us really did anything.
Or, I remember, we walked to that Hiene Bros
near Calen's house and spent a while in there
talking. This is forcing himself to like coffee, so it's
really fun to go with him to drink it. He's
mysterious about it, as he is with everything.

Anybody could tell he doesn't ~~like~~ like it, but he's
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a late-night affair. I love hanging out with the dudes,
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three pages. Small handwriting is so the way to
go. I'll never run out of room in this book if
I keep writing like this. Plus, this paper is the
second entry following a weekend-report formula.

I did this unknowingly, but really it's pretty good.
At the beginning of each new week I spend
some time reflecting on the last. Also if I start to
average three pages a week, assuming there are like
300 pages left, in this thing... let's actually assume
390 pages left, ~~in~~ ^{at} 390 116 more entries or 116 more weeks,
~~116 weeks is~~ ^{actually 2 years} which is a little over 2 years. Hopefully
this lasts longer than that though. I also know I won't
only update it weekly plus I know I won't only
do three pages each time. This is definitely going to be
a multi-volume series, this journal. I've always
known that. It's an extremely cool idea to me. I'll keep
them all together in a box or something. I hope someone reads them.

October 18, 2017 - 12:01 AM

Still haven't done any homework yet but we just watched some October Sky and it reminded me of that old blues song Sixteen Tons and so I've been learning to play that on guitar for the past couple of hours. What an excellent song. Also, it's apparently from Middlesboro, Southern KY. Represents home-state pride. I sort of feel like I'm cheating though. I'm intentionally using all barre chords because I suck at open chord changes. I'm just meant for funk, man.

The song sounds really great already. It's not a very difficult chord progression though so I'm not too proud. I'm literally at this point sliding the same chord shape up and down the neck and struggling on the one chord you have to change it for. Entertaining, I know.

Another thing that's easy about this song is singing to the rhythm. I really suck at it for a lot of songs, but this one is very easy, thankfully. Also, I can really play with the neck on this song. It's an old blues song so that isn't that tough either. Really fun though. I'll keep working on it.

Speaking of really fun, swim practice started yesterday. It was a real sigh of relief, I missed it so much. To me being in that water, again swimming with such excellent people washed off the pain of face-sitting and felt like I had reclaimed a part of my old self.

Another great part is that I don't have that "I haven't worked out in forever" guilt anymore. I'm a swimmer, I swim three times a week.

I'm brewing tea for tomorrow morning now. That's the type of routine I now only get to write if you have a badass Stanley Thermos.

I had this crazy dream while napping before swim practice today. In it I would go to sleep and it was like ESP but people kept doing. They'd get this red dot on their palm and that meant they were the next target. They were real people though, not just dream people. It was like a horde of people all sharing the same dream. Well, I started waking up from the dream inside the dream and every time I did I would see a different threat about how I would die and somehow I knew my uncle was the murderer. He would change the threat every time I woke up and I started getting afraid he would know which one scared me the most if I thought about it. The last sign said "slow and painful" and I got so nervous I forced myself awake.

Sometimes I think I can read people better when I'm high. I'm definitely better at Secret Hitler. Saturday I knew perfectly that Jack Gatto and Jeremy were the fascists, and I realized that Callaghan is doing the thing she does when she is about to take someone to William. Also they were trying to find some way to stick a fascist candle's like symbol back to the cardinal part and I had the idea to use candle wax as there was a candle right by me. Who can say whether or not I would've made those same realizations sober, but I think it definitely shows it's possible to be clever while high.

I haven't written in here any about This Side of Paradise, but I feel like I should since I enjoy it so much. Aside from the calculated social games, I feel really very connected to Amory in that optimism. I really used to think I was ordained by God to do something extraordinary. Sometimes if I'm in a dreamy mood I still do. That is extremely Amory. He still even after his college junior year disillusionment, the death, and the loss of Deborah, that he is a gifted man who will surely succeed by some prebarrained

intrinsic superiority to others. I really do actually feel that way some times, even though it is of course untrue. I know that nobody is inherently better than anyone, and that "better" when it comes to people doesn't even exist, but sometimes when I've had a good day I just feel like it is true and that I am gifted too. I wish.

It's nice to have a journal because I know there is no one that I could say that to that would still be friends with me afterwards. Really it's the same as wishing I were a wizard or a half-blood or an elf and I just never knew it. Everybody wishes for those things. It's an understandable condition, but nobody would react to it understandingly, because it sounds bad at face value. I really connect to Amory like that. I even went through about the same junior year struggle as he did. Mine was just in high school. We both even faltered over math.

I wonder if there's something in reading a lot as a kid that can make a person so naive as Amory and D. Bartholomew read a lot. Especially romantic fiction. Romantic fiction definitely encourages the individual, but is that all it takes to kindle a full blown egotism in a child? Besides, my philosophy of personal egotism is outdated by WWI anyway, and I think that's why Fitzgerald created Amory as who he is in the first place.

He's proving that WWI killed any possible notions of intrinsic superiority in anything. That's my theory.

Here's a radical change of thought. How do you do a casual one night stand? I had to take some time to get to know Julia's body before we started getting good so, how do you figure it out in one go? Also, I would fuck the shit out of Meredith Allen goddamn. I would just need to eat her out first to make sure shit is lubricated well enough. Then you can come in from any angle and -1-1 shit slips right into place. I wonder if anyone will read this someday.

October 19, 2017

I hate to update so frequently, I feel like I'm wasting pages. Gotta do it though, I hate to forget these things.

Yesterday was great. I went to the pondguff game around six forty to meet Jackson-Walborough and have a good time. While the game was dull at first, at the very end,

the last 30 seconds, we were down a touchdown and decided to rush the field anyway. Almost unbelievably though within seconds of our jump over the fence our team touched down. We were tied, things were tense. The entire present senior class was on the sideline. To break the tie they established the faceoff and our girls (namely Lily Ackerman) munched through into the endzone and the seniors emerged victorious.

We lost our minds. A crowd immediately swarmed Lily and somehow she got hoisted on somebody's shoulders on the side of a sudden rush pit that I found myself in the middle of with Ryan Ackerman and Will. The flag was waving, everyone was yelling, I was jumping despite the packed double tight body-gone amazing moment. Afterwards I joined a "seniors" chant with the girls on team, cheerleaders, etc.

The fun wasn't even over then though because afterwards we all came over to the bonfire. This was the first bonfire since freshman year. We all packed ourselves into a huge ring around a pile of pallets stacked like 13 feet tall filled with newspaper. Soon it was alight, a goat effigy (cardboard box) was thrown on top and we sang the school song and cheered.

Pretty soon the pallet pile started to lose stability and fell over right towards my side of the circle. It was frightening and extremely hot. I took my shirt off and we all yelled some more until they put it out. Then a few of us stole some charred remains.

October 20, 2017 12:12 am

Day of my last Male vs. Mammal game. Of course it's midnight so it doesn't really count. I know I'll be writing in here about it at some point afterwards anyway after the game I'm going up to Otter Creek for one last campout at Otter Creek with the boys. Of course, I have only ever been once before so this trip surely will not carry the same sentimental weight for me as for them. Should be a really good time regardless, there's always good fun there. Anyway, I've really got to do some homework. I really can't make a habit of this. Wait one second though.

We saw Blazecunner 2049 earlier tonight and although it wasn't as much as anything something that came with it was a sense for how important this journal is going to be someday. It's got photos of my friends, my activities, and thoughts upon thoughts upon thoughts. I just have some feeling that someday someone will find this and read in and at how different life used to be, or they look at the photos and see them as we see photos from some I hope they enjoy. Really. That makes it all worth it, the thought of some curious relative or something way down the line reading about the first ad recorded by me.

They probably won't be able to read my handwriting, also, it would be a strange log. The first page has plans to do changes. Still, it is truth and I guess by including that I make this depiction more real and real. Seriously though, with how much I've written it seems like at least 35% of this journal is about drugs so far. That makes me sad. Really because that's not really what I'm about. They take such priority in this journal only because there are such special occasions.

I wish I had been writing like this the whole time. I'm okay with keeping a new journal someday, I've accepted that this will be in volumes, but all the waste makes me sad.

October 21, 2017 1:26 AM

Just got out here to Otter Creek like an hour ago. Now I'm in bed about to go to sleep. The Male vs. Mammal game for the year is over and messy right now. I didn't go because of homework at 7:30. I thought I thought well would whole time just ceased to do so and and I mobile and we had a



as some Catholic behind me and he though. We those minutes up into our a whole of fear and the grenades were

the male vs. mammal game. We actually pushed some red down off the fence, it was nuts. I saw they were threatening us with video capturing devices, so I tied my shirt over my head like a cloak and jumped the fence anyway.

October 20, 2017 12:12 am

Day of my last Male vs Manual game. Of course it's midnight so it doesn't really count. I know I'll be writing in here about it at some point afterwards anyway. After the game I'm going up to Otter Creek for one last campout at Otter Creek with the boys. Of course, I have only ever been once before so this trip surely will not carry the same sentimental weight for me as for them. Should be a really good time regardless, there's always good fun there. Anyway, I've really got to do some homework. I really can't make a habit of this. Wait one second though.

We saw Bladecunner 2049 earlier tonight and although it wasn't a theme or anything something that came with it was a sense for how important this journal is going to be someday. It's got photos of my friends, my activities, and thoughts upon thoughts upon thoughts. I just have some feeling that someday someone will find this and read in and at how different life used to be, or they'll look at the photos and see them as we see photos from 1912. I hope they enjoy. Really. That makes it all worth it, the thought of some curious relative or something way down the line reading about the past as recorded by me.

They probably won't be able to read my handwriting. Also, it would be a strange log. The first page has plans to do changes. Still, it is the truth and I guess by including that I make this depiction more realistic and real. Seriously though, with how much I've written it seems like at least 35% of this journal is about drugs so far. That makes me sad really because that's not really what I'm about. They take such high priority in this journal only because those are such special occasions.

I wish I had been writing like this the whole time. I'm okay with buying a new journal someday, I've accepted that this will be in volumes, but all the waste makes me sad.

October 21, 2017 1:26 AM

Just got out here to Otter Creek like an hour ago. Now I'm lying in bed about to go to sleep. The Male & Female game was fun, we kept the barrel for the year once again. My handwriting is irritatingly large and messy right now. It's dark and the pen keeps catching on the page because it's new.

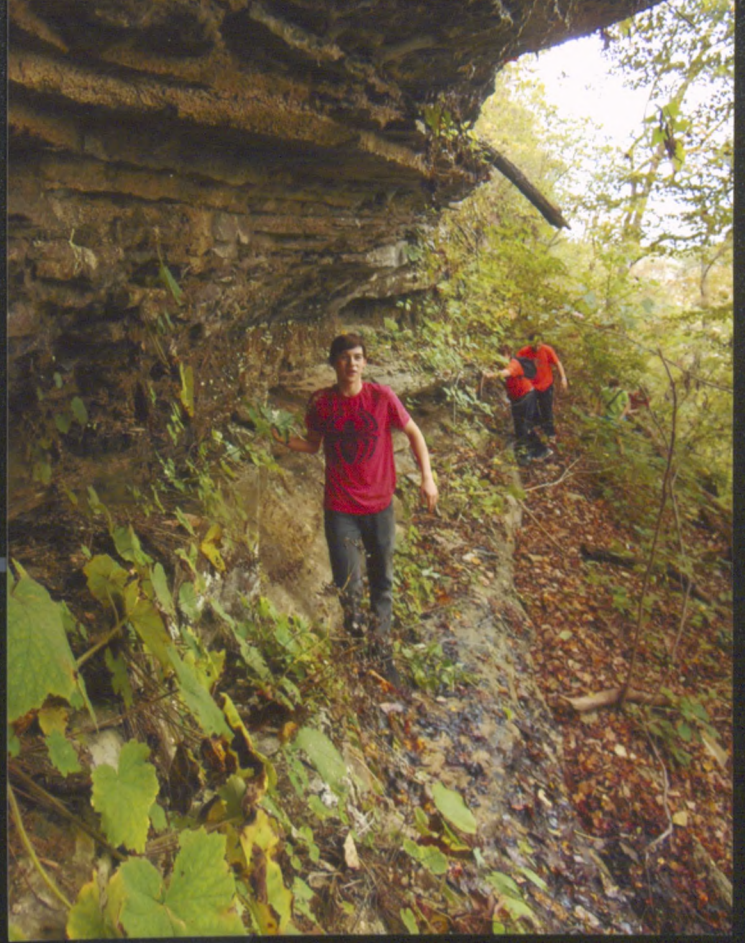
Anyway, the game was a blast. I almost didn't go because I was leaving after completing some journalism homework at like 6:40 and with the game starting at 7:30 I thought I wouldn't be able to get a good seat. Plus I thought Will would be hanging out with his football squad the whole time but in reality after the second half he largely ceased to do so and he hung out with Jackson Willoughby and I until Jackson left and it was just he and I and we had a good time yelling and getting lit.

We were all enjoying the crowd there was some Catholic school dude tripping balls on something behind me and he was really cool. Funny dude. ~~The late~~

The late 4th quarter was getting risky though. We were only one touchdown ahead and with three minutes on the clock they were getting pretty deep into our side of the field. We reversed them after a while of fear and then there was no doubt of victory. Smoke grenades were lit and we yelled to our heart's content.

We rushed the field of course, but Coach Wolf really did not want us to. He actually pushed some kid down off the fence, it was nuts. ~~But~~ They were threatening us with video capturing devices, so I tied my shirt over my head like a cloak and jumped the fence anyway.





wasn't out there long, but it was cool enough. Really a large part of it was spite. Coach Wolfe came at me personally and tried to record my fall but I do not think it worked. He came at me from the side so I just pulled my shirt out further. Then I ran off the field and like an idiot I pulled off my shirt too soon. So he could have followed me all that distance with the camera zoom and recorded my fall but I doubt he did that.

The seniors over all will probably receive some punishment for it but I am rather certain that I personally will be free of charge. We shall see of course.

It was a really good time, and so was drinking with Cohen down here and buying drinks at Weger's stuff, and I'm sure tomorrow will be just as well. Tomorrow - today technically.

0/2/17 Part 2: 11:25 pm

We woke up at like 9 or 10 am and went hiking along the tracks but this time moving East. We found a cliff face we wanted to climb so we did but there really weren't too many handholds. I fell over the side of a 10 or 20 foot cliff but I fell easily and well, landing on my feet only shaken.

After eventually scaling this first challenging slippery portion we walked at the base of the cliff for a while. Things got difficult again when that ended and we started going up again.

Joe and I went first and took two diverging paths. He relied on a tree to climb while I used a rocky portion and then a tree to climb. My way was so better. Made it up way ahead of Joe.

At the hulk at last we talked for a while, mainly waiting for Chris and Loden. Loden was all spooked because he'd watched

Gregg fell a couple of times and he was really annoyed by it. He refused to come the rest of the way and went back down. Chris would eventually come up but then he slipped off on his own to go find Caden.

Jeremy, Gregg, Joe, and I found overbites in their old abandoned campground. These were cadms consumed due to asbestos.

They weren't even locked. We still broke a window though before we went inside. The cabins were pretty cool. I wanted to steal the chair out of one of them but I was dissuaded by Joe. After that we went to the abandoned visitor center and spent like an hour doing nothing and then we walked off back to the cabin through the woods.

At the cabin we finally reunited with the lost companions Chris and Caden. After that we ate for a minute and went to watch Joe build a raft. We walked around and searched glass bottles and shit. One I threw was very ripe, like the air inside was fit to burst. As soon as it touched rock it popped big. Like it was pressurized, anyway, we were bored.

Then Joe and Gregg dragged us back up to the cabin to fix Joe's flat tire and the bulbs. He probably spent like 3 hours waiting on them throwing a football back and forth and surging and shit.

[Enter CHRIS, a strange stranger - affable lonely]

An old neighbor of Gregg, Chris was really fucking nice. He was very irritating and hung around us until like 11:30 pm. Joe, Gregg and I went to go work on the raft while Jeremy, Chris, Caden and I walked along the railroad track going left again but this time we came to a small bridge where Chris took a shit. I went down to this riverside, and Joe and Jeremy talked on the tracks. Later on all went to Chris' shit and threw rocks at it. None was the first to swear.

after that we walked along a trail I found that ran against to the track and took that heading Southwest. It was a wide and nicely forested trail that eventually became very rocky and steep as it climbed the hill. That made it really interesting and fun to take. It eventually came upon this low opening called a "pit cave" that forams and connects to a deeper passage below. We wanted to go in but did not because the drop was so steep and we were not sure if we could get out.

We'd been listening to Fil Dicky but Caden told me to put on some classical shit I had ready to go and it was Phil's Planets and it made the work a million times better.

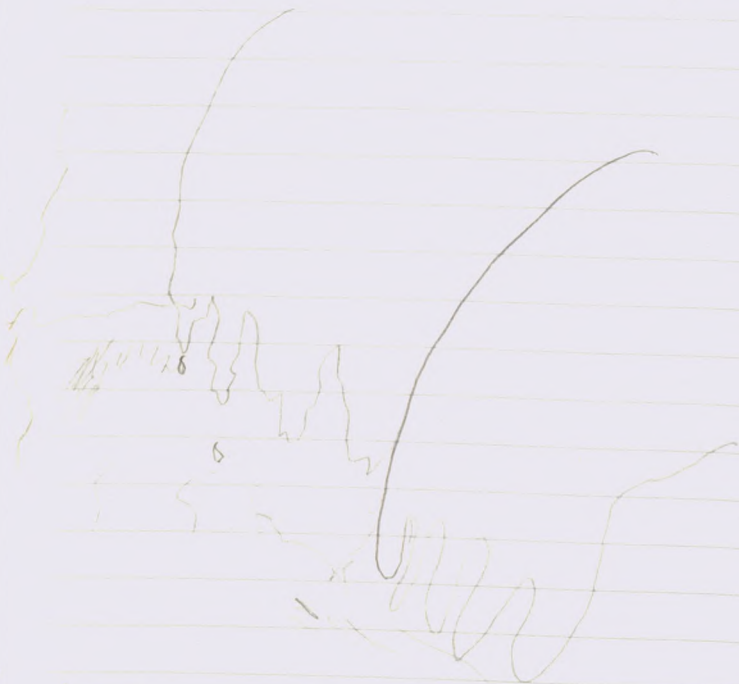
Eventually we got to where Chris, Joe, and I was were working on the raft. It was a large, square structure with a frame of four width and length poles and one running through. All the branches were secured with duct tape. He had filled bundles of sticks on top of this frame.

Joe was lucky we came. Alone they could ^{never} have lifted the enormous weight of that raft. We had one man on each corner and a floater (Caden) in the middle of the side of Chris. Caden by being near him reduced Chris' workload, but it really increased the load on me. I took it and we stopped after moving it a few feet. Caden switched to my side to push forward and so we lifted and Chris dropped his corner as he was unprepared to shoulder that much weight. When his corner fell the duct tape snapped. The raft was ruined.

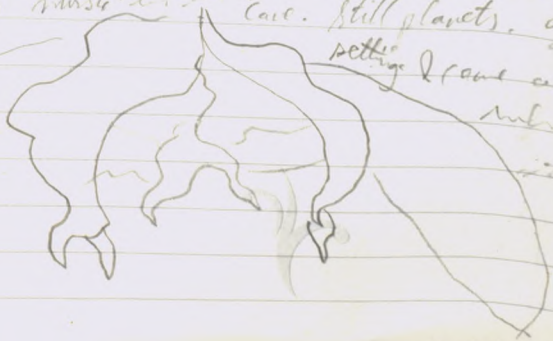
So Joe was really upset because he worked it to work and forming was being a real shit head about all the time Joe wasted. Anyway we went spelunking in that old Jackson (?) cave. A man had told us his friend said there was a deep

look very far back in that cave.

Well we went for it and I went into this section unknown to me but that you had to crawl on your stomach through. No photos from here, no room for the camera. There was a room of stalactites that was really beautiful.



My drawing is that tonight. I hope you figure it out. I climbed through that dripping river path and came into a long passage like this. It's no tunnel to waste in the cave. Still planets. This is where I came out and from that when I dislodged rocks and it rumbled in. Joe is coming home.



after that we walked along a trail I found that ran adjacent to the track and took that heading Southwest. It was a wide and nicely forested trail that eventually became very rocky and steep as it climbed the hill. That made it really interesting and fun to take. It actually came upon this cave opening called a "pit cave" that forms and connects to a deeper passage below.

We wanted to go in but did not because the drop was so steep and we were not sure if we could get out.

We did hear listening to Fil Dicky but Loden told me to put on some classical shit I had ready to go and it was Phil's Planets and it made the work a million ^{times} better.

Eventually we got to edge Chris, Joe, and Lenny were working on the raft. It was a large, square structure with a frame of four width and length poles and one running through. All the branches were secured with duct tape. He had ^{filled} bundles of sticks on top of this frame.

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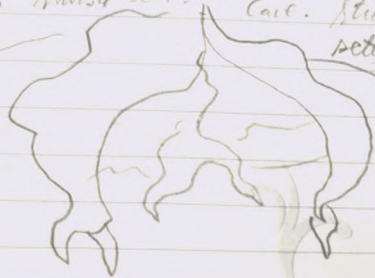
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I crawled through that dripping river, path and came into a long passage like this. In whatever no light to move in the cave. Still planets. This was a ^{setting} ~~dark~~ passage. I came out from that when I dislodged rock and it smacked in. Joe's coat before leaving.



for the caten.

Anyway, I am splursted. There are insects attacking my
light. I am off to bed. But wait, there are a ton of
ghosticks on the floor and it's like moon planet trails
floating in space. Goodnight.



October 27, 2017

I've changed my college essay for the last time. I was writing a Dartmouth extension essay when that idea just got too good for how short I would have had to make it.

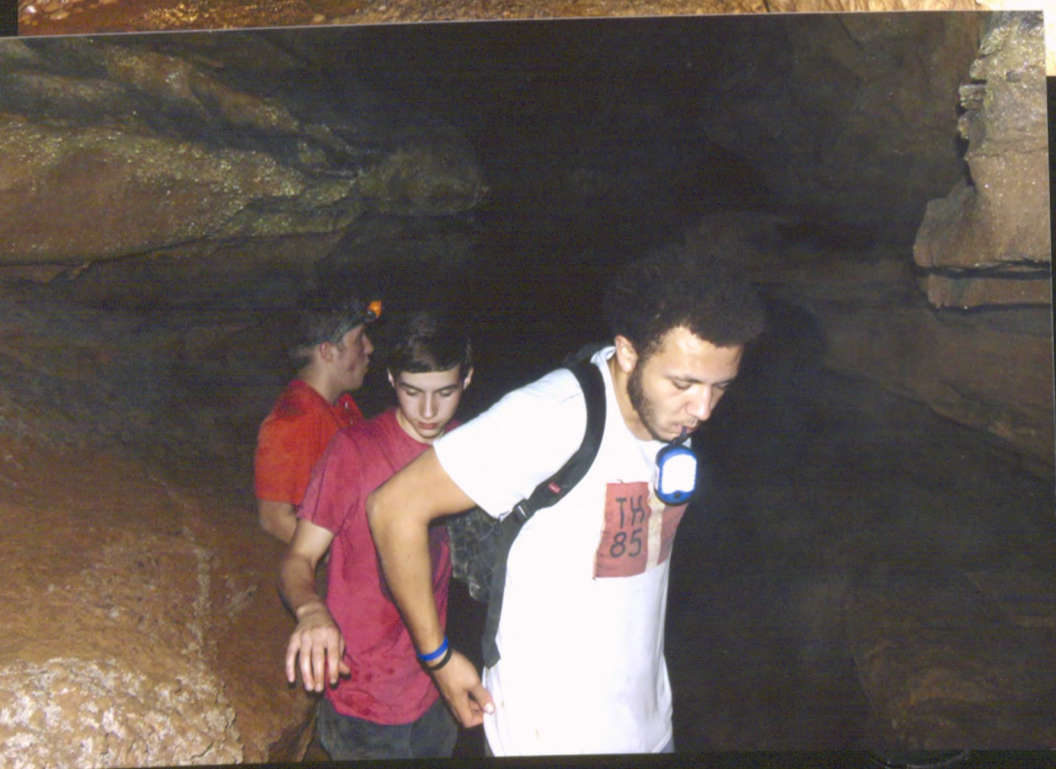
I was thinking about how I show my creativity in daily life and I remembered when I was looking in the mirror in Cory's room during the acid trip comedown and I realized that they don't people expressing themselves in their mirrors and so I developed my own mirror. Kind of cool.

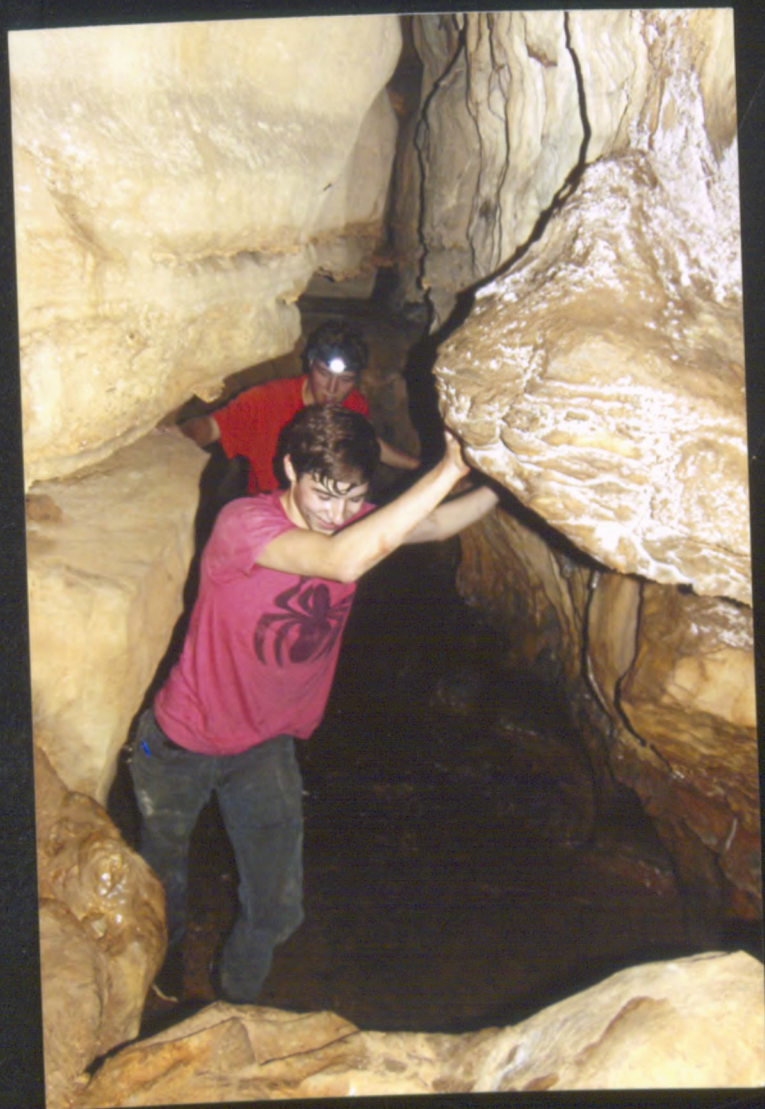
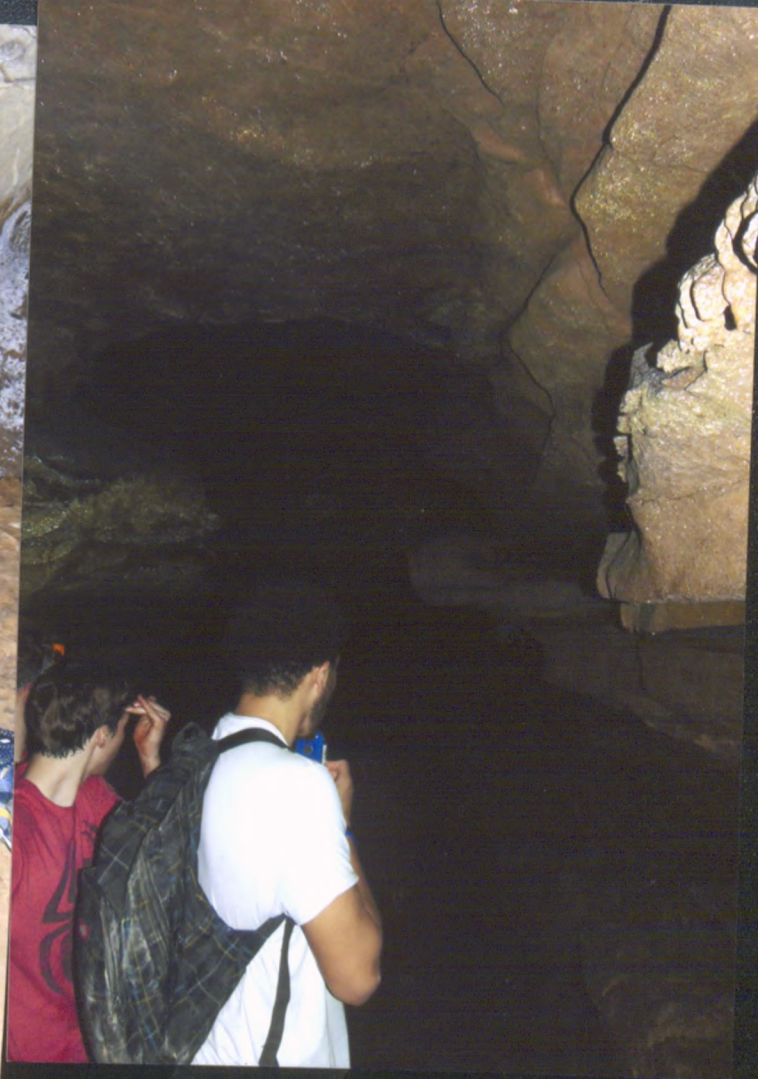
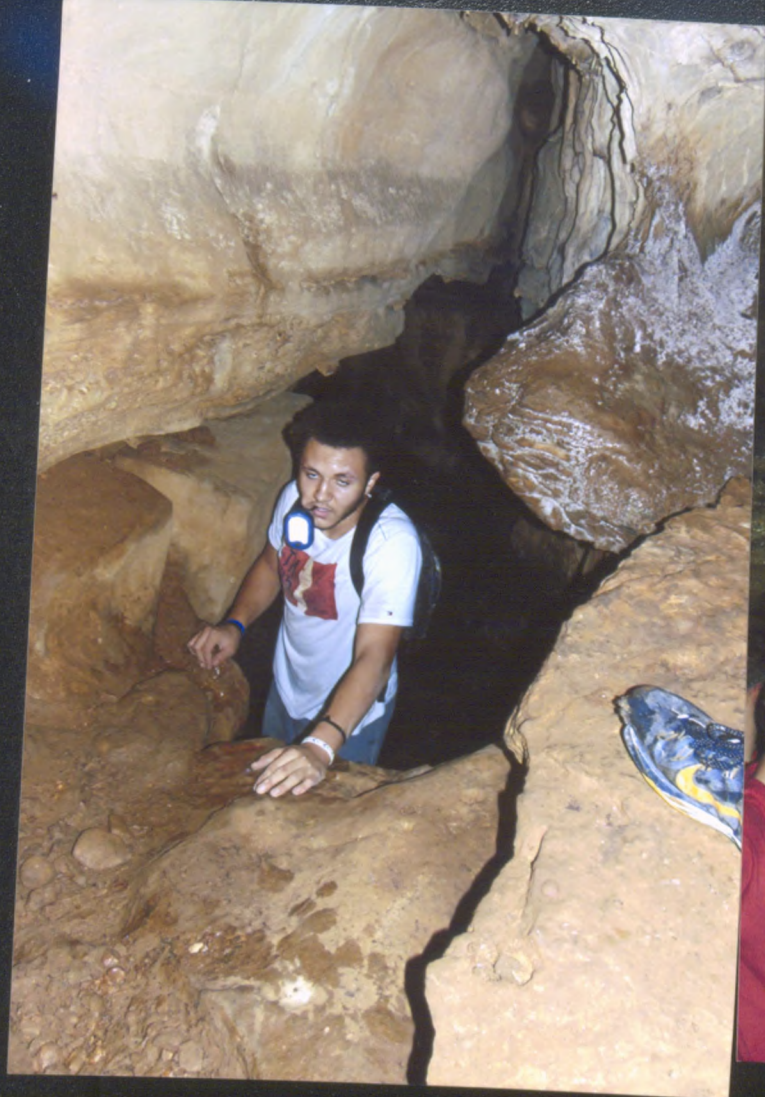
I slept straight through swim practice today. Saddest thing in a while. I hope they don't leave me for it. I've had a great yet tired day otherwise. It was one of those days where the grind never stopped and I was tired in a relaxed way all the way through.

I'm probably tired because I haven't made tea for myself in the morning for a couple of days. I don't want to say I'm caffeine dependent but when you drink a liter of tea a day for like more than two weeks it happens. I hope that is actually somehow making me healthier. I really want it to I mean, I also enjoy drinking it but I still want it to increase my lifespan or something.

Oh snap, we're finishing this bit of Israeli tonight. I wonder if there will be like a test over it eventually or what. Howard was confident I'd come to understand the meaning of it eventually, like the end of the book, but I haven't gotten it yet. whatever I say. No point really speculating at the moment, I'm too tired to worry about it.

It's really interesting to me that if I got into Dartmouth or some Ivy League, it would be undeniable that without my acid trip, I would not have had the inspiration for the essay.









that got me accepted. Of course, I probably won't get in, but still. Stuff like that shows that drugs in moderation really aren't even a huge deal. Somehow this year drugs or now no I'm far more able to work easily and get my head in the game on stuff. I did my homework (mostly) right after school today at Heine Bros.

That's divine! I got a shitty seat at first though. It actually made me mad. I had a lot of shit like a textbook, a notebook, a calculator, etc and I had to balance it all on my lap and the low coffee table of that little cushy chair nook while some asshole took up an entire table just for him and his e-readers.

I should have asked someone if I could sit with them. Problem was, I didn't want to talk to anyone and I feel like sitting near someone else legit that.

I'm also nearly done with Heine Bros. Their shit is so expensive that I feel like an idiot every time I buy anything. I go there for the environment and today even that was garbage.

I would drive somewhere else to do my work like Day's or something because it's less crowded but the problem is I would feel like such a lazy wasteful chub for driving past a coffee shop that's right there (which I could walk to) just to go to a less popular one.

Plus, driving is so much more of an affair. Nothing is super casual, and more carefree. As soon as you sit in the car you're thinking about gas, exercise, the environment, etc.

Ah, I could like to Day's. ~~It~~ Actually, fuck Day's. Next time I go for coffee homework I'm doing it at Safai.

Sajin has much better everything than Kleine Bloor, and it's hardly even further away. Better atmosphere, better tea, better relations, probably better food, and it has those crepes. Well yeah, Sajin it is.

It's 11, so I really should read and do college stuff, but I don't really want to. I know I had something still to write in here, but now I can't remember what it was.

Are open chords important? If I can play a barre chord instead why wouldn't I? Maybe there isn't a barre chord for everything, or maybe there is but some are very impractical.

I hate open chords compared to barre chords. Yeah, barre is harder to learn how to do but once you understand a shape you can literally just slide it all over the board to make sounds I don't know, I've been feeling guilty about using so many lately. It just seems like the best way to do everything.

That wasn't it. I'll write it beneath this if I ever think of it.

Dartmouth extension essay question: How do you express your creativity? What ideas or values do you explore when your imagination wanders?

It's strange, but one of the first things I think of recently when I'm wandering mentally is how satisfying it is that I write so small in my journal. I love how much space I save. I don't even look at what I've written sometimes I just admire how small it is. My god! Think about how saturated each page is with events and thoughts.

I mean, my thoughts are pretty repetitive though so maybe it doesn't matter how saturated the page is. It kind of shows how I totally have trends of thinking. After a while of this I will not be excited anymore about how much space I am saving, but right now I'm lit off that shit. Also my themes. I stay getting lit over my themes.

Oh! I just remembered something. I donated \$3 to Wikipedia today. That was really pretty cool. I felt super good about doing it. They always put those "Wikipedia needs your help" things up but today was the first time I donated. I really do support their cause, especially in this age of the threatened net neutrality. Wikipedia has always been there for me, also. I remember back in the day teachers used to hate on it and some of them probably still do but I oppose those teachers. Wikipedia is the truth.com and I'm proud to have donated \$3.

I need to watch my spending though. I only have like \$150. It's just so easy to lose money, you know? I need a job! I guess but my schedule doesn't really make sense for one. Plus school year jobs seem to always suck, at least my experience with one of them did. Bleh, Gractor's was awful. Literally the worst job I've ever had. I'm kind of wanting to work in retail this time, not food. I've heard retail makes too though.

Breaking up with Julia has ruined the bank a lot though. No way I could've made \$600 last this long one year ago. Also I'm really trying to make UPS this winter for that cold hard \$\$. Sounds easy and rewarding, so I'm so double triple in. I gotta be looking into how to apply though. I have a feeling they just kind of take everyone but still you never really can say.

October 29 2017

Real Pig Boys on Youtube is actually the funniest channel on the website. Perhaps the funniest thing I've ever seen. I've been watching them a lot minute but today they put out a spoopy video called SCREAM that was so good it made me a journal entry. Best shit on Earth.

I finished This Side of Paradise. It was a wonderful read. To me it seemed like he was going for a solution to the mental crisis of WWI. He ~~was~~ the first author I've ever read to propose a solution to it. He modeled it like this: at your lowest point your pure soul is stripped bare and you find yourself at the brink of a labyrinth. When you go through it, you come back with some newly learned meaning. Among says this is when people write great books on their realization, etc.

This idea lines up with one we discussed thoroughly with the philosophy class at BSB. This book, The Power of Meaning, said that these low periods of our lives were our most productive in the long run in the development of self because they introduce you to another aspect of you, but more importantly because you rationalize these periods as being worth it because they taught you something.

Among leaves that he needs to become indispensable to others rather than how he previously only wanted to be appreciated by them. Thus he regains much of his lost ambition and begins again a member of his generation who was lost, but found himself again and is working for change.

This is extremely relevant to me on account of this also being my great recovery. Maybe it's because my year is easier or I'm a little more mature or I broke up with Julia or whatever but at least I have recovered from the crisis of junior year.

Now I am really putting my slightly hedonistic values into place and I'm focused on enjoying life while I live in it, but I must take pride in responsible things as well. So keeping a regular journal is fun, going to ruin produce. My period of no structure has taught me if anything that structure isn't all bad after all.

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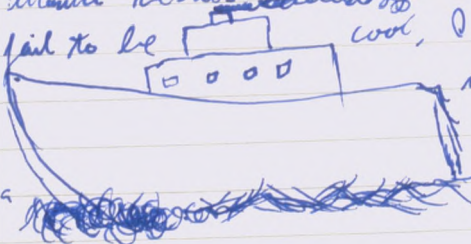
Now I am really putting my slightly hedonistic values into place and am focused on enjoying life while I live in it, but I now take pride in responsible things as well. So keeping a regular journal is fun, going to gym, produce. My point of no structure has taught me if anything that structure isn't all bad after all.

October 26, 2017

I just applied to Dartmouth officially. When I was pressing send I was on that whole debate of free college vs. better college. I really want to go to Dartmouth, but I wonder if I'm underestimating free college. Like, it does sound really nice to actually earn money just for being at a University. I can't decide. It just sounds really nice to get out of college worry and obligation free.

Tonight I am not feeling obligation, but I am feeling engineering. I know I'd be a terrible engineer. I'm just so disconnected with all the practical mechanics like that. Tonight however, I want to work on a ship and I feel like ships of the modern age hire engineers. I really want to work on a ship tonight. I don't even know why. Well, yes I do. The amount of stars I could see, the adventures I would have, the places I could see. A boat would be a fun ride. What a cool life, really. Especially cross Atlantic vessels.

That could not fail to be cool, I feel. Maybe it would. I don't know whether or not I get sea sick. I probably wouldn't though. I am a very adaptable person.



I'm watching this old but somewhat ~~interesting~~ interesting documentary about the bottom of the Great Lakes. They're trying to hype up geology for mass audiences and it really isn't inspiring. I mean this narrator has said "as we drain the Great Lakes" like 20 times.

Maybe the documentary is why I'm feeling sailing so hard. I watched another video earlier about strange artifacts and it was the usual drizzle but when they were talking about that ancient Greek computer found on a shipwreck they mentioned that

on this ancient Roman ship there ~~were~~ also a great score of other cargo like wine.

Do you know how cool it would be to drink an ancient Roman wine? You know the guy who found that wreck probably reported a couple bottles fewer than he found. The wine would actually have aged for 2,100 years. Would there even still be wine left? I don't know anything about aging wine. Were the Romans good enough at sealing wine to have kept it safe for over two millennia? Underwater?

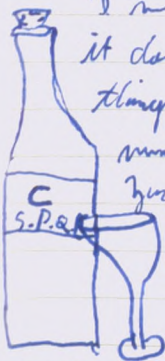
Probably not. I hope so though, that'd be really freaking amazing to drink. What a party that'd be.

I wonder if Netflix works with midnight releases? Ah, no it does not. I'm disappointed, I wanted to watch stranger things 2. I'm actually highly disappointed in myself for the low number of Halloween-related things I have done this month. You wanted houses or jack-o-lanterns or anything. I mean, I just haven't really had the chance, or at least had the chance with friends. I think Julia is going with that whole group tomorrow and depending on how long the Willoughbys and I hang out to take the video I may go too? I'm hanging out with them Saturday though so it just seems like a lot for one weekend, also, seeing her family again is going to actually be terrible. Like really.

Yesterday I wore this great outfit, I just remembered it. It'll be in the senior year photos in the yearbook so check it out. I wore that collared sweater from Urban with the broken buttons. I love that sweater. I popped the collar with a plaid shirt underneath and then h勃bies. It was a look, no lie.

That's a first.

Maybe I didn't do much Halloween stuff this month but it was still a



way higher than average month for me. Everything I've done I've enjoyed and everything has just been excellent. No real problems at all. I might have fucked up an APB's test today but I bet it won't be too terrible. I'm kind of expecting a C but I got an A on the last one so it balances out. Also, the second part of October seems like it will be a lot of work. Not that that's inherently bad, it's just that I need to get a lot of college shit done pretty much right now. It's daunting, to be certain. Doesn't really matter too much though. If I could model a life after how this October went I think I would. My November is right now.

Speaking of rap actually, I feel really cultured right now because yesterday I was listening to my Spotify Daily Mix and Flashlight by Parliament came on. At the end they do this little

"Everybody's got a little light under the sun, under the sun prior to the sun." Well, it's the same thing as in Snoop Dogg's W.Balls interlude on Doggystyle where they go "Everybody's got to hear the shit on W.Balls, W.Balls, W.Balls!" and I think that that is so cool. I looked it up and apparently George Clinton was a huge influence on Snoop. There's this song Atomic Dog that basically made Snoop. George Clinton is a really interesting dude. I only really knew him from Funkadelic but his 90's presence was really strong and vibrant. It's weirdly vibrant though. He was drawing cartoon characters and writing songs about them and shit. It's really creative. Probably one of the only artists to stay fresh from '69-'90. He was in a Kendrick song in 2013 (!). We were remodeling the Architecture in class today finally and all we did was change the logo and it took us like all of class to decide how we wanted it. It does look good, but it took a damned grip.

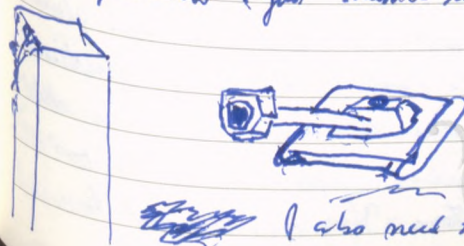
Drew and I talked psychedelics today. He's had more exposure with acid so he doesn't really prefer shrooms but he says they're fun. Dude actually complimented me big time. He has this theory that people with more vivid dreams are more powerfully affected by LSD and I was powerfully affected and have vivid dreams so I felt like I was special or something because he said that. I've even having a lot of rap dreams lately, but that's probably just because I've been having a lot of raps. I had this dream when I was mapping earlier today when I was exploring the "oldest part of Male High School" which was this secret hallway accessible by a small crevice in the stairway. I found a secret chamber where in the past Queen Elizabeth had kept her horses and horse-riding gear.

Was a couple of days ago I had a dream where I was being shot at by a tank and I was trying to escape so I climbed a tree that led to the top of a building and I clung to the side of the roof opposite the tank and I was jumping like that to other roof tops before I missed one and fell.

Earlier today I actually had a different rap dream about playing like an advanced game of risk with the guys and I tried to beat Joe in a battle but I lost by random chance. The game didn't end for me at that point but I had lost so much power in comparison to the other of guys' factions I just wanted to restart the game.

I feel that drawing in the journal is going to be important to rap this shit from getting monotonous.

I also need to find a way to write in here too.



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~~Also~~ I also need to find a way to write in italics.

October 29, 2017

It was a good weekend. Friday after school I went and got cones with Julia, Amiri, Morgan, and Joseph and then they went to go carve jack-o-lanterns but I was wanting to hang out with the guys plus gas was low so I did not attend. I didn't mind up hanging with the guys though. Everybody was busy so I took a nap. I went to Waverly Hills after the nap with the same group. I got ~~there~~ there before everyone else and just chilled listening to music for a while.

Apparently they're going to turn Waverly into a hotel. That's what was on my mind as I looked out the rainy window at the imposing structure above. It's sad. Waverly Hills is a huge part of Louisville culture, abandoned huh or no. They shouldn't be allowed to just tear out the history like that. It's not like the place isn't taken care of. They must make a killing on all the tours and creepy haunted houses. I really can't fathom why that's happening.

The mood brightened when Julia pulled in with the guys. We lost Morgan Bars to the ACT which was the next day. No big deal though, the party was still rockin' as we waited in the cold, rainy, and thereby shorten their usual line for the doors. Waverly Hills, by the way, is this abandoned asylum thirty minutes from downtown. At the spooky websites rate it as one of the most haunted places in America. Back in the late 1800s and early 1900s it was a hospital. It's most notable use was during the really big tuberculosis outbreak. Back then the place reeked of death. Too many people with too many afflictions. So many people died in fact that there's an infamously slide in the back of the building where corpses would be ~~run~~ pushed off into vehicles at the bottom. They didn't want to

disturb the living with the grisly sight of all the dead.

I think there was probably a length of time that it was an insane asylum. I don't really recall.

Nowadays they do cheesy haunted house attractions and ghost tours in the unused, abandoned sector. I've never done a tour because they're \$60. Really it's something worth doing for that price though if they're gonna turn it into a hotel. We just did the \$20 creepy haunted house this time.

I really love haunted houses like that, and trivia-wise got a really big score for them. Like, there are probably around 20 in town. We really went to a lot of them last year, but really it's kind of a couples thing or just downspiral group thing and most of them are around \$20 so it's kind of expensive. For that reason I nearly was the only one I did this year, and it was fun enough. Nothing really got me at all except this one dude who would like skate out at you on his hands and knees. It made this very sudden and very loud scurrying sound every time he did it and it was jump-scare spooking. That guy got me two different times actually. Brilliant work on his part. They also had one of those fantastic walkways where it's zoom around you spins and you're totally disoriented I freaking love those things. I want one in my home. Sunday I need to lay out my dream house in this thing - what place is gonna do with.

There were a bunch of great animatronics and all. It was cool enough. Definitely not the best one I've ever been to, but what could beat the Haunted Hotel?

That was in junior year. I went with Julia, Ryan, and Arkerman, and your brother. This is the only haunted house in the city where the car is allowed to touch you. In the very beginning of the attraction we got into an elevator

that was pitch black. Light started flashing that shone a dark
painted all white. The light would flash again and he'd be
hanging from the ceiling, dangling mere inches from your
face. All of this while crammed in the space of an elevator.
That place was metal. a girl actually trapped Ryan in a
corner and somehow (I think it was Ryan) was temporarily
carried off. Too freaking amazing. I have genuinely had my
heart pumping. There was this long chainmail chase section
and one point had a machine gunner lined up at you
firing blanks and I actually ducked on the floor.



~~Sunday~~ Saturday was also a good day. I think I spent the morning
reading and watching the second season of Stranger Things.
I was trying with the idea of going to Julia's Halloween Party.
Before that though, I took Emma to go see Finding Neverland
The play at Louisville Center for the Arts. Mom is now a
season ticket holder because at some point they'll be playing
the show and ingeniously the company made it so that early season

ticket holders can go. She had tickets but couldn't make them
like to work so Emma and I went together. Let ate at Royal's
Chicken which was free because I didn't have to pay for it.
Really I did because Emma forgot the debit card in the debit
car but it's okay because Friday Mom will pay me back.
Royal's definitely tastes better than Joella's. After Saturday there
is no doubt. It's just too damn expensive I tell you.
They charge \$9 for the 3 piece and then \$3 for a side.
The three piece is quite large but I mean at Joella's
it's \$2 for the 3 piece and two sides.

Much more love for your book.


Plus Joella's is much closer and I've had much more
fun when I've been there. Price likely contributes to this.
anyway, it was very good and we finished at 1:20 and we sat
down for the play with plenty of time. The play was quite good
I thought it would be about Peter Pan's discovery of Neverland
but really it was about the author's writing of the play.
The first act was good but cheesy. Another guy is taken out
of a out by birds and they all play and sing in the park.
The last song in that act was about taking responsibility
for yourself and forcing your dreams into reality. That was
definitely the best song of that half. It was about "taking
Bike by the back" or something.

The second act was better, much more dramatic. The mother
of all the boys died in it and there were great jokes and the play
goes on and makes millions. I really did like it, it was hopeful.
Very pleasant in the end. Like, don't be so mature all the time
and relax a little bit. Play around some.

After the play I did just that. I took Emma home and Cedric called
me. He and Chris were at Kroger purchasing supplies for a

surprise Halloween party. I bought a pumpkin, ten apples, pumpkins cheese-lays, allspice, and cinnamon. Somehow all of that was like \$23.00. The damned cheese-lays were 4 and they weren't even what I fucking wanted.

Whatever. We went back to Caden's house, and put on some Halloween jams, and started the party prep at about 6:45. I was trying to make apple ciders while I carved the jack-o-lantern. The recipe said to put 8-10 apples in a pot, fill it with water, put ~~the~~ 4 table spoons of allspice + cinnamon in like a filter, put in like a half cup of sugar and let it boil uncovered for an hour, then let it simmer covered for 2. Well, I didn't put the allspice and that in until the apples had been boiling for 40 minutes. So I left them in there longer and things were looking okay, but then the recipe said to potato mash the apples and then strain the liquid away. When we potato mashed the apples they were too mushy and it turned out as some applesauce slop. The saddest moment of my life.

By the way, Caden was wearing pants, shirt, and I felt too as I had
 an apron, and no Chris was wearing apron, and no pants. clothed after a minute not changed since the play.

so I unbuttoned my button up and exposed my chest. Chris and Caden had made some good costumes in the meantime. I had made some roasted pumpkin seeds, and the jack-o-lantern were complete.

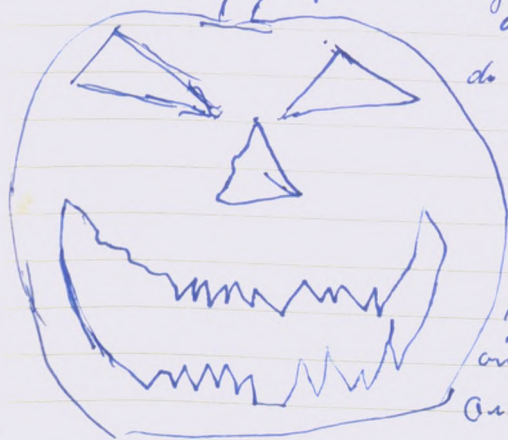
Chris and Caden had set up a table, and over the game was to next. We told them to find us in the main room, lit the pumpkin and turned off the lights. Joe came in before we were

ready but he hid and played along. The rest of the party (Jenny and Mellain) walked in, turned on the light, and we treated them to a serenade of the Monster March! It rocked.

Chris was singing, Landon was on drums, and I played guitar. We had a blast welcoming them to Halloween.

After that we ate all the snacks, talked, and played video games until we all went to bed. There was some drama about who would sleep on the big comfy dog bed but it was settled after an hour and all were at peace.

Today I basically watched Stranger Things 2 all day (est la vie). This is the jack-o-lantern

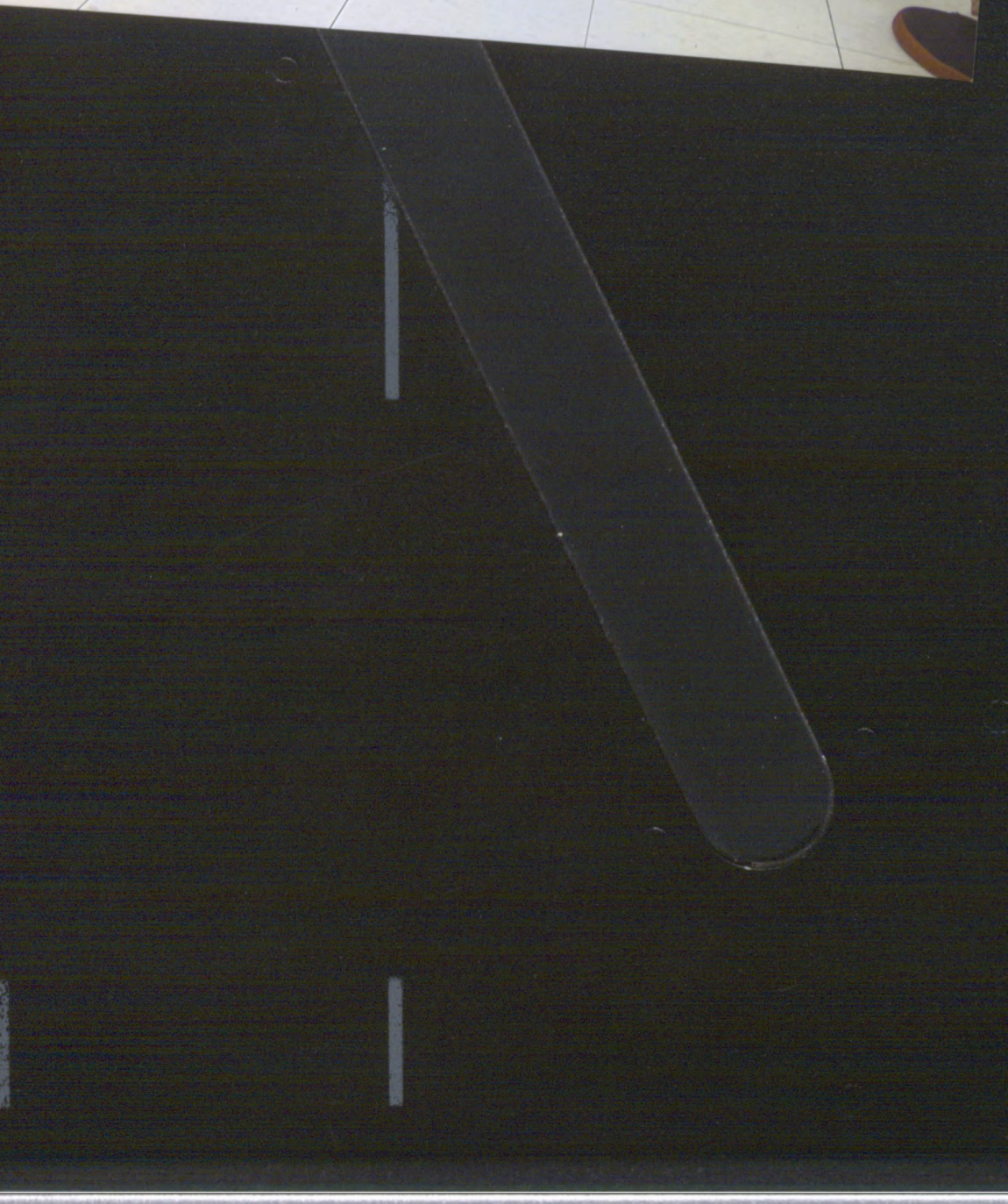


a pretty good one this year, if I do say so myself.

Something cool I noticed is that this year it's a literal lantern. I mean, I know, it's like that every time but somehow I only just noticed that the light coming out of the lantern makes the face on the wall.

November 1st, 2017

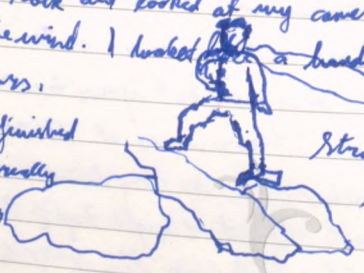
So I just signed up for an interview with a Dartmouth alumna on Tuesday. Freaking out a little bit but I already have a plan. I've found those interviewing notes I took during DSP. I'm also bringing that thesis, at your ass. People respect that thesis, I can't say why. The interview is at 4:00 technically but I'm leaving at 2:20 after school. I'll do my homework there. On a not so Dartmouth note, I got caught trying to cheat on a Latin vocal test today. Lucked. Worse because I looked like much



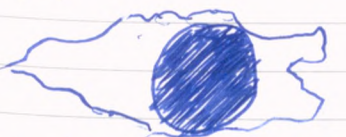
a dumbass. Mrs. V was so disappointed, I feel terrible still. I went to full house for Latin today and she spoke my form, so I guess we're good. I just feel guilty. Dylan Motherfucking Boone didn't get caught. He's a total toe, but he never got caught. It sucks. Motherfucking lucky motherfucking asshole. Shit. On Monday this week we filmed a video for my Bible class (Mrs. Youngman praise). It was Jackson Willoughby, his cousin Katelyn, and I. William ought to have been there but no surprise that motherfucker is always busy. We're not done filming yet though, and apparently he's free after today. Shit is, it ruins the rest of this week and we had to record a few scenes. Whatever. The scenes are ^{now} ~~was~~ awesome. Man they're fantastic. I don't really trust that that video will still be extant in thirty years. I'm putting it on YouTube when it's finished but so what about YouTube. We went down to the Falls of the Ohio because it's the only place around that looks even kind of like a desert and it was cold and the wind was blowing heavily. We tried sheets and blankets around our necks and for clothes. I also brought that horse mask for the animal sacrifice part. Our project is over Leviticus 7-14.

They recorded me with a knife coming down to cut Jackson open in the horse mask. It's awesome. Also awesome - I was "approaching" an altar or dropping water on a large rock and I stood with my foot up on the rock and looked at my camera with the sheet billowing beautifully in the wind. I looked like a handsome Jude from that New Stone Wars.

Finally finished it was good. I really enjoyed having Stranger Things 2 is over and like that idea of the just outside our chimney door.



Oh also I put in my solar eclipse glasses. I wasn't journaling when that happened so I'm adding it later. I got a good photo of it that Sunday I'll develop and put in with the glasses. That was an amazing day I'll never forget.



Halloween was somehow the least celebratory day for me this month. I actually didn't do any anything, really. We watched a Nightmare Before Christmas in English Special Topics and had a party but I really couldn't hear it too well so it was so-so. I went to swim practice and it was only Blake Clark, Emily Doyle, and I. We played a trick-or-treat during game which was alright. I want my college Halloween to be more interesting. The North East probably had good Hollaen celebration they just seem more committed to it up there. I tried to call a number from my phone or something called Hollaen from 1700 or so and it was impossible. So many strings of words I'd have to look up I can actually read Caesar more easily. I'm watching the Hatful Eight right now and it's decent. I like the filming location; so much snow and mountains and forest. Mine itself is decent so far but I still have an hour and fifty three minutes left. I really ought to be doing my homework.

November 4, 2017

Today was excellent. I woke up after a rather boring night at Lake 60:30 and went to get my upstroke photo retaken because my hair was too long (thanks Mrs. Horset) and met up with Alex Castillo there. That was surprising but cool. Apparently his hair was deemed too long, also. I'm not sure what else it could have been but the color of the trees, but on the drive home I decided I wanted

a dumbass. Mrs. N was so disappointed, I feel terrible still. I went to full house for Latin today and she spider my fanny, so I guess we're good. I just feel guilty. Dyer Motherfucker House didn't get caught. He's closed too, but he never got caught. It sucks. Motherfucking lousy motherfucking asshole. Shit. On Monday this week we filmed a video for my Bible class (Mr. Youngman praise). It was Jackson Willoughby, his cousin Katelyn, and I. William ought to have been there but no surprise that motherfucker is always busy. We're not done filming yet though, and apparently he's free after today. Shit is, it ruins the rest of this week and we need to record a few scenes. Whatever. The scenes are got ^{more} awesome. Man they're fantastic.

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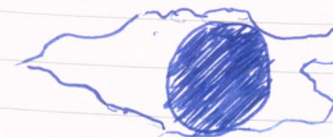
They recorded me with a knife carving down to cut Jackson open in the horse mask. It's awesome. Also awesome - I was "sprinkling" an "altar" or dropping water on a large rock and I stood with my feet up on the rock and looked at my camera with the sheet billowing beautifully in the wind. I looked ~~like~~ a handsome Jude from that new Star Wars.

Finally finished it was good. I really



Stranger Things 2 is over and like that idea of the just outside our driveway.

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Today was excellent. I woke up after a rather boring night at like 6:30 and went to get my upclose photo retaken because my hair was too long (thanks Mrs. Gorrel) and met up with Alex Castillo there. That was surprising but cool. Apparently his hair was deemed too long, also. I'm not sure what else it could have been but the color of the trees, but on the drive home I decided I wanted

to go for a hike. I was trying to think of where to go and Mitchell Lake in Jefferson Memorial Forest came to mind. I've been there in the spring and summer, but never in the fall, so that would be my destination.

I tested the guys on the off chance that someone might be like to hang out, and it wound up that we had a full group of everyone minus Gregg and that was a fantastic surprise. I had to We wound up having to take two cars and leaving Dave Joe's car but he had to follow me since I knew the way there. I accidentally lost him on the Watersons so I had to slow down and watch for him in my mirror. Soon enough we saw him coming quick out of the left lane far behind. I waited a little longer until he was behind me and then we continued.

I really cranked up the speed on I-65. I liked being in control and I was listening to Do the Evolution by Pearl Jam so I was insured. Driving in a caravan like that is a blast, I like being able to show personality just by driving. Like sticking your arms out the window or wiggling the wheel or something, I was going like 25 at some points though. It wasn't really intentional but it happened. I'm very proud that I can get there without GPS. I generally am proud whenever I get to show off how well I know where I'm going.

We got there and hopped on the trail. Once again I was proud because I knew how to get to the lake. Once there, Lashen suggested that we go swimming. I was not for it at first, but then I got really into the idea. We then stripped down to our underwear over by a picnic bench, and the day was cool but not cold ~~too~~ so this was still comfortable. & I don't mean

underneath though so I in the interest of not being naked I ^{protected} ~~hid~~
my shirt over my legs and used my belt to hold it up.

I learned this technique at Otter Lake after we were carving
and I didn't want to get Joe's car-seat dirty with my pants.

Within everybody but Chris and Jeremy stripped, but the problem
was that the water was freezing. Like, freezing.

I put my foot in and immediately thought nobody was
gonna swim because of how damned low that temperature
was. I'm stillborn as all hell though. If I stripped down and
all that I was at least going in to my goddamned thighs.

It was cold though. Really fucking cold. Nobody else wanted to
get in that far. They were backing out of feet. I was already
dick - tip depth in. I wasn't gonna pussy out. I couldn't. I was
gonna swim god-damn it. The ground was getting squishy. I
couldn't stand waist-deep much longer. I was sinking into
the ground. I pushed off into the freezing lake.

It was cold. I was moving to stay warm. No time to
not move. I was pushing jerkily away from shore on my
back. It wasn't even a stroke, I was just going. My friends
were just shocked. Nobody had really gotten past shin-depth
but I was in the middle of the lake.

The view was beautiful. all around me was rippling water
up to a shore of red, yellow, and purple. There were even pines.
I made sure to reach the exact middle, so I knew I'd be
totally immersed in the lake.

I had to keep going back to the shore for warmth. I really
wanted someone to get in with me. Nobody would. They were too cold.
I pushed Allen in a little bit but he wouldn't go far, and then
after pushing him I kind of felt bad so I stopped.

Later on Will never really trying though. Joe said I was

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after pushing him I kind of felt bad so I stopped.

Calin and Will were really trying though. Joe said I was

insane. I then got probably to his shoulders at one point when he branched down. He walked to the slippery part - He got down ready to push out and it failed him. He couldn't do it. I can't really blame him. That water was cold as fuck.

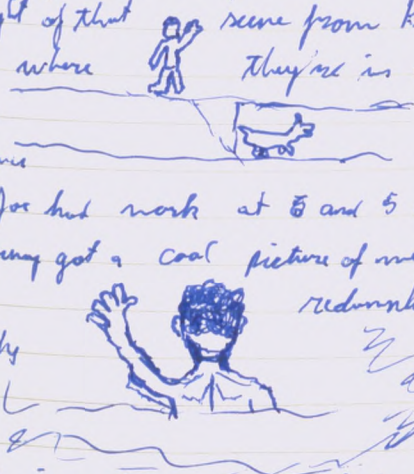
There was this jagger going down the trail past our table so I made sure to get out in the lake so they'd see me.

They had stopped so they watched me for a second. I waved. They waved back. It was fun, my chest was kind of heaving. It was like, sharp and tight. My hands were purple when I got out. My toes were cold in the water. Little too cold. I thought of that scene from Pirates of the Caribbean 3 or something where they're in a cold place and one pirate loses his frozen toe off. I got out whenever my toes felt like that.

Jeremy and Joe had work at 8 and 5 respectively so we had to go home. Jeremy got a cool picture of me then on my camera that I

It'll definitely be the first go into the journal, which is exciting. It's actually only my face, and shoulders. I'm still kind of sad nobody else got into the water. But whatever, at least I know I'm no bitch.

We took a slightly different route on the way back. Going down to the lake we walked a creek bed which was fun. Joe broke a tree down (it must have been dead already) and I picked it up and smashed it against a larger tree to break my tree in half for a walking stick. It was too big though so I broke it again against the ground but then it was too small so I



tossed it away. This time we stuck to the path and went on.

Joe, Jeremy, and Chris had gone ahead of Jack, Will, and I because we were still changing. They passed an Elderly couple who asked if they were on the right track for the lake. They told them yes and Jeremy said not to swim because it was cold.

Old dude then passed our trio and said "So I take it you're the swimmers?" I laughed. Cool guy. He knew because ^{I was} shirtless.

Joe and Jeremy wanted to get some food and so they needed the heavy backpack. It was like 3:20 or so and Joe had work at 5:00. Jefferson Memorial Forest is like a 30 minute drive so they put on the Afters and ran down the trail to Joe's car. They said they'd get some fast food or something but I never asked if they did.

We listened to Appalachian Spring by Aaron Copland on the way home and it was such a perfect ride. A very relaxing, very fun, ride home. We hung out at the Coates' place for a while but left after not having done much.

Mom took me out to Joella's so that was great too. Since then I've been home. I'm tired of all these not out Saturday Nights. Normally I'm with the guys. Also

I've been listening to a podcast called Fore and apparently mayan made it a show so I'm about to watch that now. Apparently the word "Bedlam" comes from a mental asylum in London named "Bethlam" in the 13th century. Spooky shit man.

Also I'm keeping a rubber band around this shit now. That'll keep all the photos from falling out.



November 5, 2017

My Dartmouth interview is Tuesday, two days from now. First thing an Ariz's interview notes: Know Your Enemy. The guy who's interviewing me is Matthew Bileman. Looked him up. Professor of English at U of L. Wow, so he's written an entire book about how English authors have subconsciously hated Jews and put Anti-Semitism into their writings. Definitely stay away from Hemingway. English though... that's good. I can now be an English professor as long as nothing I mention causes subconscious ~~for~~ Anti-Semitism, I should be alright.

He's also written a psychoanalysis on how modern society has been influenced by Shakespeare. He will probably have loved the mirror essay. I hope he read it.

Apparently I don't want to show up until ten minutes before. It's very strange, I was going to be there right after school. Thank God I went to this class. I'm answering questions aloud to myself right now. Ariz gave us this huge list of questions to ask ourselves. Pencils seem like the way to go with this journal, also they seem to provide more features to my handwriting even when it's made so small. Now I kind of wish I had done all that is in pencil in pen. Hopefully whoever reads this someday will be able to.

November 7, 2017

The interview came and went well but long and short I have accepted that I will not get in to Dartmouth. The dude seemed pretty sure of that as well. I'm too naive and too average. More importantly, I just inspired this shitty evening by creating a song. I think I'm gonna call it Bikini Bottom. It starts with a stunning melody that is sustained for a while at D# and then goes to C#. It was longer and spicier for a great result but more is also good.

D#

Come
Come
Tonight
Come
Come
Infinite Delight
Come
Ripples
Beneath a Green Sun

C#

free sweet girl
endless waves
of Neptune's face

November 10, 2017

Hopefully that's enough room to finish the song. Hopefully someday I finish the song. I just added some pictures from before the beginning of the journal. I put them all on the title page for the "Hub" section of the journal. In between that failed journal attempt from Gordon and September 18. I probably ought to include some photos from that trip. Come to think of it. Soon.

Also last night I added that Latin quote "While I Breathe I hope." to the front of the journal. It felt fitting. I'm gonna make a final push to finish Lord of the Rings tonight. I'm chomping at exactly 130 pages from the end. They're all being soaked by a rag after the siege of Gondor. What an awesome battle. I told Blake how cool I thought it was at swim practice and some girl swam at me. She ain't cool. Lord of the Rings is cool. I was gonna write more but I haven't started an entry at the top in a while.

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D#

C#

Come	Come now with me	
Come	And we shall be	free sweet girl
Tonight		
Come	Come on and play	
Come	In an ocean of	endless waves
Infinite Delight		
Come	and we can chase	
Ripples	of Neptune's face	
Beneath a Green Sun		

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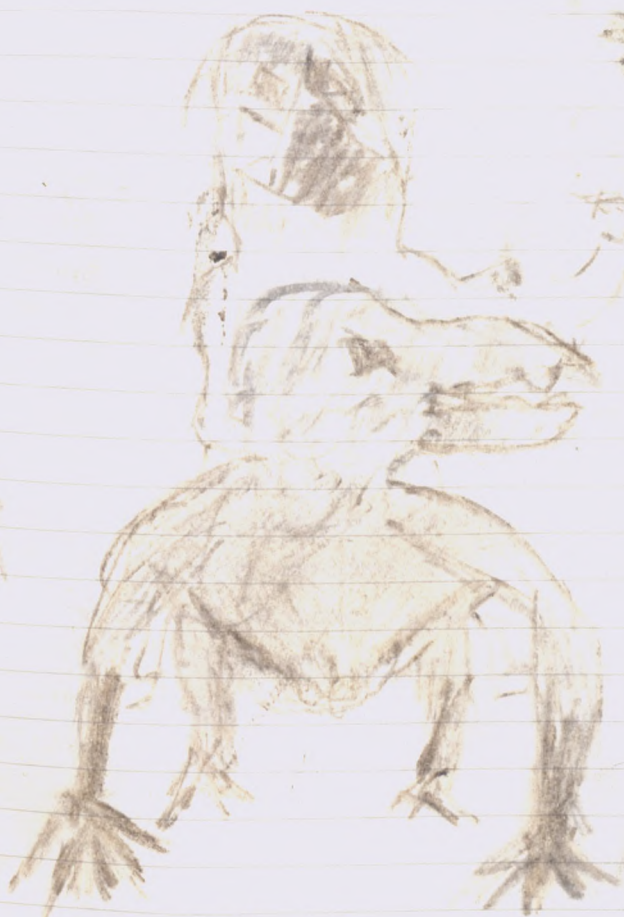


The Mouth of Dawson

November 12, 2017

Just got home from chillin with the Trace, Ryan, Zach gang for Ryan's going away party. Yesterday was a good day overall. Started at Bernheim with Julia, strangely. We had a good enough time but I think it's kind of weird to hang out alone with her. It felt too much like when we were dating. At Bernheim we found this cool concrete block that I climbed up on. The thing was probably like ten feet tall so I kind of ran jumped to get my elbows up there and I pulled the rest of myself up. After that I chilled at home for a while until going to Trace's place for that party. at first it was awkward because I didn't know anybody. Well, I actually knew most of the people there. I just wasn't comfortable. Yet. I got comfy pretty quick though. I was playing guitar with a lot of people in the basement. We were all down there just talking, shooting basketball, playing football, listening to music. It was a good time. I really fuck with Danielle Moorman as a person now. I thought she chilled with Catherine's friend group, so I thought she was just okay. She apparently thought the same about me. So now we like each other a lot more knowing that neither one likes them.

I also like Albert Johnson a lot. He's been peep spitting on him but he's a really down to earth dude and he and I are very similar. I like that kid. Nathan Veltman was there and Hussen too, but they all had to leave, after they left began the bonfire stage. We set up a fire pit and chairs in the driveway and sat around a pretty large fire. Before this I went out to buy some weed from Kerry Williams. Went with this country dude named Noah. I accidentally gave Kerry \$40 for 2 grams. So stupid and embarrassing we just told him to smoke as he



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After that I chilled at home for a while until going to Trane's place for that party. at first it was awkward because I didn't know anybody. Well, I actually knew most of the people there. I just wasn't comfortable yet. I got comfy pretty quick though. I was playing guitar with a lot of people in the basement. We were all down there just talking, shooting basketball, playing foosball, listening to music. It was a good time. I really fuck with Danielle Moorman as a person now. I thought she chilled with Catherine's friend group. so I thought she was just okay. She apparently thought the same shit about me. So now we like each other a lot more knowing that neither one likes them.

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Sometimes. Nath and I smoked in the church parking lot by Grace's neighborhood and then returned to the party. Ryan dropped 2 tabs of acid and offered me one but I wasn't feeling it so he gave it to Nathan Murphy or Albert like a gift. We shot the breeze out there until around 2:40. Then we all went in and probably fell asleep about 4.

I have a theory that it's on the corridor from an acid trip that you do your deep thinking. Ryan was talking with me about some very personal analysis somewhere around 2:00 at the fire when Grace and Zach had fallen asleep in their chairs. He talked about his ongoing coming of age. It was really pretty nice to hear. I'm gonna miss that kid. He said he didn't get visuals though. I don't get what's up with that. More evidence for Draven's theory.

I smoked with the dude last Thursday and got way too high. The last time that happened was one week after the acid trip. Last Thursday was one month after the trip to the day. I smoked last night and it was fine. I have a theory that every anniversary of the trip I get too high somehow. Could just be coincidence though, it was also my first time hitting a gravity bong.

Hangout with Will after I wrote that. We recorded the rest of the footage with Jackson and sat out at the fire for a while. Harmony is inspecting the journal. We ate at Wild Ginger and played cold Secret Hitler in the yards. We all wore blankets and there were space heaters but they blew the circuit of the yards so we lit torches and played in the dim. I was playing some Nelson Batista, Funkadelic, George Clinton, and Nathan suggested a song "Portugal the Man called Purple, Yellow, Orange or

something. I like it and save it. For some reason at dinner I felt like I was high. I wasn't though. I didn't like that much. Kind of freaked out. I still don't know why that happened but I'm just gonna forget about it and move on for my own sake. I think I'm gonna watch some Twilight zone tonight. I could feel that.

I'm brewing tea right now. Mom is telling me more about Taylor Swift. Kanye. I'm gonna be including three tea bags in my morning tea from now on. So many people saying it tastes like water. Three is too many for the box, but it's a good amount for the month. I'm gonna run out of this shit so fast.

November 13, 2017

Didn't go to school today. Feel pretty guilty, but Wake Forest asked me to make a Top Ten list and come up with a theme and all and I like what I got so I'll put it here.

Top Ten Best Feelings

10. Reading a good book
 9. Being prepared
 8. Driving my friends somewhere they don't know without GPS
 7. Leaving somewhere I've had a really good time & thinking about it
 6. Having my terrace within sight and full of tea
 5. Driving somewhere I'm excited to go w/ the music all loud
 4. Playing guitar well
 3. Having a good conversation with friends
 2. Adding new photos/writings to my journal
 1. Going somewhere/doing something new & adventurous
- Chris would be proud of this list

November 16, 2017

Writing in Mr. Stewart's class because I had a very strange dream last night. What I remember of it now is not as much as I would like, but it is this: a dog and I were walking around an old abandoned mental home. It was a huge brick place, and for some reason it felt dangerous to be so close to it. I was sitting on an old shed with the dog when I heard barking. We had been dead alone for a long time, and the dogs were barking "I'm going to the coast, I'm going to the coast." My dog was lonely, he wanted to see them. He ran, pulling me along to the nearby shore. We found no dogs there, only the crashing wave against the sand. We walked back to the building and the dogs were on the roof. They were born there from the original security guard dogs that had gotten stuck on the roof in the accident. To them, going to the edge of the roof was the coast.

Something else must have happened that I don't remember.

We flash back to when the house was in operation, probably the accident that got the place shut down. There is a small cell with one full wall of glass looking into an enormous room where a gigantic woman stood looking into hundreds of rooms, the warden. The cell we're in has a troubled woman as the inmate.

- Ryan Ackerman: "Are you writing about me?"

- Yeah, you're a cool guy

She wanted to escape, but the woman was using this magic or hypnotic to subdue her. The inmate used the magic back. She was switching places with the warden, size and all. The warden won it out though, she was stronger. The inmate still managed to get out, she unscrewed a pipe valve and the warden taunted her by letting her do it and crawl through the disgusting black muck before

flooded the pipe with water and I don't really remember what happened afterward.

I just got the Calculus test we took a couple of days ago back. The first one this year. I didn't get an A on. I actually failed. Even with the curve. God dammit.

Yesterday was cool. I was late to school but snuck into Mrs. Bradford's study skills ^{through} the cafeteria in the kitchen. Also saw the turtle crawled under my legs as I was kneeling. Man, fuck that test. Also the quiz. I didn't do the review so shitty quiz grade. I hope I still have something over a B. Too much like junior year man.

We played Scrabble at William's house last night. It was fun. I won, but only by 1 point. I think I'll put the score paper in here.

November 18, 2012

I think in the first entry of this thing I wrote about trying to buy mushrooms from CJ. Funny enough, that was exactly 2 months ago and still nothing. To be fair, trade negotiations just reopened probably at the end of October but he's still like 2 weeks late. We've got \$150 together (although somebody short-changed me \$1 so it's technically \$149) now and we want to trip Tuesday night. CJ is really pushing it man. Frustrating. Love the dude, he's just not very proactive. Really that comes with the territory though.

We got \$150 because it's \$10 a gram and Jeremy, Joe, Tony, Will, and I will be tripping. Jeremy invited Nathan Murphy, Grace, and Zach but I really wish he hadn't. Like, he didn't even ask me. Now Eddy and Peter will be there too and there are just way too many people involved. I dislike it. Love Tony and Zach but they're not even going to be tripping, like. Let in

the point. Maybe I can convince them not to come. We'll see. I might even just hold on to my shit and wait. Probably won't. Whatever man.

anyway, today was alright. Played some guitar, wanted to hike but was subdued by the promise of a thunderstorm that never came. Read Ford of the Rings. The Ring just fell into the fires of Mount Doom. Not finished yet though. Last push part 2.

Then Kafka on the Shore, at last.

Yesterday we watched the Room. Fucking hysterical movie dude. Also there was this moment I put on Smiling Faces Sometimes by the Undisputed Truth, and we all jumped into a "Stomp"-esque beat session to my vocals. Fun as shit man. I showed Caden Bikini Bottom. He seemed to like it. Said it sounded "Underwater" before I even told him the name.

Tomorrow I mean to hike for real this time. I discovered that JMF has a bunch more trants than I knew.

Also today I card Boardtown Road intersections for street signs to steal. Found the perfect spot. I'm not even worried about it now. I think my window is tomorrow night, depending on homework amount etc.

November 19, 2017

Just got home from my hike. Fuck yeah. The hike was a little bit stressful though, no lie. At first it was good riles only but then it got dark like way too fast. Like it was pitch black in those woods at 6:30. I had my headlamp on and it was so dark I could not see without it. I could hear barking all around me, but not very frequently. I think it was just the sounds of nearby pets, because it was always far away, plus there are no wolves in Kentucky and

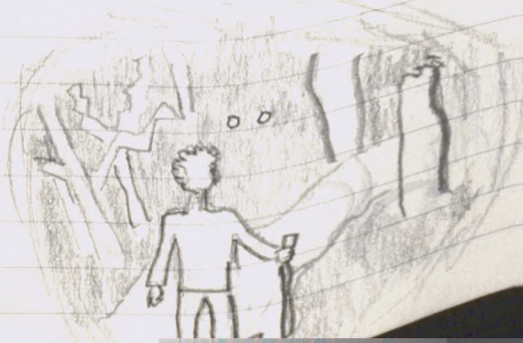
Coyotes don't bark like that for real. I did run into some deer though, all I could see were their eyes glowing in the dark. They scared me until I thought about it.

What was interesting is that their eyes all reflected a different color. I pokey.

The hike before the darkness was good. Turns out all the trails are a part of the Paul West Recreation Area, and I had just never been there. I did the Coral Ridge Loop and Horn-Something Hill loop. I was gonna do the something view loop or whatever but it was way too dark. Another day. Really it's a big deal that I wasn't able to though just means I can go back someday.

Hiking is one of those things where time gets away from you. It can drag on forever or sneak right up on you. Really though I only hiked for like 3 hours. It just got dark far sooner than I anticipated. From the Coral Ridge Loop near the end I was able to see downtown. It was all glittering and beautiful. I could even see the Rego Building. Yeah man, hiking is odd like that though I feel like I was out there all day. Only 3 hours.

Before I left to hike Mom took me to buy a swimsuit for Mom. I got a Speedo, like the Briefs. Hell yeah. Oh! Mile Court took was 7.9. Not too bad.



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coyotes don't bark like that for real. I did run into some deer though. All I could see were their eyes glowing in the dark. They scared me until I thought about it. What was interesting is that their eyes all reflected a different color. Spooky.

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Before I left to hike Mom took me to buy a swimmer for Mike. I got a Speedo, like the briefs. Hell yeah. Oh! Mile Count today was 7.9. Not too bad.



November 21, 2017

We just picked up some shroom chocolates from good ol' "Big Bill" on impulse. We drove out to Ballard's parking lot but he was actually at Wylder then he pulled up (after some chillin') on his bike and I got out to get them. He was a really cool sounding dude. I invited me for future purchases. I like de big bill quite a lot. One of the chocolates didn't have 4 grams, he said. He didn't have enough shit. I gave that one to William because he was acting freaked about the dosage. I didn't tell him though. Gregg says Kanye's gone for good. He's coming back bro. Gregg is so wrong.

William's anxious but I understand that. His first time with psychedelics and it's a pretty high dosage.

Right now we're all just chillin' playing some secret Hitler. Chris needs to leave, and then we'll drop because Jeremy is still lying to him about doing drugs.

Caden really ought to have figured that out by now. He came with us to buy drugs. He knows we bought five.

There is a hidden extra chocolate sitting by mine. It's pretty well wide open. He knows Jeremy's gonna stay to "trip sit."

2+2 = Jeremy's tripping too

William and I had a real moment just now

"Caden was there!"

-William we had a
real bond.

Missed

Fun times for miles

this is probably so

good to will because
it's his first time

Hey man I like

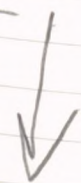
Will is experiencing
Ego death

Will wanted to

The psilocybin
gives you the chance
to explore many
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without and a
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William has
always been
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- 1 - Scary
- 2 - can't move
- 3 -



4 - forget everything



an understanding
of personalities.

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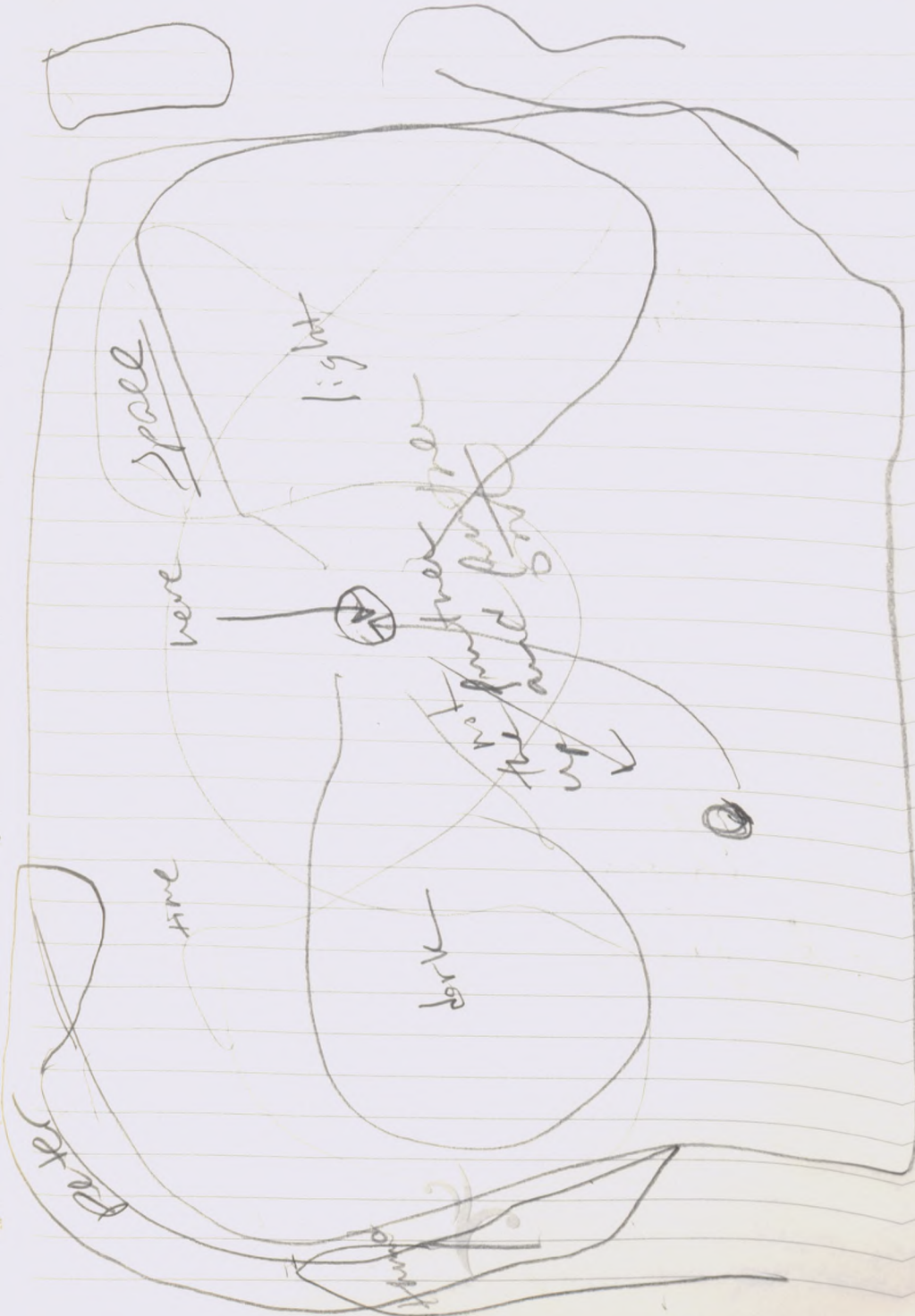


in the understanding
of personalities.

I theorize that I have
always been "of experiencing"
William is and has
always been about
"understanding experiencing" ¹ _{not}

and so the result
is that shrooms
and their psychotogica





November 23, 2017 2:00 AM

Last night was a good one overall. The feeling of being picked up again was just so grand. We had all been so nervous about getting the drugs/then working that when I began to feel that trippy feeling I was just too relieved.

I was the first one to feel it, and it came on very suddenly but gradually. Perhaps this is because it was my second trip, but my high definitely increased very gradually but very quickly. I was sitting at the campfire, I did not want to write anything down. I was talking really fast in a trippy daze and having a great time with all of it.

Will was sitting next to me but at some point he got up to go pissing but he broke it and I ran over to check it out because there was a lot of yelling. Found Will to be very tripping. I started walking in the yard. I felt like I was walking like Robert Plant for some reason and it was fun. Will thought I was going to the trampoline so we went over there together and bounced.

That was maddeningly fun. Eddy and others were assisting in the bouncing and we were all laughing hysterically. William made me really happy because we were both laying on the trampoline laughing and he was so genuine. Everything he said had no slant. It was just William unfiltered, and I haven't talked to him like that since like eighth grade. I remember on the trampoline laying down as we were I had this image of William laying there amidst a million stars and lights. I hugged him so many times. I was so glad he was back.

Then he started going through something like ego death.

This is both surprising and unsurprising. Surprising because Will only tripped 1x. Unsurprising because it was his first trip, and because it was what he wanted. I'm not sure whether or not it

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Though. Plus, I think when

with psychedelics you can kind of make it happen. Not sure

just yet. I spent the rest of the trip too focused on Will. Wish

I hadn't. I was extremely interested in what was going on with

him. That's fine and all, but I feel now like I should have

walked around more. That was definitely post peak but it

could have been more fun.

You know, I bet it was William's heart condition that

scared him off so far. We were bouncing on the trampoline,

physical activity boosts your heart rate. William's heart

rate was probably way higher than mine, and so more

psychedelics got into his system. Science.

Anyway, after that it wound down pretty quick. I kind of

stopped listening to/believing what William said.

The high definitely did not last as long as acid, but

that could be because I was tired of Will.

I woke up to Joe and Jerry talking at 10am and everybody

else but Cory was gone. We sat by the fire a while and

talked before heading out.

I don't understand why Joe and Jerry can't trip. Joe is always

honest about how his time went and Jerry always lies.

It doesn't work for either of them and you can just tell.



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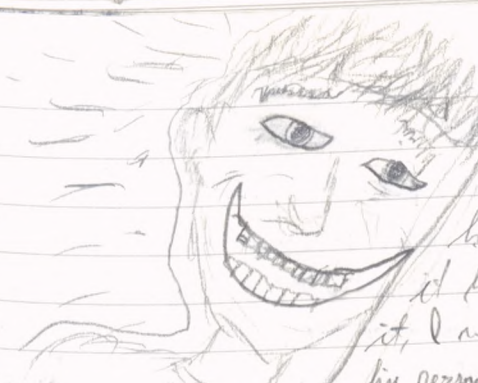
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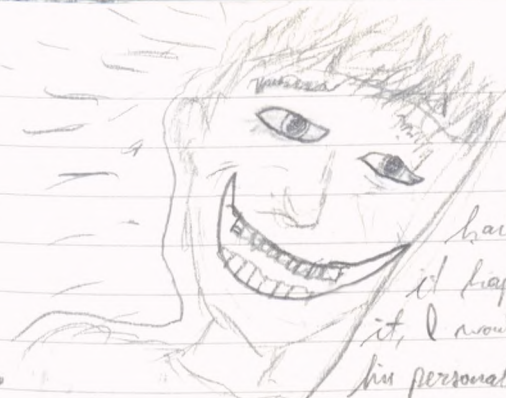
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Anyway, then I went home and I smelled a lot like campfire smoke which was good because I had smoked a lot weed before leaving and the campfire smoke covered the scent. That damn campfire was blowing smoke in all of our eyes man. It was irritating as all hell, but perhaps if it hadn't I would've smelled like weed so whatever. Even this journal smells like smoke.

I left the house again after napping until 7 for Trea's "Friendsgiving" but I left after an hour because I wasn't enjoying myself. Probably just the post-trip blues.

Came home to find Daniel home with Morgan and Emma. We all drove to pick up Mom from Work because we were down one car today. I snuck out of the car and scared Mom on her way over. Much fun talking with Morgan and Daniel.

Honcho at home they learned about me tripping acid. I had mentioned Drexler trying to get acid through a friend of mine earlier and then I said something was trippy and Daniel asked jokingly if I had but my reaction was poor since I was caught off guard and had tripped shrooms literally the night before so I just said nothing and now Morgan + Daniel suspect. My secret is safe with them though, so it's fine.

I've decided I want to hike the Colorado Trail this summer. It's like 400 miles and at probably 15-20 miles a day, let's assume 18, it would take something like a month (~29 days).

Maybe I should ask George if he wants to come. My parents
5,412
67
126,144
alone. 18,000 would be more okay with it if I did not go alone. 36
140
176 We'll see.

November 24, 2017 12:07AM

I've just finished *Lord of the Rings*. It was really a perfect conclusion although it was very sad. It feels like the departure of Frodo and all the rest symbolizes some loss of magic in life that WWI has forced us to deal with. I will ask Mr. Youngman,

George and I are planning to make a June-July hike on the 200 mile John Muir Trail this summer. I think that should be an adventure though. I'll be precisely what I'm looking for. I bought a trapper hat today. Should come in handy in the cold or not we will just pretend. I'll ask Mrs. Vanderhuff.

To call the permit office sometime during their hours on December 28, 2017. Apparently 97% of applications for JMT permits are denied too far in advance. News to me. Maybe it's because they are sub-

Now I need to be expensive but I don't want to drive out there at all. I can't spend a single trip. Makes it so appealing. I want Sunday and something else weekdays? We will surely see. I put the spine on my dilapidated *Lord of the Rings* copy in a box. It's just a artifact commemorating my reading of

November 26, 2017

average mile

= 2.77

with out a financial plan. Equipment is going to be ready but a lot of good stuff. Then we have \$21 and buy all our trail food (\$5). On short luck I make in UPS unless it's for the 38P girl's party The 23 sound way less at least \$1500 dollars. Maybe work

1. (7+11+14+16+13+39+34)

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5/18/26
6/7/27
12/6/24
27
181,500
36
140
-126

November 24, 2017 12:07AM

I've just finished *Lord of the Rings*. It was really a perfect conclusion although it was very sad. It feels like the departure of Frodo and the West symbolizes some loss of magic in life that WW has forced us to deal with. I will ask Mr Youngman.

George and I are planning to make a June-July hike on the 200 mile John Muir Trail this summer. I think practice soon for it on local AT sections when I can get the ch looking for. I bought a trapper hat today. Should come in handy in the cold of the JMT in June. I am not sure whether or not we will need crampons. I'll ask Mrs. Vanderhuff. Just pretending we'll start June 14.

$23 \times 7 = 161 + 4 = 165^{\text{th}}$ day of the year so I need to call the permit office sometime during their hours on December 28, 2017. Apparently 97% of applications for JMT permits are denied this is very strange news to me. Maybe it's because they are submitted too far in advance.

Now I need to work out a financial plan. Equipment is going to be expensive but I already have a lot of good stuff. Then we have to drive out there (HST) and buy all our trail food (\$\$). Don't spend a single buck I make in UPS unless it's for the trip. Makes that S&P girl's party the 23 sound way less appealing. I want to set aside at least \$1500 dollars. Maybe work Sundays and something else weekdays? We will surely see. I put the spine of my dilapidated *Lord of the Rings* copy in here. It's just a cool artifact commemorating my reading of it.

November 26, 2017

average mile count this
= 2.77 mi

December 3, 2017

It's been a good week on the whole. Monday and Tuesday I had practice. I think on Monday I brought my Go Pro for a journalism swim video that still isn't edited and that was really fun to swim with although the footage was mostly bad. Wednesday there was no practice so I hung out with the guys. We talked for a while, smoked a Joe Cresson, then went back to their place. Joe let me drive his car, a Mustang, back and it was fun but frightening since I was still high.

Two cars almost wrecked into me at one because without thinking they almost ran a red light while I was legally turning spooked and angrier.

We saw that movie Murder on the Orient Express and it was just awful. So bad. I loved it though, cause I was faded. Cracked me up. That mind burning head thing did happen though, I just had to ignore it. I don't think I'm going to smoke for a while frankly. I don't really like that burning thing, and it happens too often. It never happens to any of the other guys, so I don't know why it happens to me. Bad stuff.

Thursday sucked because for some reason I felt I was high all day and I just had a shitty day. Definitely no need for me for a while. The evening was good though, I had a swim meet and it turned out to be fun because I didn't have to swim the 500 yard thing and I had a good time therefore. My times weren't particularly good but that doesn't matter too much to me. Apparently I lost my phone in the bathroom so this dude named Nick returned it to me and Meredith knew him so she introduced us and he turned out to be a really cool cat. He and I swam against one another in the 100 Breast and he beat me by like half any time and so

we hugged over the lane line. It was a good night.

The next day, Friday, was excellent. School was doing a blood drive so of course I signed up for "Power Red" or giving platelets, whatever that really means. Basically they take a pint of blood, pump saline into you, and then take another pint, and then put more saline into you. Being O-, I always love to give a lot of blood. Also, it makes me feel like a hero when I give a lot of blood. It's a feeling of like "Goddamn I'm tough." After giving blood the day was still good. We had a sub in my fourth period class and she needed someone to take the attendance so as usual I was the first volunteer.

Someone had told me I could go upstairs and give the attendance to them, rather than have to cross the parking lot all the way to the main office. I looked all around. I found an enormous walk in freezer with nothing but two milk cartons full of clear, but foggy liquid sitting on top of a plastic bin. Not the main office. It wasn't even cold in the freezer.

I went up to the next floor. Up there they had a lot of unused rolling chairs by the stairwell. I made a mental note of this. I looked around but did not see any staff. There was a desk playing inspirational music but there was no one other than me to be inspired. I went back downstairs to my classroom with a rolling chair in tow. I set it by the door and then began my resigned journey to Mali's main building.

The front door was locked. The little call button did not work. There was no way in. I ran over to Mrs. Vandeboff's Latin IV class and put my head in the open window.

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"Where is Mrs. Vanderhoff?"

The class was laughing from some kind of shock. They pointed to the other window bay. I went over there and tried to explain I needed to deliver attendance but it was all jumbled and I could not remember the word attendance.

She decided to let me in anyway and I stepped in to greet my dearly missed Latin fratres and sororites. They thought my voice sounded bad. It did, I had been cheering on my friends at the meet the night before. They thought I was in a bad state of mind due to blood loss. Maybe. I left them giving love and finally delivered that attendance.

I rolled back into fourth period on that rolling chair, victorious. They wanted to hear the story, I told them. They wanted to see the bridge after class. I showed them.

After that I hung out with the guys. They all snatched up but I did not want to. We went in the evening to the falls of the Ohio with Chris. Joe had departed from us. That was great fun to me. Will is fun to talk to while he's high. Much more honest. We threw rocks and sticks into the highly risen water. Then we went to Caden's and played the card game Hanabi which was fun. However, Caden and Jeff wanted to see a movie and Will and I wanted to climb Eastern High School, so we left. We showed up at the end of one of their basketball games. We looked around the back of the building and saw how Eastern kids get to paint their parking spots. They're all so beautiful. One was of Kanye West's Graduation. Then we found a pipe to cling to and ascended the building. There were many levels that we climbed. It was fun. We found ourselves standing next to a giant Eagle head statue. It was cool up there. I took a weird technical plaque home as a memento.

Then we hopped down and I drove Will home.

I went to bed and then woke up at 7:45 AM for the SAT subject test. I took Latin and Bio E. I saw GSP friends Gavind and Ali there, so that was cool. Then I went home.

I went hiking at Tanya Falls at like three. The falls were low and I left them quickly because this foreign family was looking at me like I was somehow threatening them.

Then I followed the trail called "The Bridges to the Past" that was very odd. It followed a turnpike built in like 1838 and it was beautiful, but I wasn't in a great mood and I felt uncomfortable. Back at the parking lot a train running over a bridge above me honked in greeting, I waved, and the train operator opened his window and waved back.

Then I went home and settled down for the evening. Mom brought home Cane's and I laid down to read my book. Then Bridget Coleman snapchatted me. I opened it. It said "Catch me at Bardston Road again." I had totally forgotten about that. It was already 9:25 when I got out and the festival technically concluded at 10:00 so I really missed most of it but I still went out and there were many happy people everywhere. I talked and walked down to where the Guitar Emporium and stuff are. Right at the Pennypack intersection. This dude parked in a car by the sidewalk called me over.

"You smoke?"

"What?"

"You smoke?"

"A little."

"Take my number."

"How much?"

"\$10 - 15 a gram, it depends."

I thought about this for a moment.

"Nah dude I've got a guy, thanks."

That was pretty funny and put me in a good mood.

I was walking past Eastern Parkway by that huge Orange Byzantine church evidently called St. James Catholic. Their doors were open, so I went in. There was an organ player on a balcony above the entrance, perfecting my sense of awe as the balcony fell away and a beautiful vista of a lofty blue and gold dome opened up before me. The walls were columned and decorated with a 12 step series of Jesus' death upon the cross. The place felt like I had traveled back in time to my spring break in Rome. I sat down for a while just to absorb it all. The organ player suddenly changed mood from the recent, heaven sung tune of my entrance to Toccata and Fugue. It was coincidentally right then that I gazed up to the center of the dome above me to see an enormous, blue pupiled, golden lidded, eye of God gazing harshly down upon creation. Perfectly surreal.

I left there and walked down the street until I ran into Nora Miodrag. We said hello and she told me again to hit her up when I was next at the Coates house. As I walked away some dude passed me and said "Sho's into you man." Hilarious because he could have been talking to me on his friend. Cracked me up. I walked into to Carmichael's and decided I would buy a book the next time I go called Psychedelic Medicine. I walked down to Baxter and then turned around. I ran into my friends Jason, Matt and Luca Sanchez. I see Matt and the

time but Luca looks totally different since the last time I saw him. Missed that dude. We chatted for a while but then I kept moving on. There's nothing else really happened until I got home. An excellent night on an above average weekend.

Album of the week is definitely Dead Man's Party by Diego Brino from 1985. Legendary, Legendary album. I can't get enough of it. Lookout for the title track, No One Loves Forever, and Mind Science.

November 5, 2017

I just found out that Spotify has this really dope system that keeps track of all that you listened to in a year. It ranks top artist and stuff. I think it only tracks premium which I've had since March. I've spent 25,860 minutes since then listening to 1,276 songs and 231 artists. I've moved through 35 Spotify determined genres.

My top artists were the Doors, Prince, Kendrick Lamar, Open Mike Eagle, and Kanye West. Top songs are Pharosah (I think I must have fallen asleep listening to this on repeat or something because I definitely would not have thought it was my top song) by Richard Thompson, Who Do You Love (Part 1) by Quicksilver Messenger Service, Legendary Iron Plead by Open Mike Eagle, Shifting Sands, and Citadel. Oh shit, my actual Spotify top 100 playlist tells a different story. It has Echoes by Pink Floyd at number 4 and Citadel isn't until #6.

I love being able to check my stats like that. That is so dope. I've only skipped 145 songs as compared to Julia's 4300. I stay with it and never give up. Joking. Really though, I love being able to check an exact record of what I've listened to. It's like proof I like what I like.



December 11, 2017

My weekend was pretty great, despite a relatively slow schedule. Friday I went to a Swim Team Christmas party at Sophie Calabrese's house. For the most part this was uninteresting.

We did a Secret Santa thing though, and that was fun. There was this whole thing about everyone wanting their four most ~~not~~ ^{favorite} mine called "rat-racers". I stole them from Brook Biddle, then Clayton Geller stole them from me, and then a friend of Brook stole them from her and gave them back to Brook. That was really fun, but the rest of the party was just okay.

Flash back, two days before that, on Wednesday, we had VBS Orientation, and there were like a ton of male kids there so we were all laughing and joking around.

Flash forward again, Saturday was okay. I took the ACT for the last time in the morning at Alhambra. I do not think I improved because I think I missed around 7 questions. I did well on everything else, but those 7 questions are probably gonna keep me from anything above a 33. The rest of the day I did absolutely nothing. Like really, nothing. It was another addition to the list of winter days during which I relax at home.

After the ACT all I did was sleep for like six hours I think. It was wild. All of my recent have had memorable dreams lately. Every time I go to bed. That's the only reason I wanted to sleep for so long, to finish the dreams. When I woke up I read Yafku on the Shore and pirated the Simpsons online. Jeremy, Caden, and Chris invited me to go see the Disaster Artist, but that was during the mid-sleep period so I declined. Also, that night Hallie had invited me to come to her Christmas party along with William Jeremy, and the

friend group she had that doesn't like her any more.

Naturally, and in line with almost all of her old friends, I declined the invitation. It's pretty fucked up.

Will and Jeremy did decide to go and they smoked up beforehand, but even high they said they did not have any fun. Nobody they really liked even went.

For me the night was chill. I watched Spiderman Homecoming with the fam and then basically went to sleep.

The smoking thing reminded me of some extra details about Friday. We were all going to hang out for a little while but in the afternoon we found out Joe had gotten caught pulling back in' to the parking lot after having gone down to the church by school to smoke. They put him in ISAP, took his keys and searched his car, and found all his shit. They didn't throw it out and Joe told Will to take his car home and hide it all.

They wouldn't let Joe drive home and called his Dad. Well, basically we all knew we couldn't hang at the Kennedys' place after that. Joe has been suspended for 7 days and he's grounded for all that time as well. My question is whether or not they're going to allow him to make up finals.

Sunday was awesome. I woke up at 9 for my first day at UPS, but then I drove there and I did not have to come in because they postponed all high schoolers' start date to next Sunday. Smoked a little more & drove all the way out there but it's really not that far and C'est la vie.

after that I read some at home, listened to music, wrote a new song on guitar that I might do something with in the

Nature, and then Will and Jerne asked me if I wanted to come over and work on homework. I was at Home Base at the time doing homework. I ran into Piper Gray there and we hugged and talked for a minute. It was good to see her. She told me about her plans to go to college in Louisville this next semester at Bellarmine because WKU sucks that bad. She said I looked "Mature" Haha!

Anyway then I went over to Jeremy's place since Will's is still ground zero and they've redone their game room which now looks awesome and we basically talked with homework out until we decided to call up Caden and go to Chino Mulu. Chino Mulu was excellent, our whole friend group is suddenly getting V4's. Don't know how that happened but we really are. I got 4 of them in one day. Feel like such a badass now lie. Caden got a winter shop there which my broke ass is really jealous of. Shit's expensive though - \$55 a month.

Still though, if I weren't saving I'd buy one too. That place is genuinely excellent.

One thing I was thinking about, I can never remember after I've done a successful climb what I was thinking about when I did it. I don't even remember the moves that well sometimes. The first V4 involved doing the splits in a corner one foot on the wall and one on a rock, then kind of scampering up off that. The second you had to put both hands on a large pink bulb to start and then put both hands on a small handhold with your left foot planted on a large rock far away and use the leg and arms to hoist yourself up. Then I remember a Hail Mary grab for the next handhold

which paid off only because the pocket was so deep.

Third was a pretty lary pink one where you kind of had to spread your legs and arms between two opposing parallel lines of pink no grips. The way I got up felt unorthodox but after that I was sailing smoothly on up.

The last one was the toughest, probably because I was tired. The start was weird but I managed to make it, but it was the more often the start that was complicated. I really don't remember what I did, to be honest. I think I braced my right arm above my head or something until I could reach a really large purple rock, moved my legs up, and then got both arms around that rock and hoisted up to a pretty easy course from there. A couple tries after my success Chris and Cadan were able to do it but it has thus far eluded Jeremy and William's grasps. William on account of his shortness, Jeremy on account of his comparative weakness.

Then I changed into more respectable clothing and went to that St. James Catholic Church to attend 7:00 mass for my journalism article. I know so little about Catholicism, but the church was great to be in. I had a grand old time, even though I was very obviously an outsider.

Today we took a math test, but I think I did pretty well, in all honesty. Probably 83%+. I went in sort of blind as to what the test was actually about, but I had been paying attention in class so I did a good job I'm sure.

Bethany Ryler is extremely attractive.

December 14, 2017

So I didn't get into Dartmouth, but the more I think about that the more proud of it I am. I think I'm not an Ivy League type. I think the Ivy League type is long in the past.

Gly don't exist like they have before. This is my life unchanged. I'm free, I can already feel it. No Dartmouth, no stuck up grade chasers, no competition. Now I'm gonna relax.

December 18, 2017

I'm in school right now and I think it is making my handwriting worse. School was good for the most part last week. I had the AP Calc BC final on Friday and he gave us the test to work on beforehand so I spent Thursday night all night studying for that all night. It was so tiring, but I got an 87% so I'd say it paid off.

Since I stayed up all the night before I slept all afternoon. At some point when I was napping my dad saw like SWAT team members with raised rifles in the backyard.

Intense night? I didn't see any of it but apparently someone called the cops up the street and they were looking for him in our neighborhood.

So yeah, I slept until 11 and then slept on through the night after some trouble.

Saturday was excellent. I woke up early and just hung out at home. I dad and played some guitar until Caden called after he got off and invited me to come jam at ~2:50. I went and we had a really good time. Then Caden and I went out to where the guys were chilling at William and Joe's. We played this Carls against Humanity club and then Caden left for a \$20

Concert and he took the game with him. After that we smoked and went to that trampoline place House of Boom. Fun time were had. We played dodgeball and swung on like a swing. We did those things where you swing on your friend with like a really heavily padded noodle guy to knock him off. Also I jumped into a foam pit and there was a wooden foam cube that flew past me so I threw one back in that direction and it launched a foam cube war between this 11 years old girl and my friends. That was fun. After that we went over to Eastern and climbed it again.

When we got down Joe found out that the back door was wide open. I mean, it was closed but it was not locked. So we went in and looked around. Joe and I were in the gym though, and we heard a tone. I asked if Joe thought it was a silent alarm. Joe checked it and it was, so we left.

Currently awaiting consequence.

Then Sunday was my first day working at UPS. Joe is way too early. I just sit in a living mess of metal and clog the logistical laws of buttons and scanners. Most dehumanizing.



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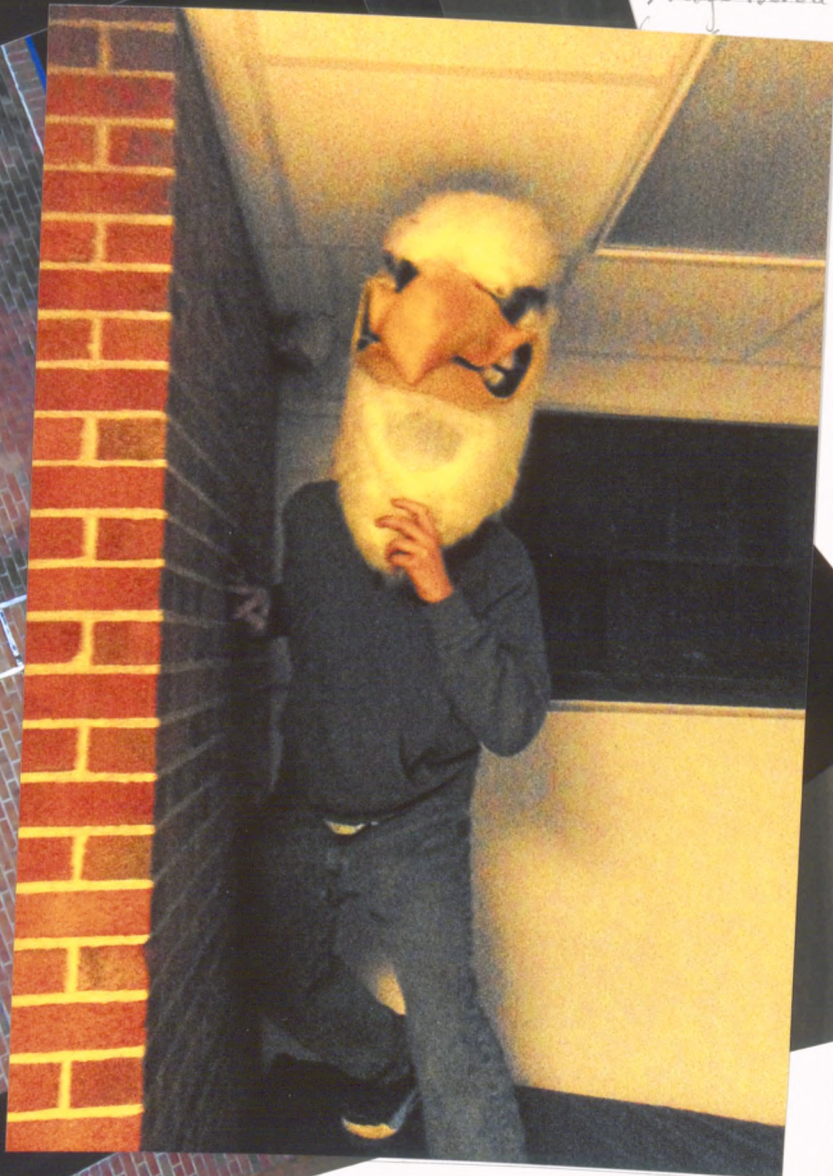
he didn't get into Portsmouth, but the more I think about that the more proud of it I am. I think I'm not as big league type. I think the big league type is long in the past. They don't exist like they have before. This is my life unhinged. I'm free, I can already feel it. No Portsmouth, no stuck up grade chasers, no competition. Now I'm gonna relax.

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concert and he took the game with him. After that we smacked it to that trampoline place House of B... were had. I played dodgeball and some other things where you



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Shir
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December 22, 2017

Today was my last day at UPS, by surprise. I was in the middle of working when an office type, the same man who had shown me on Sunday what time I was on, came over to me and informed me that I was not to come in the next day, or ever again. Oh, well. Today was a pretty excellent day there, though. Probably the best I had out of 5. I sneaked my phone in with William by slipping it through some metal bars and returning it on the other side. I had my headphones in my backpack and I listened to music for the entire time. I think I started with the College Dropout but I definitely can't be certain. Listened to at least six albums. Awesome day. After that I had to sneak my phone out in my boots, and that was also no problem.

I really gamed the system at UPS, man. I only had 5 days of work but I maximized what I could earn. I told my supervisor that I was 18 and that magically allowed me to work overtime shifts (\$15/hour) and skip my thirty minute mandated lunch. Very happy with that decision. The whole "job" would have been a waste of time without overtime pay.

The job was really easy, but it was mind-numbing at first. All I did was walk along a line of bags. The bags were constantly being filled with packages from a conveyor belt. A light would go on when the bag was full, you'd pull off the bag, throw it on a different conveyor belt, and then ready another bag. Monotonous shit. I hated it on the day of my first 9-hour shift.

My third day was weird. I had this odd analogy

about ancient Rome that got me through the day. It felt like a game. Who knows, it was really weird.

Overall though it was good, surely made a lot of green.

I met up with Will Bearden on Monday to buy some acid. He gave it to me on credit. Stored in the Moby Dick box in a zip-lock bag. You want to make sure you cut off any exposure to light, air, and heat. I've read online that room temperature is fine. I hope he gave me real shit. It was really cheap, (\$90 for 14 tabs) and he didn't count it. Either really cool dude or he fucked me up. We shall see.

Acid is so much more fun than shrooms, man. I really hope Will isn't so annoying this time.

I had another set of weird dreams last night. Definitely good ones though. I remember in one my associate scientist and I created a two-headed spider monster that kept eating shit and growing larger. We were on some futuristic, huge ass spaceship and the monster was gonna destroy the whole thing. I was running and I found a recreational like climbing station with like ropes and elevators to high platforms. I felt like I needed to get up there to escape the monster, but I couldn't justify cutting the crowd to an elevator to myself.

Then I remember a different dream in which Emma and I were in a video game in which I was a giant rock monster fighting all other enormous beasts in a huge mob and Emma was on my back. It was awesome. I would buy a new game system if I could play that game.

I found a new website for pirating Hamilton tonight. Very pleased with that. I watched an episode which is like opium mixed with tea and is apparently legal right now in the USA, at least in Kratom. The drug of the episode was called kratom. It doesn't seem like a serious issue, and it really helps people so more power to it.

Then I watched one about DMT which is not as user-friendly as kratom. So much so that I don't really need anything more powerful. But that does kind of seem alluring. I'm not sure about DMT.

I've been trying to arrange a date with her lately. Not sure if it's a go or what. She's thirty but technically she has a boyfriend. I guess she'll just say yes if she's interested, it's no big deal.

I just emailed a band about a song they did in an episode of Hamilton's pharmacopoeia because I saw one member's name in the credits of the episode and she could find it. I hope they get back to me.

December 29, 2017

I put that tea bag in there on Christmas. It's a Jewish egg of tea of mine. Anyway, there's a lot to say in here right now. But all I want to do is quote Oshino from Kafka on the Shore: "When we examine ourselves later on, we discover that all the standards we've lived by have shot up another notch and the world's opened up in unexpected ways." The quote is in reference to being changed by a piece of music. All art does that.

Kafka has just run headlong into the forest, abandoning his tethers to the outside world. He's plunging into the depths of his own psyche. He's throwing away all connections to the outside world. He's taking off the training wheels. He's cutting off the rope.

That must be why I've always wanted to leave. To fly away and be free. To go far away and far flung and cut all ties. I want to know myself. I want to explore that deep.

Stewart and I talked at great length about traveling alone before she broke. We talked about that British murderer from the Sun also Rises. His name is Harris. Stewart thought he was on a death journey, a suicidal journey. I disagreed and thought his life seemed perfect. We were both right. Harris cast himself alone to find himself or die. Just like Kafka in this story.

Why do I care about and so much? Why do I love to learn about the brain? Why am I reading Kafka on the Shore? It's time for me to cut off the rope. I've reached the point. Why haven't I wanted to be alone lately? I was scared to think. Why did I break up with John?

I found a new website for pirating Hamilton's Pharmacopoeia tonight. Very pleased with that. I watched an episode which is like opium mixed with tea and is apparently not illegal or legal right now in the USA, oh and it's called Kratom. The drug of the episode was called Kratom. Really doesn't seem like a serious issue, and apparently it really helps people so more power to it.

Then I watched one about DMT which incidentally is not as user-friendly as Kratom. Looks like intense shit I don't really need anything more powerful than acid. But that does kind of seem alluring. I've heard wild world shit about DMT.

I've been trying to arrange a date with Bethany Pyles lately. Not sure if it's a go or what because she seems flirty but technically she has a boyfriend so who can say. I guess she'll just say yes if she's into it and no if she's not, it's no big deal.

I just emailed a band about a song that I heard in an episode of Hamilton's pharmacopoeia because I liked it and saw one member's name in the credits of the episode. Nothing she could find it. I hope they get back to me.

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I NEEDED to think. Bethany never replied when I shot
my shot. That was fate saving me from getting raped in
again. I have learned this lesson that I have a knack
for making things happen for me without always
meaning to. If there isn't a more clear piece of
evidence that this realization came by destiny,
how about this? I was going to hang out with
Julia today but fate removed that because she became
busy. Maybe it's time to go. I'm not sure it's a
good idea. It feels like the right option, from all the signs,
but what if it's too soon?

"You reached for the secret too soon"

Today feels like a fated day. This break has been fated.
I know it. I know it.

December 31 1:32 AM

So we're tripping acid at Otter Creek.

This journal is excellent. Looks for me
like a cartoon. Very Japanese art
style of my handwriting

William is the Jordan Gatewood
of guys on acid.

Not like outside

Maggot Brain is an excellent
representation

man I have had a great time tripping
with these boys.

"Our forwards and ins
just got backwards'ed."
- Jeremy Coates

rippling

We're shifting from song
to song

It's just fun to do that

The river or creek I mean. It
looks like a surface of earth.

Like the huge Colorado
sway

we're listening to psychedelice music.

January 2nd, 2016 12:37 AM

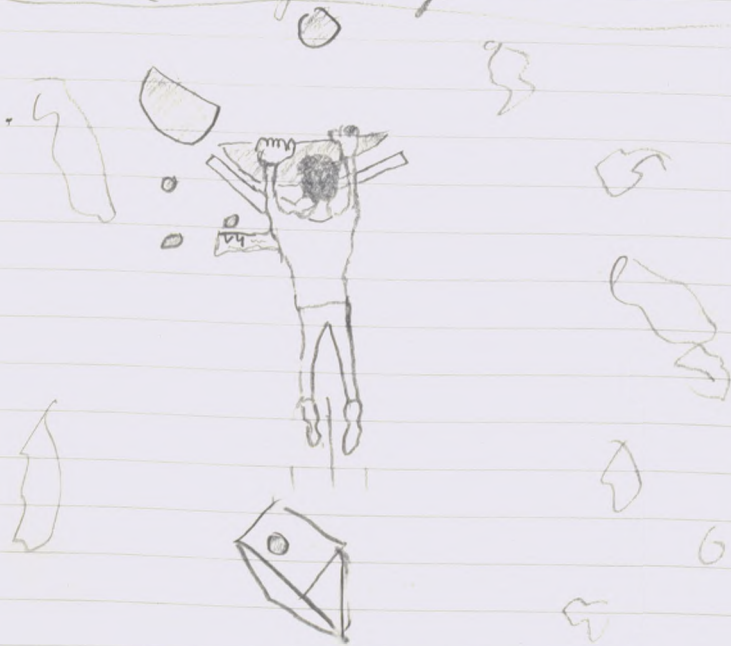
Back in my mind again. Got a lot of shit to write, man. The Monday after I got laid from UPS I was working for my friend Brendan Gink's Pa at a moving company. It was called like Action Systems Inc. I'm pretty sure. The day after my last day at UPS Daniel Coy, my friend from Lakeside and Morgan's ex, was at our house. I was talking about how I was let go and he was all "Why don't you just work with me?" And I was excited because I like Daniel. Then he told me he also worked with Brendan and Sam Graber and I got ridiculously hyped because I love those guys too.

I was a little bit nervous because Daniel said I was mechanical to Mr. Gink but that was something of a hyperbole. It turned out just fine though.

The job rocked. We were removing equipment like disassembled cubicles and stuff and putting it on trucks that would take them away. Sometimes the trucks would take a long time to arrive after departing though so in those spans we would relax and talk together. Brendan picked me up every morning and Mr. Gink bought our lunch from wherever on 4th Street I was because the office was right off of it.

On Wednesday after work my friends and I went to climb Nulu where we ran into Brendan. He's an expert climber so he showed off a little bit. I managed to get 2 V4's that night, 1 V3, and probably

some other problems too. One V4 was really crazy. You had to run up to the wall, jump off of a foothold which gutted out a bit from the wall, and reach the block with both hands and pull yourself up. Then there was something of a climb from there but it was easy. I loved that one and I was very proud of myself because I solved it on the first try.



On Thursday we had planned to trip the acid we bought from Will Bearden but it fell through much to our disappointment. That morning this dude who drove the trucks Juan was talking to Daniel and I about smoking. He drove up real close to me after having asked if we smoked. I thought he was gonna give me a blunt or something. He whipped out a zip lock bag full of weed and flashed it in my face. Dude's a legend.

Then that Friday was the last day. After work Brendan took me to the Action Systems office place which has the Chris' Louisville Sign on it with the kid in the wheelchair playing the trumpet. It might be Patrick not Chris. Anyway, inside Mr. Zink's office was awesome. He had a huge relief map of the country, which Brendan and I poured over and a ton of cool family photos from nice vacation spots. That guy does fatherhood right.

He wrote me a check for \$350 and I was on my way. I went out for coffee at Highland Coffee and then went to Caden's house. The meditative mood I was in resulted in that odd-sounding journal entry from the 29th. I went into Caden's house and talked really loud about everything, and apparently his Dad was home so he probably heard everything. Cops.

Oh and also on Wednesday Emma and I went ice skating at Alpine after Chad. Paula and somehow I'm still good at that from my one year of Ice Hockey in like 5th grade, and then I went to Caden's house.

We played this board game which Jeremy and Chris got for Christmas called Mysterium which is really fun but way too complicated to explain. Basically, I'm very proud because when I was the leader of the game we won.

Christmas was awesome, I got this laptop I spent today setting up. I also got a bunch of knives from my Great Grandpa Papan Czech. Grammy gave them to me, but they were his knives. Really loved those two gifts in particular.

On Saturday we finally did trip the Will Beardsley acid. We rented a cabin up at Otter Creek for \$20 a piece, and Joe and I drove up there at 3 to make sure we had the gate code and the key.

When we pulled up to the box to the rent the cabin and told her what we wanted she looked at us and said, "You know these cabins hold 14." She 100% thought Joe and I were gay and rented the cabin to have sex in. It was hilarious.

Anyway so we checked out the cabin before leaving and the door was wide open. I was pissed because I was wondering why we even rented the cabin at all. We set on the heaters to try to warm the place up and headed back to Joe's to get everybody else and some weed.

So we show up there at like 7 or 8 and we can't open the fucking gate. The little computer out there wasn't working. We pressed the code a million times. Nothing. We decided to drive around the little rock wall. It worked, but it took a lot of effort on Joe's Mustang. This really pissed me off because it made buying the cabin 100% worthless.

But we did get in. I set up my speaker and the table and the snacks. Then we went out to go help Jeremy and I will get in. We wound up opening the exit door with Joe's car and letting them in.

We had it all set up. I was tripped. We popped in the acid at something like 10:00 and by 10:40 I hadn't felt anything and I was getting worried. We passed around a blunt. Then I started feeling it. We were laughing so hard. At some point I threw up because

We had hollowed up the cabin too much.
We finished the blunt and let out all the smoke.
I started going outside with Will. I remember seeing
everything on Earth or being so small. It was like I was
standing on the surface of an atom. There was a
frozen little creek that we walked to. We called
it the ice because it was frozen solid. There
was a bend in it that looked like the Colorado
River Valley, but later down the creek it looked
like Hawaii.

There was a moment when I was looking that
way that suddenly all I could see was hallucinations.
That was wild. It ended pretty soon but goddamn
that was something. The other way down the creek
the ice looked like it was dividing two ends of the
Earth. I need to write more later because it's like
2 AM and I am tired.

January 2, 2018 2:34 PM

I want to revisit that image about feeling like I was on
an atom. I was looking at the bare tree line in the night
sky and I thought about how from the moon's perspective
all those trees would be like hairs, and how we were
so small we saw where they were rooted in. I thought about
a hand coming and petting those hairs. That moment when
everything was hallucinations was also wild. I could only
see everything as shapes, and there was a deep blackness in
between. I imagine that's how everything looks when you get
into the higher micrograms. Originally we took 3 tabs, but
later I threw up Will, Joe, and I each took the remaining
three. One more a piece.

That was honestly a pretty good idea because otherwise we would have just had 3 random tals and nothing to really do with them. We had had a spotify playlist of a bunch of combined music but when a song called Maggot Brain by Funkadelic I knew I had to take the music from the cabin and listen under the stars. Will come with me to a picnic table nearby and we watched the sky while it played. The sky for a while, or all of outside, looked like it was a projection on a room. Like I saw the sky as a literal ceiling with four vertices and walls that ran down to the floor decorated with forestry. After a while we came back in and listened to music in the cabin. Jeremy didn't ever want to leave the cabin because of how cold it was (9-11° all night) and so in the cabin he had perfected this thing he called swimming. He was laying in a bottom bunk watching the wind patterns on the walls swim circularly around the cabin walls. I describe it as such because I saw it too. There was something else about the cabin, too though. I think the walls looked like they went on forever but I can't really remember.

Eventually I turned off the lights and we listened to Maggot Brain again. Then next I put on Voodoo Child. I could feel the songs making super elaborate shapes in my mind. My imagination saw it. Can't describe it. Beautiful. Jeremy wanted more psychedelic tunes so I put on Echoes by Pink Floyd. That was dope. We realized the song was then leading us through our trip. "and do I take you by the hand, and lead you through the sand"

and help you understand the best I can..."

Beautiful. We turned off the lights and huddled together and listened to it. It was awesome. Loved it so much we kept playing it. Like, a million times. I put it outside on the picnic table and then we walked down to the ice etc. It was so loud from my amps you could hear it through the trees all the way down there. I wound up sitting down away from the cabin under the stars on the neon blue snowy gravel. The gravel was not actually snowy it just looked like it.

I heard the music echoing at me from far away and the moon was all three colors to make a bright white surrounded by red and others and the stars were like rainbows like holes poked in our sky exposing some wild rainbow universe beyond. Will and Joe came over to me and we talked. Actually, when I was still alone I was watching the moon. It reminded me of the Eye of God at that St. James Catholic Church and I saw it protruding like a three dimensional object from a flat sky and suddenly a slash of rainbow cut part of its lower right side and I realized it was a shooting star. I might believe in God after all that. I am not sure yet.

The ice looked cool from far away. You couldn't see the rivers from our porch but the only reason we went over there at all to find the creek was because there was an orange streetlight shining in the trees. The silhouettes of the trees looked like

pillars that went on deeply forever because there were so many. It was like the beautiful Mines of Moria. I'll never forget that either.

Awesome night, around 4 we tried to go to sleep but Will and I were way too cold so we put our mattresses on the ground with our feet up to the heaters of the cabin. Then we decided to just not sleep because we could so we just talked all night about stuff.

Will burnt some holes in the blanket he had but that's no big deal because that thing basically lives in my trunk.

Anyway, then the morning came. The clouds in the sky were moving really fast and the sky was blue and it was beautiful. A wonderful thing to see after the world had looked so different the night before.

Jeremy drove me to Lader's and we stayed there before going home. It was New Year's Eve. I napped a little and that only liquid. I also threw up a couple times. I felt bad but it was okay because I just binge-watched Adventure Time.

I fell asleep at 16:30 before the ball even got close to dropping because who cares I was tired.

Yesterday was awesome. I've been playing around with a C⁺⁺ minor chord song thing and I perfected that and called it "Gravel Snow" and put it on Soundcloud and my Snapchat story because I'm proud of it. Then I drove to Julia's house and we had sex, so now we're doing a friends with benefits thing. Pretty great first day of 2018.

also like 2 weeks ago, that Saturday I think, George my coolass cousin came over and we went to the Witch's Castle. I'll put some pictures I took in here. That was a great time but it was a little awkward because George had gone skiing the day before and he was tired as hell and therefore a little quiet. Still fun. Now school starts tomorrow and I've had one of the best two week periods of my entire life. So happy today, even though I have to leave for a swim meet in 15 minutes.

Oh and also Daniel, Brenden, and I explored briefly this large maintenance tunnels underneath that office building we worked in. Those tunnels were pretty cool.

I'm back from the swim meet now, it was fun. I only had to swim 2 events, the 50 Breast and 100 free. Nice to see everybody again. Love that place.

December 8, 2017

My weekend was sultry, but still alright. Friday Jules and I hung out. We had sex which caused family drama, and then went to Adoba. At Adoba she made me sad. She doesn't have any idea where to go or what to do. I mean, we neither but she also doesn't have many close friends that she'd like to hang on to forever.

Saturday sucked. I didn't want to go to Club Mulu because of little \$, and after that nobody was doing anything interesting. Joe, Will, and I smoked because we were gonna go to House of Boom but then Caden threw a bitch fit after we smoked and got Chris and Germ to cancel their plans with us. Ruined my whole fucking night, man.

Sunday was dope. I had a swim meet at which

I had decent fun and then played guitar and read and listened to music at Fleine Bros while doing homework and that was just excellent.

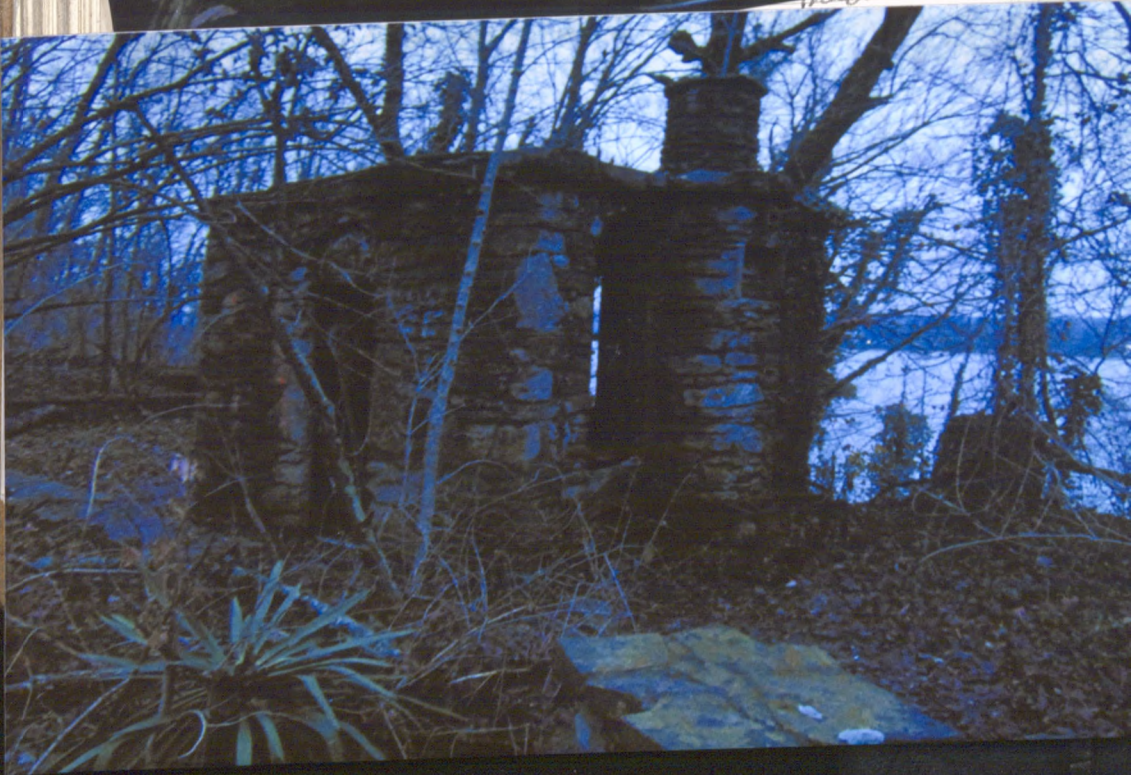
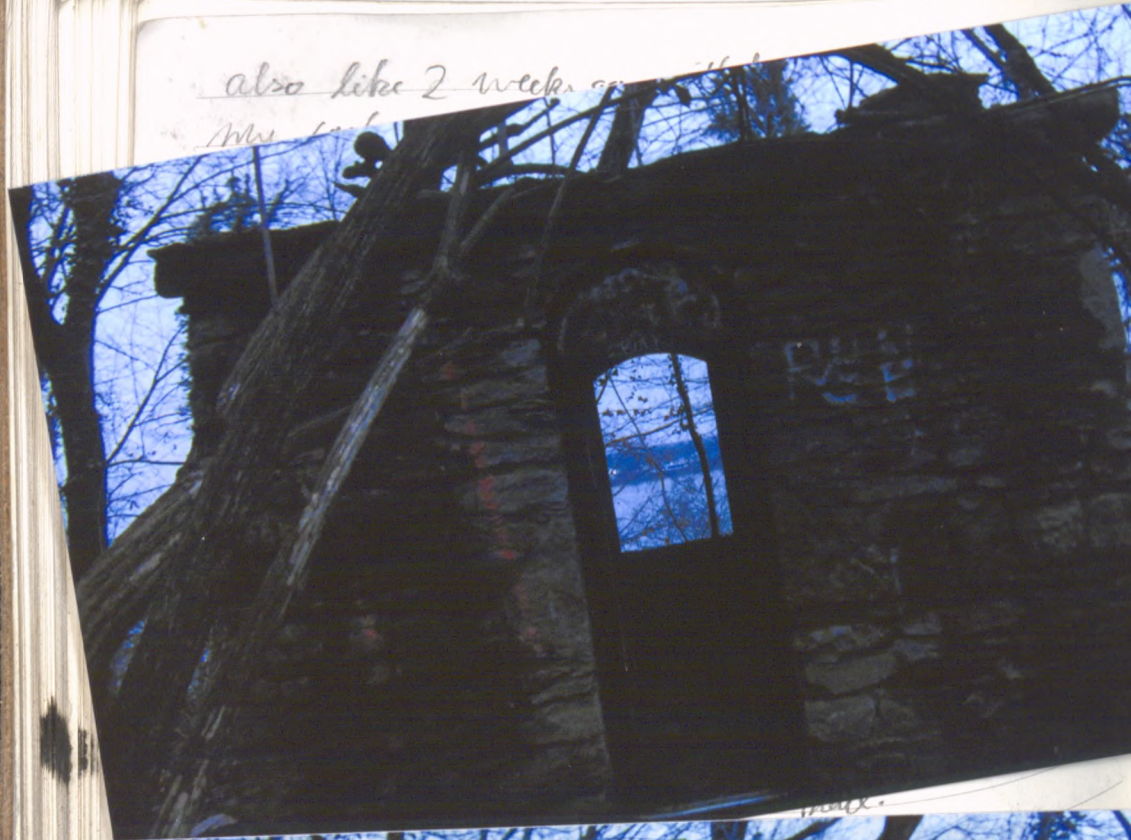
Today was even better. Oh I guess has been better. I woke up to the news that school was delayed two hours due to icy roads. That was great because I was able to sleep until 9.

I came to school in this long necked, diamond pattern sweater I bought last Thursday at Vintage Banana with Jeremy and Nathan. Male has a dress code but nobody other than the ever watchful Mr. Henderson made me adhere to it. I also wore my flappy ear hat. I drew much attention, it was awesome. I just made mac and cheese for Emma and I, also. I also read my new book on the brain.

I finished Xapha on the Shore on Wednesday or Thursday and that was awesome. I learned that to really know yourself you have to be dead. So, all of life is like one big acid trip that I'll have to come down from eventually. Excellent book, I recommend it a million times.

I also finally got my UPS paycheck. The government took a fraction of my money though. Fuck the government, man. Gotta leave for swim practice in like an hour. I think I'll play guitar.

also like 2 weeks ago with
Mrs. [unclear]





JACOB W PRINCE
EMPLOYEE NAME

EMPLOYEE I.D.
5359370

EARNINGS STATEMENT

PERIOD BEGIN 12/17/2017

PERIOD END 12/23/2017

EARNINGS

REGULAR CURRENT PAY RATE

OVERTIME 10.200

RETENITIO 15.300

TOTAL HOURS WORKED

CURRENT TOTALS

Y-T-D TOTALS

TAX I.D.

XXX-XX-9497

FEDERAL STATUS

S 00

TOTAL EARNINGS

508.13

TOTAL TAXES

149.83

TOTAL DEDUCTIONS

0.00

NET AMOUNT

358.30

WORK LOCATION

2265 KYGRA HUB 4079 T

STATE WORK

S 00

STATE RES STATUS

2265382902

CHECK DATE

12/29/2017

NET AMOUNT

358.30

TAXES

FICA MEDICARE

FEDERAL TAX

ST TAX- KY

JEFF-R

TOTALS

31.50

7.36

76.62

23.17

11.18

149.83

YEAR-TO-DATE

37.13

8.68

87.28

24.03

13.18

VAC 0.00 H

OPW 0.00 H

mind
I took
noon.
I think

January 17, 2018

Our first good snow of the season. So good actually, I'm having distinct trouble writing. I walked down from home to Day's Coffee because really I'm headed for Cherokee Park but I needed to stop somewhere and warm up. Everywhere but my hands is fine. My damn hands always get so fucking cold. It's not even fair because my hands are thicker than most. That should count as insulation. The snow is hardly ever falling anymore. It's really pretty sad actually. We didn't get nearly enough now for all the hype. Still going to Cherokee Park though. I want to get a cool picture of myself and put it in here. Future generations need to know how dope I look right now.

I had planned on making a longer stop here, but I'm realizing that I don't have much time until dark. It's already 4:37 and usually we lose daylight at like 5:45. A worthy stop still. I bought some oatmeal and I learned something very important about how to eat the stuff. You have to get a good mouthful of broth with every bite because the broth is what gives the taste.

I'm also sitting in the same spot I sat in last year around this time of year when I tried to re-read Moby Dick again. We'll talk later.

0:33 pm - Same day.

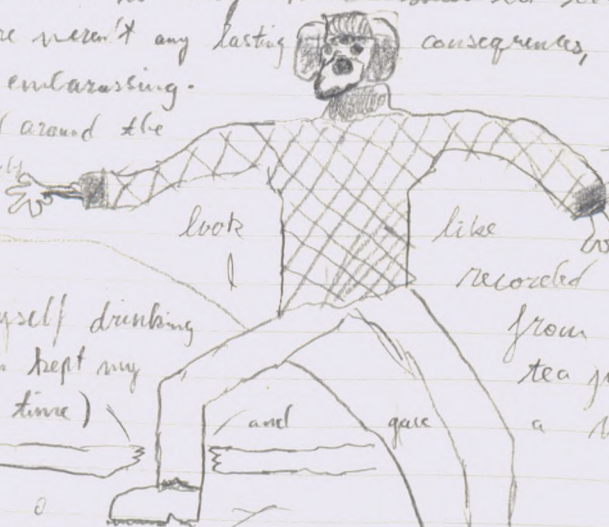
More on the walk, I left from Day's and went down to Cherokee Park where I emerged on the golf course. That was fun, the place looked like Hoth, man, it was a tundra. Cool spot. Not as cool however, as the lake. That place was dope.

There were a bunch of trees surrounding the bank and I followed the bank tightly because I was trying to get out on the ice in the lake. It wasn't as supportive as it looked however, and my right leg suffered the consequences of misplaced trust when it sank to my mid-shin in the water.

Really there weren't any lasting consequences, it was just startling and embarrassing.

I walked all around the lake and it was absolutely stunning. Didn't even look like Louisiana. Beautiful.

snapshot of myself drinking thermos (which kept my hot the entire time) the lake. and gave a view of



I also took a great many pictures of myself by setting the camera on a 10 second timer and running into place. I'm so closing, my hands became very cold.

I went to Leola's work at Fanti's to warm up. Luckily he was there and we chatted for a while.

By the time I left darkness had fallen and the snow picked up. I walked home on the frozen Tundra golf course and in the swirling winter beauty walked home.

I watched Dunkirk with Emma and Mom and that movie is just dope.

My week in general has been very good. Monday we had a two hour delay and I came into school wearing the same outfit from the photos. Everybody thought the hat was my hair and admired the sweater. I was in a wonderful

January 17, 2018

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10:33 pm - Same day.

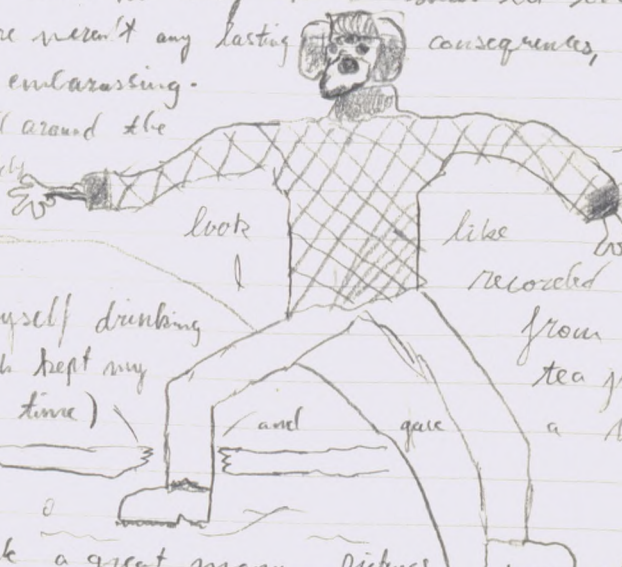
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January 17, 1967



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last
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course. The
tundra. Co
last was

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by setting the camera on a 10 second
into place. I'm so glad
I went

of myself
times and running



energetic mood that day. I hung out with the dudes on Tuesday and Thursday, but Thursday was the real highlight because that was last night and they called school living off today at like 5 yesterday so we all went to the Waterfront Park and messed around whilst high. It was a great time. I jammed them and today to "Who Knows" by Jimi Hendrix or "Band of Gypsies" and goddamn I cannot get enough of that song. Also yesterday got them on Patches while we were all headed to the park and man that was awesome. I love my friends man. What a wonderful couple of days. What's even better is that it's only Friday. Three days ahead. Watch out Lou.

Oh but also, when I was getting my photos developed today I ran into old boy Duane Clark from Middle School. That was pretty cool, I almost didn't recognize him. It was nice to catch up. He actually works at that Walgreens so I suppose I'll be seeing him more often.

January 17, 2017

We've been off school for like six days. It's Wednesday. I haven't even thought about Latin and now I have like 80 lines to translate. Fuck my life man. Maybe Latin should be dead. How the fuck is the Aeneid still culturally relevant? Who even gives a shit I translated it? Probably me. Maybe I'll see it as a waste of time when I'm older. It sure seems cool on the surface. Dude, fuck this. Fuck this. It's been a good six days off though. I already wrote about Friday.

Saturday I went on another winter walk with Julia to Mitchell Hill Lake in Jefferson Memorial Forest then we went back to her house and fucked and shagged.

That was a good day. Then on Sunday the guys all hung out. It wasn't until the evening though that I really had a good time. Joe, Will, Cory, Peter, and I all played some complicated drinking game and it was the first time I ever got drunk. I spent most of it in a crossfade though, so I didn't so much get the pure experience. I'm fine though, drinking is not for me.

The next day, Monday, I slept & watched Adventure Time all day. I had a horrible dream about being high on shrooms and crashing a car in a car I had stolen. Creepy shit. I spent most of that night in a bad mood.

Tuesday Julia drove down here for a while and we had sex and ate fiddle's. That was a good day but she left early and I was in a bad mood again that night until I decided that all that shitty crackpot self-harming introspection I was doing was untune and stupid and brought on by the alcohol. I isolated a section of my brain that felt damaged and focused on it until I felt healed, and when I felt healed I felt happy. I'm gonna call that meditation.

Today I hung out with the duder again and we played a game called Betrayal which rocked and I had a lot of fun just shooting the breeze. Tonight I have a lot of Latin to do. No way I finish it all tonight. It's way too much. I am listening to Everything Now by Abcde Fire right now though, so that's cool. I'm experimenting with the indie scene. I really like this album so far. Reminds me some of Stranger Things' theme music. Mostly really good. Favorite so far is Sigur Rós.

January 23, 2018

I have been having weird dreams lately, apparently everybody has. Or not everybody. I don't know. A lot of people. I always like to hear stuff like that though. It makes me think of the fall of Uthukha. Like all of our collective energies have been disturbed. It would be so cool if that's how that worked. I hope there's some ethereal connection between people. If so, something is definitely messing with it.

I also just found a pencil. My dream a week ago or so was about Julia and I showing some explorers about an ancient barrow or something I remember having found in an earlier dream. Also I had a dream where Emma was on my back as we explored some really tall-walled ancient city of ruins. Then, I was on like some really low, round-topped pyramid near some others. Then there was some thing about a hotel that Brammy and I explored with Emma there too.

Last night I had a dream about like reading a book about a futuristic society on Mars. Also Chris was making a lot of youtube videos. And I read a book about how to train your brain to think you are something else. It was called the "Meyganian Progression." I want to try it on my next and trip. It used a pineapple as an example.

Meyganian Progression

Step #1: "I am a Pineapple"
assert yourself as a pineapple to yourself

Step #2: "I can feel my leaves growing."
Begin thinking things a pineapple might think.

Step #3: "You're a very spongy guy."
People begin treating you as a pineapple.

Step #4: Become a Pineapple

Your journey is thus completed.

I'm not sure whether or not this is a psychologically valid method. I want to talk to Mr. Peore about it but I never will. The pineapple Meyganian Progression System will die with this journal.

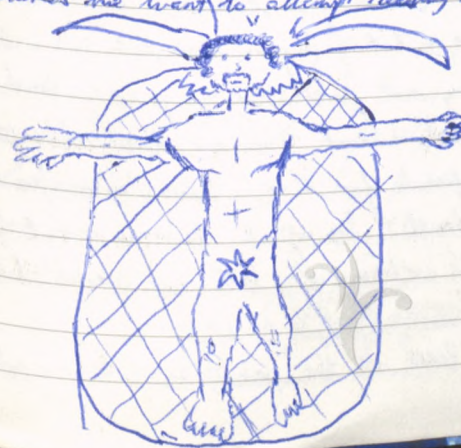
I had a dream a couple of weeks ago where I like wrecked a car I was driving while on shrooms. I also wrecked the parked car I crashed into. Like, it exploded. Terrible dream. I thought I was going to be arrested.

I will probably not keep this pencil because it has a really thick tip and I hate that so much. It makes my handwriting so much worse in literally every way. So infuriating.

Like, my handwriting actually looks much better with this super round-tip pen and that like never happens. I'm mad that my handwriting looks so bad up there. Just one paragraph in a book of hundreds of pages but still it bothers me ~~so much~~ immensely. I wonder if anyone will really ever read this.

Even me. After today I may never see again what I wrote and that's pretty interesting. It will still be here.

I watched it. The other day. The new one, that is. Pretty good movie makes me want to attempt reading the book.



January 25 2018

So I just found this cool pen and I wanted to try writing in
here with it. It's one of those sharpie pens and I found it earlier
in the period (Calculus BC) and I just love the look of it. My
handwriting for the most part looks pretty dope in it. Plus I think it
will help control the spacing and size of my writing and that is
something that lately I feel has been suffering. Even now, actually.
I just have to be very conscious the whole time that I'm writing to make sure
that I restrain my hand.

Apparently Chloe Haze told Williams the other day that ~~it was out~~ I am
cute but didn't know it. That feels like kindergarten shit to write down.
But it boosts my confidence. Also my handwriting is getting
ugly again. For some reason it feels like my hand is quivering
too much. I don't really know why it feels like that.

I'm not sure that I ever wrote about the winter walk I
took ~~that~~ like the weekend before last with the guys and
Nathan. It was cool because we were all able to get out on the
ice at Cherokee Park at that lake. That was very fun and an
overall good experience. I am surprised I didn't write about it.
It was a part of that six-day weekend I believe. There are photos I
need to include. I think that was the same day I did the drinking game.
Why did I write I didn't have a good time? I mean, it was oddly
tense that day. Still I had a lot of fun on that lake.

I haven't really hung out with the guys very much at all
lately. They all like going to Church Mtn as like their only activity.
I do not have enough funds for that. I would prefer to go on
a ~~trip~~ trip and I can't do both. So yeah, I miss a lot of hangouts.
Actually I think this pencil is probably better for small handwriting.
I really can't actually tell, now that I think -
Well I just ran out of lead in the pencil so, Not sure which is better.

Oh look, I could even write this small. This looks awesome. I prefer this size to all others. Hopefully this will not somehow become difficult to read. I really love how small this is, I could fit one million things on every page. This is dope.

Why had I not been doing this earlier? It does look too small. But it is - super good way. Think of all the information I could fit. This is the second great revolution in handwriting. The most important move since October 15. Happiness.

Now I want something to write. I'm so ready. This is going to kill. Dude yeah. Let's do it.

Journal Revitalization Project 2018

January 26, 2018

Today has already been a rather interesting day and it's only 1:54. I woke up at like 9:00 so I figured I would just stay home from school today. Well, I had a pretty good time until around noon. I was reading my book on the train when I got a call from my dad. He told me apparently that I had parked blocking someone's driveway and that the cops were coming to tow me away. I moved the car into my driveway and then Matt Greene across the street at Lakeside told me to come over and talk to him.

Well, basically he chewed me out and told me to apologize so I wrote them an apology letter and put it through this mail slot. I hope they don't hate me.

The reason I parked so poorly is because I was high. I smoked last night with my ~~brothers~~ friends and then drove home so I guess I didn't even notice.

Yesterday was a good day though. School was fun and then I hung out at home for a little while before going over to Joe's place. We smoked, stopped by DA, and then drove up to House of Boredom. That was fun man, I love going to that place while high. You can really feel the monument.

Then last night I had this really interesting dream about this dark, dangerous cave-like area with alien-like, monstrous fish and reptiles etc. God or hell place, even though it was so dangerous. It was a part of somebody's house. Like, they had purposefully had it all installed in there, but somehow they still didn't know where it ended. I remember going around

in all the blackness with water running like white slap all around and in the water were disgusting parasites/reptiles/amphibians. I specifically remember picking off gross-squishy parasites after a swimming excursion and looking some mantled caiman in the eyes. Cool memories though, not a scary dream.

That is probably the dream that made me late. Whenever I have dreams around six am, I am going to wake up late. It's like a certainty, somehow. Really a shame too because I love dreams so much. Why do they handicap me like this?

So here is something I'm thinking about right now: apparently it could be possible that everytime you go to sleep your consciousness dies and a new one is simply generated the next morning. What. No way, right? No way. That's scary as all hell dude. Like what the fuck. I have been talking to people lately about like if someone cloned you is that clone the same you as you? like which one would you have conscious control over? Now I learn that really this consciousness right now is just a clone of yesterday's edition. What. Everything is a lie except me. So I am important to figure out. Things are weird on me after that. The Brain: The Story of You by Brian Eagleman is an amazing book that will probably be outdated by the time that anyone reads this. Amazing.

January 28, 2018

The cool thing about drugs being illegal is that it means buying them will take you to some weird places. I found myself at 7:00 last night standing outside some random apartment on a crowded street in Germantown, wondering when I was going to be let in.

They finally do and I go into the kitchen where I wait for the man with the weed to arrive. He gave me my 2gs I gave him his \$20 and we parted ways. They had like 4 tiny puppies.

Well anyway Gregg had given me the plug since Joe and Cory were both at work so then he also rolled the weed for me. I left Gregg's place and drove over to my friend Trace Jure's house for a celebration of his 18th birthday.

Mom had gotten us doughnuts the day before so I gave him one as a birthday present. We had a great time talking until around 1 AM when we drove over to Green Creek Park where we smoked and walked around. I smoked the beam of the geyser we were smoking under and finished the blunt up there.

That was pretty fun. Then we came back with food from Wal-Mart and watched Tadeo's Nights until we fell asleep. It was allert Jolsson, Isaac Lavin, Jeremy Watts, Zach Coones, and Nathan Murphy. That was a really fun group of dudes and I felt we got along very well and had a great time.

Oh and also, Julia's dad told me of a cool Cave Entrance at Cotton Creek 1/2 mile behind the nature center. Gotta check it out. The way he described it was so dope. I would definitely check it out. soon.

A friend of mine named Morgan Bass dated Jack who I was hanging out with. She called me right as we were about to smoke at the geyser and that was weird because she never calls me, but she was hanging out with Chloe who dated allert who I was also hanging out with. They must have somehow known where I was. Surely they would not have called me otherwise. Her first question "are you alone?" I was not. "Am I on speakerphone?" She was. Then Chloe started talking about apparently they were at a party where apparently some dude from Eastern High school asked if they knew me. That was interesting, because when I met Will Vallin his first question was if I knew Chloe here. Really interesting turn of events. I want to know if Morgan's pissed at me. Her fault, man. I refuse to believe she did not know where I was. Whatever. Bullshit man.

Meggy rolled those blunts really well, they smoked like a dream. It was just a super pleasant night with some awesome people. Also we lit them with the matches in my backpack. Lighting up with matches is cool as fuck. Also we helped Jack light up his cigar with the fucking lighters. Fucking fancy dude, smoking a cigar.

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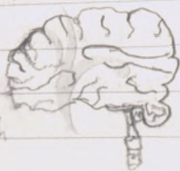
February 2, 2018

I'm in Calculus and I should be reviewing for the test but I'm a little unpoised right now so I'm gonna do this instead for right now. It's been a good week. ~~Thursday~~ ~~Wednesday~~ Tuesday night we all hung out and smoked. We didn't really do much after that though. Wednesday I had a swim meet, and I also had a lot of AP Environmental Science notes to take. I needed to prop my books somewhere but I couldn't find a place so I clipped my backpack onto the guardrail and unclipped it a little to support my books. I was really proud of that lil' invention.

Thursday Latin went to go see a play called Trojan Women. It's from 340 BC and is about the fate of the women of Troy after the city was destroyed. Wonderful play. Normally we hear about the Greeks on the horses in the story of the war, but this was wholly different. The Greeks had killed their husbands and sons and after they mourned in the rubble they were taken as slaves. "Only smoke where once was Troy." They gave a burning account of the horse. Children and parents pulled it in in celebration with love and adoration and the Greeks smelted out into the honorary temple of Juts and there began their slaughter. Young birds spoke first about the joy of it, and when they stopped an older crowd told what was to happen. They repeated the pattern several times and the whole effect was bone-chilling. Really just a beautiful play. Wonderful, wonderful thing.

Just a few minutes ago Stewart and I talked about this architect friend of his who is super creative and goes on all night innovative projects. I remember doing that with Lego projects all night. I it touched me because I really miss having ~~that~~ something I liked so much that I was willing to stay up all night for it. I miss that a lot. A lot. Also I just recommended the Brain by Mr. Eagleton to Poore, my old swim coach and our school's AP Psych teacher. I'm gonna lend it to him. I really think he would like it.

Last night I cleaned my mine. I dressed up my skeleton costume I made and put the fish ^{for the} walk



overn and that was pretty in an old torn up zombie mask on him.



6:23 pm

another moment of fate. I liked to recommend to buy a book called
psychedelic medicine by Dr. Richard Lewis Miller. Best purchase I've made
and I'm not even ten pages deep into the book. I'm almost too excited by it
to focus. To add to it this 85-year old Male High Graduate who
is also a doctor who was sitting near me at this Heine Bros
stopped to talk with me about my book. He said that he supported the medicine
and did view it as such. He is like a future version of me. The book also
said Albert Hoffman's first legendary dose of LSD involved a bike ride.
He liked home from work. God damn. I was just talking today about looking
for something I could stay up all night working on. Right now, that is
definitely definitely psychedelics. We need freedom from monkey
I've always known this. This is the way.

Chris called me and asked me to hang out. Man. Could this allude anyone to the
last time I was on the link? I think this is the way for me to go.

Maybe I'm just too good at drawing connections. No doubt so - a serious scale though.
February 5, 2018 - 2:00 AM

I want to talk a little more about that old guy I met at the coffee shop. I overheard
his age from a phone call conversation he had before talking to me. Well, as he got up to leave
he noticed my book Psychedelic Medicine and asked if I was interested in Medical School.
Well, he actually asked if I was in Medical School. I told him I got a Male and he
said he graduated there in 1955. Cool. We talked about Medical School at UK and
he told me he was a doctor and pulled aside his large coat to expose a lab coat
underneath. I asked him what he thought about the whole "psychedelics as medicine".

thing. He said we had forgotten about their properties as we became more "cultivated" and that certain tribes still knew more than us about which leaves to ingest for certain effects. I asked how he thought they got stigmatized. He said it was because medical companies made sure they became illegal because they were actually not placebos like all the crap they were selling. He said he was about to write.

I went to hang out with Chris and Caden right after my time at Hines Bros and talked to them about the whole ordeal. Well, it turns out that Chris met the same dude on this Sunday at school when he talked to his class about Male. No lie, apparently this dude is a neurologist. That's exactly what I'm interested in. Very interesting chance encounter. Chris also heavily complimented my guitar playing that night, which made me very confident. I'm in a good mood off of that still.

Saturday Julia and I hang out. We may end up "dating" again but it won't really change how my life is right now. Maybe a little less flirting with girls I'll never have sex with. We had a good time though. Went to the Waterfront, ate O'Leary's and played Candyland (throatback) at home. A good time.

Yesterday (technically) was good. I just hung out at home reading Psychiatric Medicine. Super interesting. Apparently the entire ego is a system of repression. Psychodetics overtook the Super interesting. I'm going to look. I want to talk about every book I read voraciously in this book. It'll make a nice log.

Saturday 11, 2017

It's Sunday, and this postmark has been a very good one. On Monday Jousaluna went to visit the workers of their newspaper. Morgan Bros took them in my car, and we had a great time, trying to find somewhere to park. Stewart called as I was about to park but it seemed like he was going to recommend a different spot, so I drove around in very slow deposits in the lot and it was pretty funny.

Then we went and spoke to the students running it and that was a good time. They were all very insightful and they complimented my sweater. That was a good day. Tuesday we took a test in math that was extremely difficult.

I snagged a 720 on it which made me pretty happy, since Jeremy got like a 20%. A 720 is really much higher than I anticipated, but I surely will not argue with it. Super difficult test. Left a bad mark on the day. Still though, I gave some any copy of Robin Egleman's book and he gave me Blink by Malcolm Gladwell. I'll read it sooner or later. He and I talked about psychiatric Medicine for a minute and he seemed to support this, but he refused to comment with a wry smile on his face until a later date. He and I will have to talk. Also on Tuesday Chloé tried to say she liked to see Hendrix. Bullshit. That afternoon I met Will and he's own dog named Mike or something. Super cute little dude. Love that guy. Everybody thought we wouldn't have school on Wednesday so we got very excited but we wound up having school.

It was a good day overall. Chloé kept in Study Skills and Bethany Payer and I talked for most of the period. I had asked her out during winter break but she wasn't really into her because she never replied. A shame, we talk very well together.

Thursday was a very good day. We did our Frankenstein's Sociative circle which was awesome. We talked about the psychology, the neurology, and the over-the-toply wonderful circle with Zach, Trace, Jeremy (despite the fact that he did not say anything) and more. Fruitful conversation. I found out I got a 720 the next period, and then we saw the wild fight at lunch. This guy Rabinow who plays football for Male like choked the dude. It was wild. Just nuts.

Friday I was off school but spent all day at a swim meet. It was Regionals and fun enough. I had to come back for finals and swim again at 4 pm. I dropped 3 seconds in my 100 Breaststroke (because it's not that great of a time) and the process that I undertook to focus myself was pretty cool. I really focused on my blood flow and basically meditated before I got on the block. I even had the thought that I would get a 1:17, and that is the time I wound up getting. I think I need to start really meditating more. Super beneficial thing.

That night I had some weird dreams. In one of them I found out Jeremy had secretly started smoking meth. I spent the whole dream trying to get him to stop. In the morning I hung out with Julia and we had a pretty good time. Didn't do too much but that's fine.

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It was a good day overall. Chloe slept in. Study Shells and Anthony Pyles and I talked for most of the period. I tried asking her out during winter break but she must be really into her books because she never replied. A shame, we talk very well together.

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Oh yes, we have finally reached this point. During the last acid trip, Ryan Cider left thisst in my journal as a mystery joke, telling me I would find out what it was when I got there. Although it goes against my beliefs, I'll leave it. It's not racist, he's just edgy and this word causes a stir. ^{↑NVM}

Anyway, today has been a great day for me. Peaceful. I had odd dreams again. One where I was watching a documentary about early man and there was a shot in it about how bears munched up on shore dislodged rocks that had been covering a strange cave and sent them tumbling into the sea.

For the cave turned out to be an ancient shrine. Ancient to even early man. It was very interesting. I have a great many dreams about ancient shrines. It's very weird. Then I had a dream where I was in a deep, dark evening light peering on a river talking with two men about eating dinner and then I took my APE's exam and failed it very embarrassingly.

Later daytime I played some lead guitar over the backing track to Maggie's Brain for half an hour. Then I helped Uncle Pat move a couch out of Papa Tom's house and then took Emma to field hockey. It was a great time. They were 8-4. I drove to Barnes and Noble to give Emma back her debit card get work and then went home.

I watched a little Olympic Ice Skating with Emma just now and a Canadian skater named Nakamura just did a wonderful routine to Rhapsody in Blue, and she wore a beautiful blue dress. A wonderful, meaningful routine. She got me listening to the song this evening.

I downloaded another symphony today, Mahler's 9th. Apparently the last measured to last notes are long drawn out notes that greatly die off with time. Very sad and introspective. I used to listen to more orchestral music. Also, I am very excited for 2 reasons: soon I should be getting nearly \$700 in tax returns and we're starting to read Heart of Darkness tomorrow.

That forest dream on the river I had actually reminds me a lot of the book, which I read for the first time last year, and I am very excited to read it again.

Monday, February 19, 2018 1:00 AM

For once I'm writing the weekly update ~~after~~ having done my homework for the evening. Back in review time.

Monday we were off school because of night before. I woke up at like 8 and we at like 10 or something. I don't really remember that we smoked first. I found out when I got to ~~the~~ relay is going to state, so that's cool. But it also means I have to continue to go to practice for a while longer.

Tuesday Julia needed a ride home because she Friday before and so I took her and we played swim practice. I was super tired and I thought I was out very far because since it's state-only practice is warm with Meredith, Emily, Blake, and others on Wednesday was a great day. We won Heart of Da other classes were good too and then I smoked at Ferrell before swim practice and I just remember some from Monday, mainly getting high. I was drinking this tea that I smoked and I felt that awful choking on it but that made Wednesday's high that much more and just shot the breeze and laughed. I was on Joe's foot. Then practice was good too. I was harsh on the mental in school. I heard anything in AP Satin, my video wasn't ready. I know what the fuck we're doing in AP English. I stayed up until like 4 AM. I was playing the Phrygian Dominant scale. I was in a car accident the Battlefront and then I went to swim practice and there weren't many. We had a good time. It was just a real blast. Guess in English and all with the boys and so pleasantly high. That I did not have just inflame my throat. I was in a very hard time to turn in in Journal, right now. Whatever. I made a new "ride" and it sounds in B Major over

Oh yes, we have finally reached this point. During the first aid trip, Ryan Corder left this* in my journal as a mystery joke, telling me I would find out what it was when I got there. Although it goes against my beliefs, I'll leave it. It's not racist, he's just edgy and this word causes a stir. ^{↑NVM}

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Tuesday Julia needed a ride home because she was in a car accident the Friday before and so I took her and we played Battlefield and then I went to swim practice. I was super tired and I thought swim practice would be awful but really it turned out very fun because there weren't many people there since it's state-only practice so we had a good time. I swam with Meredith, Emily, Blake, and others and it was just a real blast.

Wednesday was a great day. We read *Heart of Darkness* in English and all my other classes were good too and then I smoked up with the boys and Gavat Ferrell before swim practice and I was so pleasantly high.

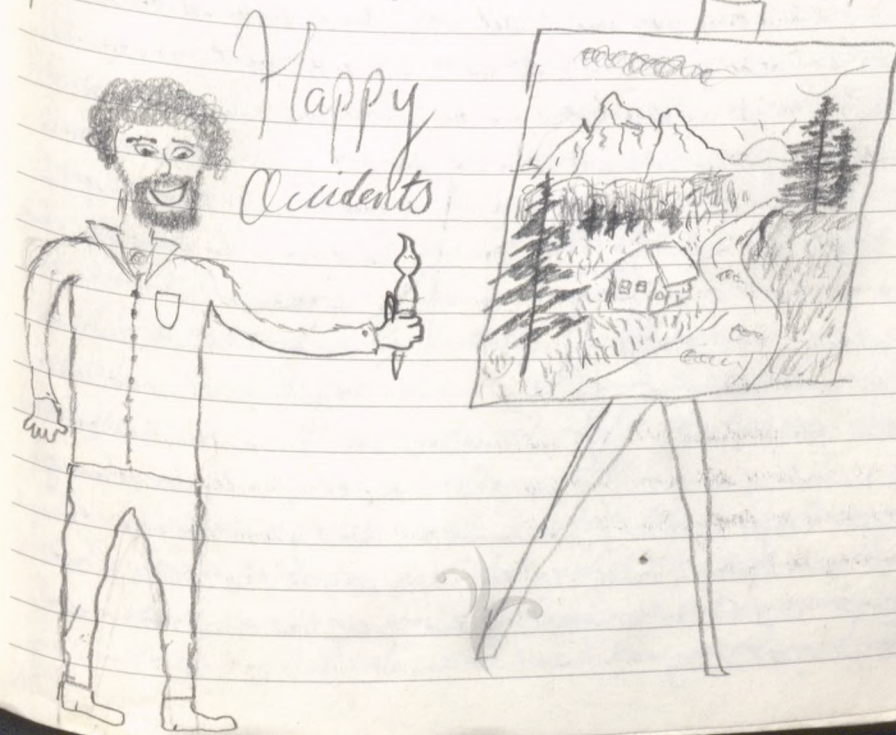
I did just remember some from Monday, mainly that I did not have fun getting high. I was drinking this tea that must inflame my throat as I smoked and I felt that awful choking or a lump sensation. Bad day, but that made Wednesday's high that much better. We went to Dairy Queen and just shot the breeze and laughed. I accidentally spilled my drink on Joe's foot. Then practice was good too.

Thursday was harsh on the mental in school. I had a very hard time translating anything in AP Latin, my video wasn't ready to turn in in Journalism, and who even knows what the fuck we're doing in APES right now. Whatever. That evening was great. I stayed up until like 4 AM and made a new song for my English Special Topics class called "Solitude" and it sounds pretty awesome. I'm playing the Phrygian Dominant mode in B Major over

a watching big cloud looking track and I am very proud of it.
Friday was excellent, I was drinking my old mango infused
green tea which I had had in a while and it tasted so good.
Dylan Moore brought a thermos somewhat like mine and he doesn't
know about its sport feature yet, so I made light fun of him for it.
The caffeine was really hitting me that day. We had a conversation
in AP literature about school shootings and the safety of Male High
and I really gave a fiery, impassioned speech about how the way to
fix the issue of safety isn't to defend ourselves, but to rehabilitate
the mentally ill. It was so elegant. I love the days when I am able to get
all my thoughts out so perfectly and so impressively. It's just a really good feeling.
That afternoon I spent at Julia's house, where we just lounged around
and had sex etc. First time I ever had El Nopal, and it was actually really
good. I got the spicy shrimp things so good.

Saturday was so dope, even though I was kind of mad at people for part of
it. We thought Dan Gray was going to host us at his empty house to sleep over,
but he did not wind up doing so. He never even tested us. I was very displeased
with William and Jeremy for hyping the whole thing up so much. Whatever.
In the morning we went to Joe's and he gave me money to buy the acid.
Also I wrote morning but this was actually at like 3-4 o'clock in the
afternoon, after hanging out for some time after I drove to Lada's work and
then to hang out with her, Jean, Chris, and Jack Lotes, and McLane. After
we had a ton of fun actually. Played Secret Hitler, went on a walk
where we found this cool big field, and did a bunch of stupid shit
in between. I purchased the acid and also had it in Lada's freezer until
we were alone, since the name of the game now is preservation until post apocalyptic
when my house is empty. Basically, I had a great time. Afterwards I gave Cory
Joe's money to buy weed and Cory invited me to hang out with them. I did so, but
not before picking up from work and doing small jobs to help them close faster
at Bushbeards. Then we went to Cory's again and will was there and Cory

called us some of his master blunts and we holloped his car. It was a
really wonderful time. I had so much fun the whole night. As the night drew
on we became hungry so I drove Will to Link K since they had had some
shots and I had it and we bought some munchies there and returned.
The lady behind the counter was taking time to count the register so
I just gave her a \$5 and told her to keep whatever was extra and left.
Then when we got back we smoked a sthird blunt, still good moods
all around, and then after that, we all went to our own homes.
I've never realized how awesome being high alone in bed is.
I was just chilling watching Rob. Ross and I don't think I've ever been
more comfortable. It was annoying at first though because I had to go
through a lot of work to "warm up" my mini-fridge to hide
the acid in and I was too tired for that. Still did it though.
I had an excellent week last week and I'm hoping for more.
Today was good but nothing special. I took a big nap for most
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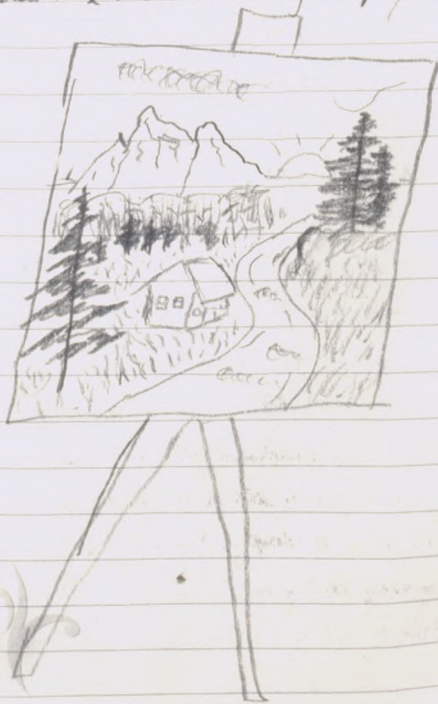
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I had an excellent week last week and I'm hoping for more.

Today was good but nothing special. I took a big nap for most of it.

Happy
Accidents



February 25, 2018 Monday

another week gone, and I'd say it was a good one. On Monday in journalism class we interviewed our principal Dr. Jurek on the subject of school shootings because of that awful Florida shooting a couple days before. He had some really interesting ideas on the subject and cared about my thoughts that the school environment is the most important defense against an attack. We had a test in Latin that day I believe and I'm pretty sure it turned out well. I still don't know yet. I'm pretty sure I hung out with the guys and smoked a blunt or something. I'm pretty sure this was the day Jeremy first got avalor, which is this board game that is basically a Secret Hitler prototype. Jerem was getting so pissed because we were waiting on Gregg to arrive so we could begin to smoke a blunt and we did not feel like focusing on a board game. I don't remember what we did after smoking the blunt. I don't even remember smoking it. Oh! wait, nevermind. Jeremy got really pissed off again because Joe could not get down with eating at Adoba. We wound up hotboxing Gregg's car on the way to Arly's, and we sat in there parking lot talking about shit and inhaling, which was really fun, then we went on in. Jeremy, John, and Caden arrived after we had pretty much finished eating (Jeremy finally defunked on where to eat and did not partake of the blunt), and we had a good time chatting with them until leaving. After that we played football and there was this really great moment where I scored a touchdown just by running it all the way down field. I was really proud of that, or

is. I guess it's mainly because I really suck at football but in that moment I did a really good job. That was an awesome day. I just momentarily lost the black rubber band I use to keep this journal shut.



I don't know if there's another rubber band anywhere that does this one's job so well. I wonder if the band will be lost in time. It'll probably snap. I came off of a water filter I bought at the end of last summer. New protocol is to put it on my wrist where I open the journal. Speaking of protocol, I have taken very few pictures as of late. I really do feel pretty bad about that. The pictures are the highlight of the book, especially since nobody but me can read the god-awful handwriting.

Anyway, Tuesday. Purple day aches so that's all good. We did we probably did today what all the read Heart of Darkness. Math I was probably puzzling out Series and whether or not they diverge. Always the fucking coolest. Bible was probably awesome. Bethany has been eating lunch w/ us over her typical clique so she's a real one for that. I know in Special Topics we watched the Martin, or at least started to. In the afternoon we decided to go like riding. We really tried to make it to the waterfront even though it was pretty obvious I didn't have enough time. Jeremy actually crashes his bike, to add on top of that. He really hurt himself pretty bad & I know. We chatted there with him until his dad arrived to pick him up. By then I didn't have even close to enough time so I just rode my bike to swim practice and Joe went home. Swim practice was difficult as all fuck because my quads hurt so bad. Plus I was just tired. The bike home was nice though. The bike I got for Christmas really rocks. That was a pretty good day overall. Fell asleep pretty immediately after getting home.

Wednesday. Bored day. Maybe this was when I took the Latin test? Still unsure. I don't think I did anything notable this day. Practice in the evening was extremely fun because it was the last one so we did little joking games like the corkswoman relay and pickleball rocks. Good times. I will really miss that. More on that soon.

Thursday nothing memorable happened at school. I missed an NHS meeting after school who cares, anyway? For the afternoon I went to Julia's where we watched Princess Mononoke, which was amazing and sad. Definitely up there on my list of movies.

Friday rocked. In the morning I had the state meet for which I shaved my legs Thursday night. We didn't have to stay long. We were the first heat of the very first event. Still, it was nerve-racking being up there on the block waiting for Blake to come in from his butterfly. I was focused, and I really swam hard. When I touched the wall after my 50 I was tired. I climbed out and asked for our time. "Did we do good? Did we drop?" Alex told me "I don't know..." "... but Marvin is smiling."

That hit me like a wrecking ball. I couldn't talk, I was tearing up. My last time forever in the pool for male, and Marvin was smiling.

Joseph Conrad, the author of Heart of Darkness wrote that the meaning of a story isn't on the inside of it, but the outside. I didn't know what that meant until just now.

journal that weekend. Also, I lost the black rubber band
I have used in the past to keep things from falling out. Really a pretty
small deal but it does make me sad. That rubber band had history.
I don't even want to write too much about that trip. all I "learned" was that
you should never trip too much at once and that I am extremely lucky.
after the trip Julia and I hung out and she stayed the night because
my parents were out of town but we couldn't have sex because she
was on her period.

I do remember last week pretty well though. On Tuesday and Wednesday
I went on college visits to UK and Centre, respectively. Both were excellent
tours and I actually liked Centre more but when you compare the
costs, UK is far and away the better choice.

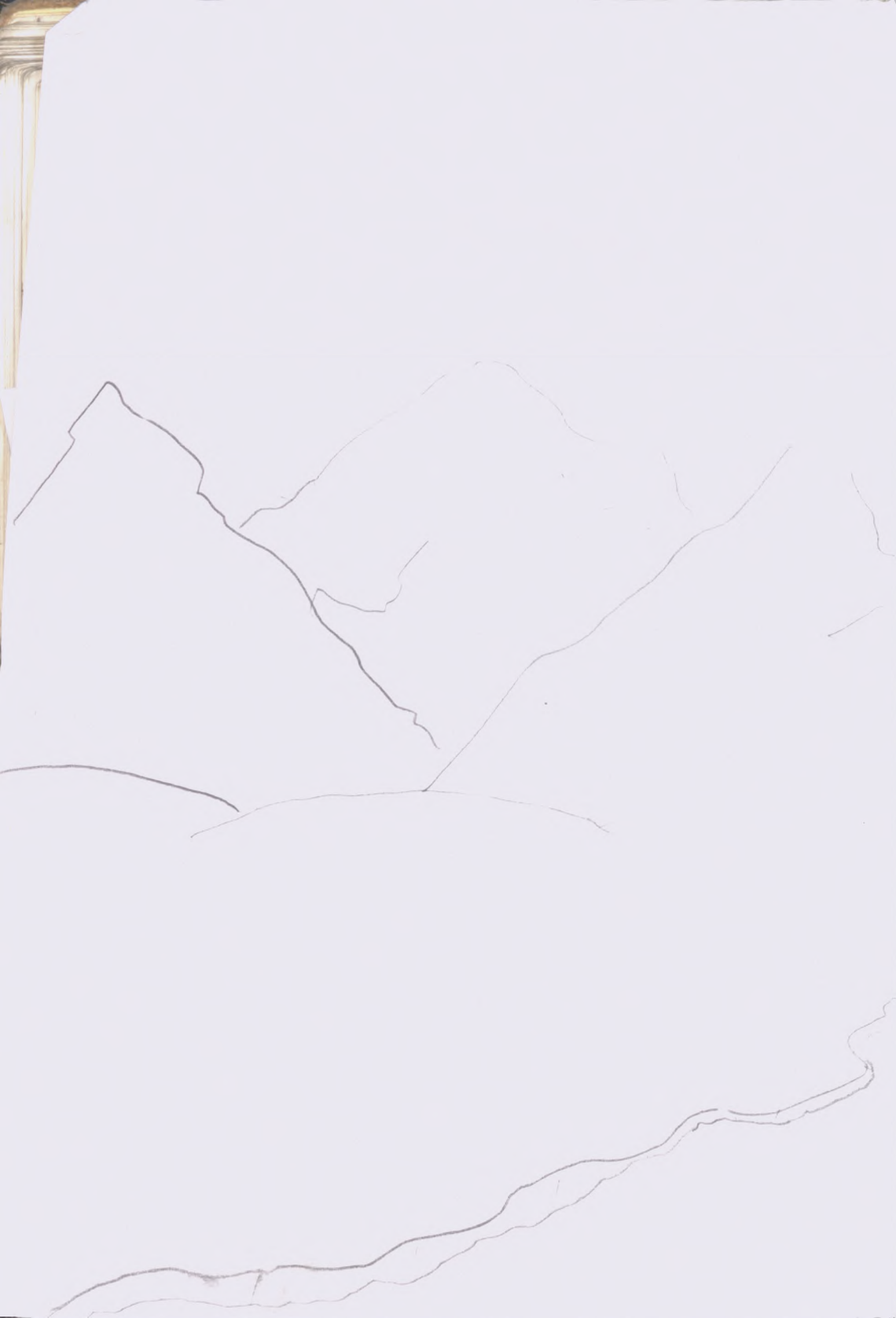
What was even cooler though is that at Centre I scheduled a visit with their
nonsexism professor and she and I were able to talk for like, 20 minutes
about the field and that was super awesome. Then I got to sit in on one of her classes
about perception and they were talking about sight and the whole thing was really
inspiring. It felt like I was doing something I cared about. Very awesome.

This week thus far has been very good as well. I really wish I could find
that rubber band. I found it just now and my life feels as though it has just
improved by a measure of at least 80%.

Twist me up, like a rubber band
because you've got my life in the
palm of your hand.

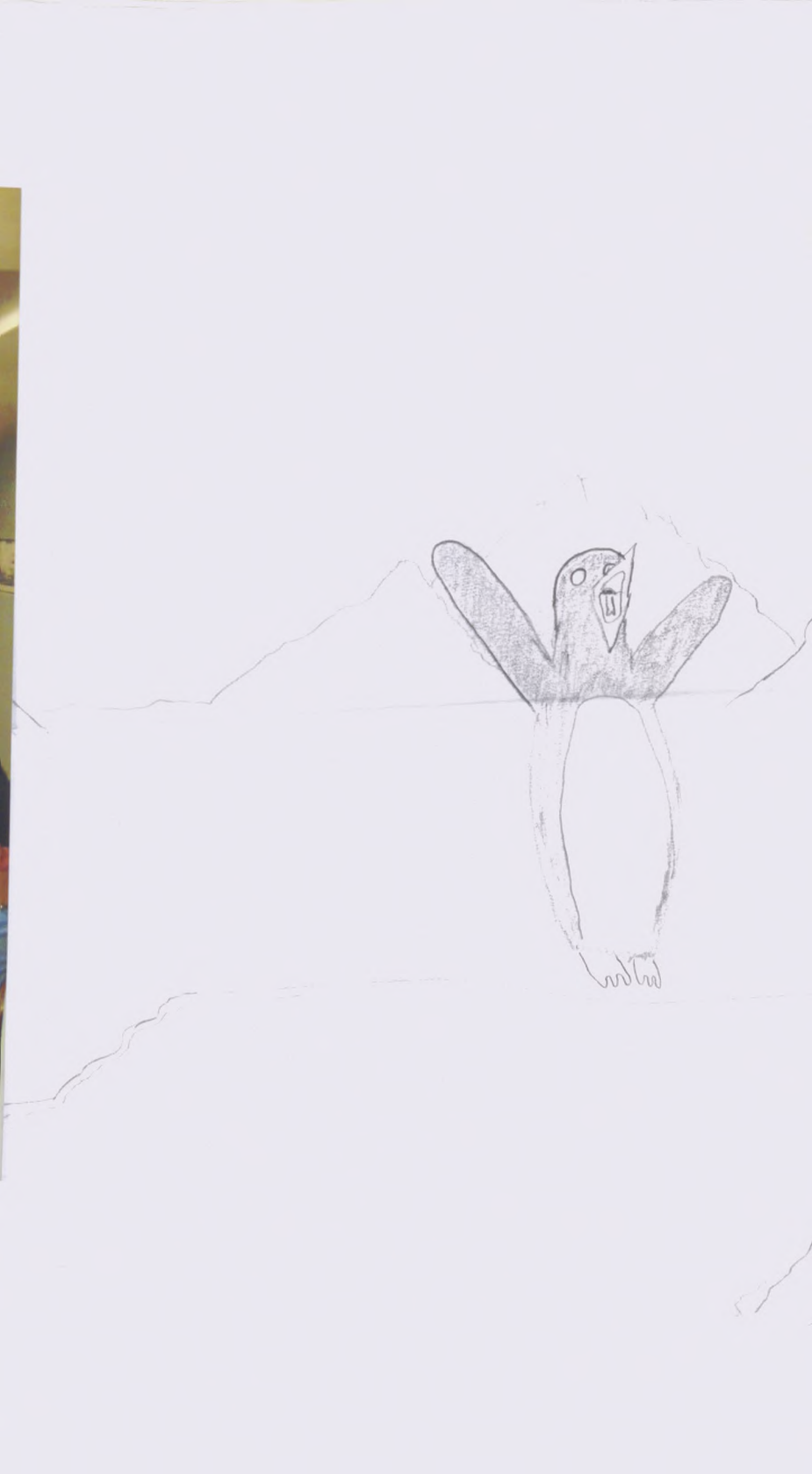
So yeah that rubber band really rocks. Glad I got it back. I was
at last able to take my journal wherever I go in my backpack
again like right now, I am in School. That weird English Special
Topics class. It's cool.

Last Thursday was a purple day. We had a huge debate about god in
English. Because we're reading Crime and Punishment. I was
eloquent again, and it was cool. I don't really remember what









happened on Friday and all that. Monday at school was uninteresting but in the afternoon I hung out with the guys. I don't really remember what all we did except chill around the yagelo and smoke. Good times. Oh wait I do remember, we played basketball. It was actually pretty fun, despite how bad at basketball I am. I am garbage at it, for real. Plus they're working on the area around the court so the spotlights weren't on and it was dark as all hell out there. Still fun as all hell. I scored one basket.

Tuesday was also a really good time, but not as good. I had a birthday dinner with my family. We took Harry Potter quizzes to determine the house we'd be in if we were sorted on Pottermore. I got Gryffindor. I think that fits. I'm definitely at least sort of Ravenclaw though. Whatever, I'd rather be Gryffindor because they're cool. I got a fluffy orange dog for my Patronym, though. Nope. A Chow dog. What? whatever. Oh - this just happened in class, not dinner. That would've been hysterical. But weird.

Wednesday was pretty normal. Except I went to a swim banquet. The last time we probably ever see Morrison God dog. I gave a pretty good speech but cried. I had to pause multiple times.

March 10, 2018

Julia just left my place and I'm hanging out watching the Joy of Painting in the basement. I've got this dumb-wicked "Bahama Breeze" candle going that Grammy bought me for Christmas. I wouldn't have chosen it myself, but it does smell nice. Julia and I had a pretty good day. We woke up early at like 9 each and had lunch at Royal's Chicken paid for by Julia's parents at 11:30. After that we walked down Bardston Road during the St. Patrick's day parade to shop at Vintage Banana and Carmichael's (neither one of us bought anything at either shop) and in general take part in the revelry. This we did and it was fairly fun though we did not stay long. Parades, as a rule, are more as good as festivals. Festivals you take part in while parades are more of a spectacle. Man, I'm bad at chronology. Before that we chilled at my house and I did x's. She was wearing this beautiful denim dress with a yellow

Saturday. At Carmichael's I was looking for some sort of adventure novel. I've been watching this movie called 7 years in Tibet for the last couple days in increments and it's got me hopped up on the adventure train. Now, I just found a pencil with .5mm lead. I dig it. Maybe this will be my new journaling pencil. I love the ability to write small. But yeh, I had a dream last night about an adventure. I dreamt I took a weekend trip to Britain, and in Britain I found a cabin on the roadside with a window in it that looked out over a valley filled with water at the base of a striking mountain. This is unrealistic for a couple of reasons. First: there are like, zero interesting landscapes of mountains in Britain. Second: nobody can afford to take a weekend trip to Britain. In the cabin lived a beautiful British girl (who just happened to look exactly like Bethany Pyles) and there was also some thing about evil tikki ghosts that I defeated with a chain. No figure. Eventually Jeremy and my friends showed up and we were out exploring in the evening and we had to fight some random bad guys like it was a video game. It was a nice dream and now I crave adventure.

Tuesday the 26th of February Male had a skating party that was really fun. It was like a callback to elementary school when, for some reason, skating parties were just all the rage. I know that's a dated memory but it was a good one and I wanted to be sure I didn't forget it. Went with Julia and I saw Pyun, Lydia, Peggy, and even more wonderful people there.

Also, I wrote about that swim Banquet last Wednesday, but I forgot to mention that that was also my Birthday. It's Julia's too. Now that I'm 18 that is really real with the law. Fubity, I've never be caught. It was a great birthday, I had an awesome time the whole time. That morning though my tire did go flat on the way to school. That was frustrating but not the end of the world. I've had some chaotic episodes lately, but that's okay. I'll get back to it very soon.

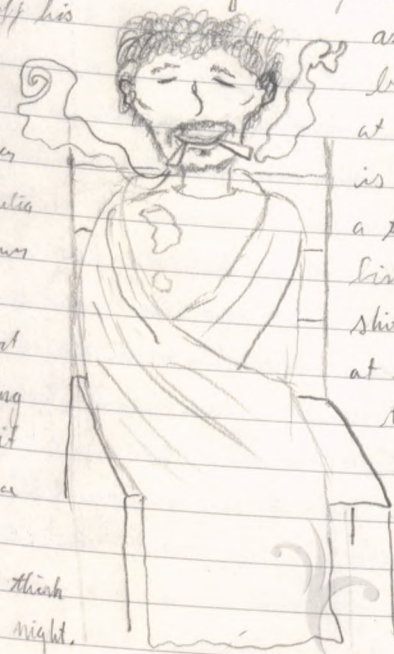
March 13, 2018

NOT (he was a pedophile)

Wow, so I have decided that I am the reincarnation of Andre Gide apparently. He was a French author and I love a quote that I have heard by him that goes "One cannot discover new lands without first consenting to lose sight of the shore for a very long time." That is probably one of my favorite quotes of all time and also, apparently Gide kept a journal from 15 years old until death which is probably almost exactly what I will do. Assuming all goes well.

Anyway, last Saturday after writing that journal entry I went to hang out with Joe, Williams, Corey, Gregg, and this girl, Cory's cousin, who I had never met named Shelby. She was like a badass Lydia Henderson, so that was fun. We smoked and I took a bag of Nodda. Wasn't as bad as everyone says. I can understand that it is unpleasant, but Williams would actually throw up later that night so I think I just handle alcohol better than most people. Anyway, it was all great fun smoking in the garage just talking, we were really having a good time. They actually pinned me with the blunt multiple times so that was cool. Joe was flexing some bella quite because he was drunk off his ass. He would take a huge rip off both blunts and then turn them back in at himself to get excess smoke.

Motherfucker, I made Lutea night for our on tie-dye tie-dye shirt I was going I decided it it's just a few big one side. I think it Saturday night.



is way too cool. a tie-dye shirt on last Tuesday birthday and it's got me hyped up shit. I had started making this at B&P and never finished it, and to finish it the other day, but looks way better unfinished. white T-shirt but it has splatters of mean green on it's pretty dope, and I wore

Tonight I've been grinding for the National Latin Exam on Wednesday and recovering from an all-nighter last night doing a project for Mrs. Paige. Got it done, and it wasn't even a bad night. I chilled out and watched youtube while I did it and it was fine. My sleep schedule is all out of whack because of last Saturday, too. I forgot to mention by the way, that while we were out there at the garage some random car pulled into Cory's driveway again! Just like the old trip! It was like 2:30 AM and this dude just rolls up and pulls into Cory's driveway behind where Joe's car was parked and we just saw these headlights. Dude gets out of his car with a flashlight and he was wearing one of those brown zip-up jumpsuits that electricians wear and he went up to Cory's front door, then came back from there where we could see him again, shined his flashlight on us, then got back in his car and drove away. So crazy. I swear we prevented some kind of robbery dude.

March 14, 2018 Peidie Ides March

I had a vivid dream last night, but it was kind of cool so I wanted to write it down. First of all, my house was huge. It was like a mansion. So many floors. I'll ask if some guys could come over. I agreed for some reason and it turned out to be a huge party at my place which was really weird. My house was cool as shit and it was fun getting to see a lot of people in there. Also I have the NLE soon. Kind of intense. Let's go.

March 16, 2018

That NLE went awesome, I think. I've missed like 4 that I am aware of right now. Speaking of right now, I'm at Safai about to read *Old Man and the Sea*, an autobiography by Ernest Hemingway. I just smoked with the guys at like 4 but I'm good now.

We all smoked on Wednesday and played basketball then hung out with Cory and Sarah again. Great night. Tonight will be similar. Finally updated this thing with some photos. I need to get a new camera though because the one I have broke. :C

From "A Movable Feast" on the subject of Gertrude Stein disliking James Joyce: "It was like mentioning one general favorably to another general." Historians. According to Hemingway, they wrote in the same fashion because Stein would write non-sensical stuff as well.

March 18, 2018

So that night Friday was good. Julia met me at Safi and then we left and split up for the evening. I went to see a terrible Dan Ghees with my family but it was such an awful movie just so bad made no sense at all. I was gonna hang out with the guys that night but then I fell asleep. Saturday night I did not fall asleep and we hung out to smoke a blunt but then everybody just wanted to leave so that was sad. The day was good before that though. Julia and I went to the park and we ate at this new overhyped cookie dough restaurant that was just not so good. Then we watched Parks and Rec and had some good sex. We also ate at Odola which was awesome.

Today is Sunday and I'm sitting at Fleiss Bros. I come up here to try and get some work done but I ran into Camille Chandler who is a good friend from Lakeide and we spent the last hour just cheating the breeze. Now I've really got to get on the ground. It was great to see Camille though. I really need to hang out with her more often though. A good friend. My handwriting has been altogether too large on this page, I am ashamed.

March 22, 2018

I went to Julia's after writing that and got almost nothing done in homework. I did get a lot done in the prospect of having a good night however. Monday was a good day and I didn't suffer too much thankfully. Wasn't great though. Tuesday was good. Ruthy was sitting next to me at lunch and she bumped into me by mistake and apologized and I joked that it wasn't okay so we figured a tense standoff and looked each other in the eyes a second.

When we stopped she paused to compliment the color of my eyes. Said they were green like the depths of a forest. Huge compliment. It's girly but I'll be thinking about that for a while. Tuesday we also took & graded a calculus test. I wound up getting an 83% on it which is pretty good, really. Tuesday was mom's birthday. I got her a Starbucks gift card. Wednesday turned out to be awful. I smoked up with Joe, Gregg, and Will at Kelly's in their parking lot, and oh yeah it was a snowday. We were off of school the second damned day of spring because of a snow day. I was pulling into Joe's driveway just to hang out but there was a lot of ice and I couldn't stop so I hit both Joe and Gregg's cars that were parked. Joe's Mustang was not damaged, but Gregg's car got kind of fucked up in the front. I'll probably have to pay for it and now my passenger door doesn't open. Worst day in like 3 weeks. God that sucked. I felt so much guilt and even today I hate to think of it. So goddamned dumb.

Every time something like that happens it makes me want to give up the journal because I don't want to recount it, but I'm reading A Movable Feast and it really helped me remember how important it is to keep writing stuff down so that I'll have a good play-by-play memory of my life. Today is Thursday and it's been pretty good. We took a horrendous Calculus BC Practice Exam and that sucked righteously. But in Bible & Literature we were making Spongberg references so it was a really good time in there. Then in English Special Topics we watched episodes of the Twilight Zone which is always a blast. There was this really creepy episode about a grandma trying to make her 5 year old grandson kill himself and that was just creepy as hell.

Then, I learned that I missed about 5 or six on this year's NLE, and that is depressing to be sure, but I must wait to be excited for I do not yet know what this year's Gold cutoff will be. Not until after Spring Break.

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Monday April 2, 2018 [Spring Break]

I ~~fixed~~^{fixed} my camera a couple of days ago and it came at the most perfect time. Tomorrow George and I are heading to the Smokies for backpacking. I am so fucking excited. I've only had an alright last few days so being able to do this will be fantastic.

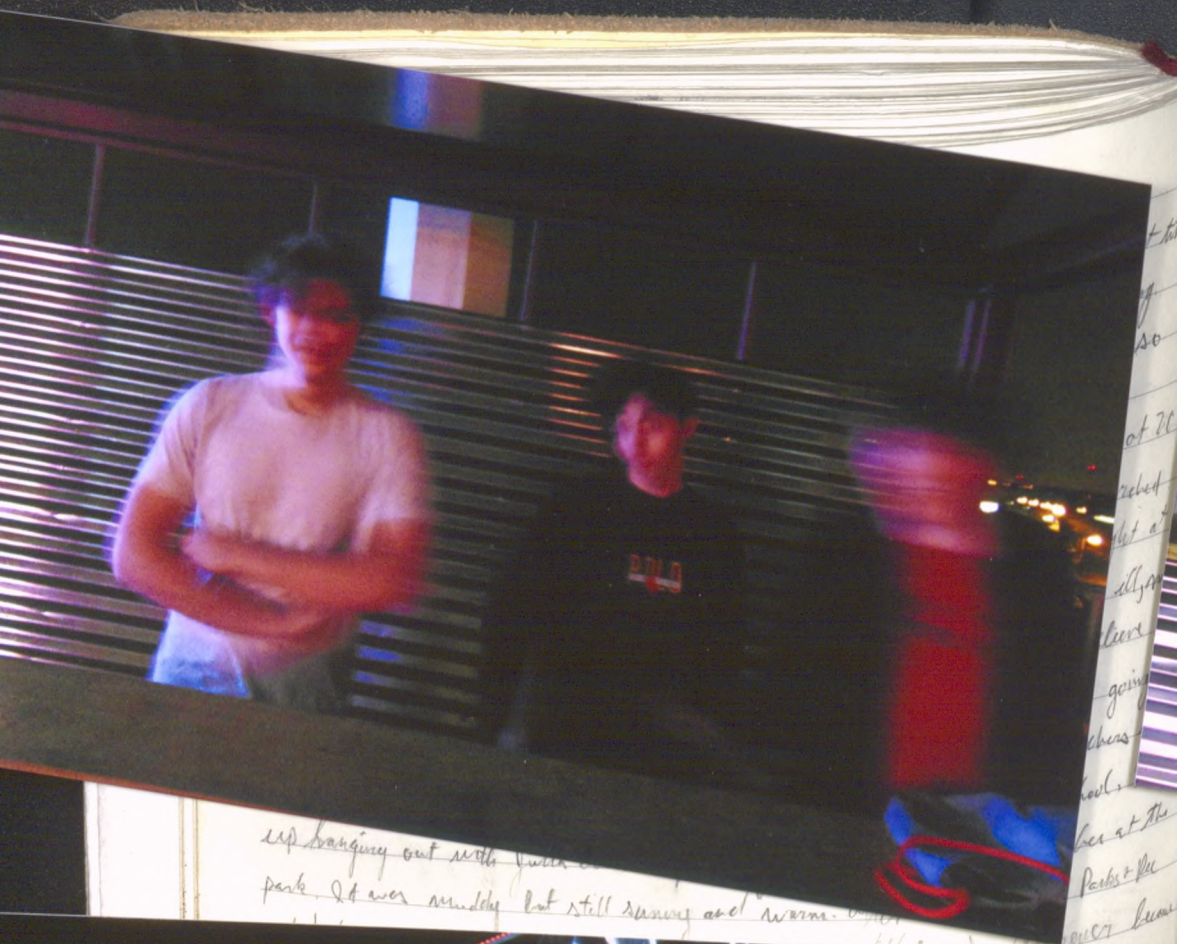
On Tuesday night last week I woke up in the middle of the night at 2:00 AM desperately needing to throw up. I ran to the restroom and perched over the toilet and nothing. The same thing would happen that night at 4:00 AM, then repeatedly over the next two nights. I was sick and ill, my friend. My stomach hurt so terribly at times I could hardly believe it. Like, I felt so bad. I didn't want to miss school on Friday so I was going to suffer through the pain, but then that morning I found out that the teachers went on strike that day for their pensions. Crazy world. We were off school. I wound up hanging out with Julia even despite my illness. We threw Frisbee at the park. It was windy but still sunny and warm. After that we watched Parks & Rec and Julia departed. The next day I read *Little Man* by Tom Kratochewski because I misread *A Movable Feast* and I played guitar. Then, at 5 or 6 in the afternoon I hung out with Chris, Cody, Will, Melvin, and Sam. It was a grand ol' time. We went to the waterfront and almost rode the ferry when they'll have those until Derby and walked on the walking bridge. Then we went home (to Adam's) and played Mario Chase on Will which we haven't done in forever and it was a fucking blast. I love that game so goddamn much. The jokes are such a blast. Dodging and weaving and slipping and sliding. Too much fun.

Sunday I hung out with Julia and we played *Battlefront* and hunted for Easter Eggs. Before I hung out with Julia I went to my Grandpa's home with the family minus Morgan and we had lunch and also hunted eggs there. At 11:00 that night I went to Joe's house with Williams, Gregg, Joe, and Will's friend Tommy. We watched and watched *Seasonal Forests on Planet Earth*. Tommy is alright but he's just the coolest person ever like Will makes him out to be. Still cool though. It was also on Sunday I decided

I was going backpacking this Tuesday. So excited. I am going to have to miss Papa Don's resolution on Wednesday but I think that will be alright. Especially since it's Spring Break and all. My parents are not going to like me going on this trip but I am definitely still going. It was so hard for George to get me moving on this. The hardest thing to do is say yes. I'll have to piss off my parents to do it because it'll cost at least \$60 and they're taking \$1,000 from me for that deductible but it's worth it. I'll pay them back or something.

April 3, 2016

Wrote this update at camp in the Great Smoky Mountains of North Carolina. The day before I left was a pretty good day at first. I hung out with William, Joe, and Jason and then I left to go to pack for the trip but I figured I should first go see Julie to let her know I was leaving and to comfort her a general. Her dog is very sick and near to death. As a matter of fact I got a text from her today that said he will be euthanized tomorrow. Poor girl I do wish I were there to help her out. She needs it. We hung out, playing LEGO Batman on PS3 until we decided to watch a show. She took a real big old nap and it was super sweet. She always dozes she fell asleep, but I know. After that the guys had a bonfire to celebrate Cory coming back from a New York trip where he sang at Carnegie Hall, and we stayed out until like 3 AM but that wound up being a pretty bad idea later on. Jeremy was using my portable guitar amp to play some killer music with the AUX. He was DJ-ing some real fire, no lie. Caden was really connecting with me that night, like we were really on a friendly wave. Wonderful night. The rest of the night was rough though. I packed until like 5 AM and then Mom was up and I was running around the whole house and to my car trying to find her debit card which I thought that I had lost. I never found it and she threw some fury at me and then left with a slam of the door. I received a text from my Dad today apologizing for getting me in trouble because he took the card. From my car where I had left it. I didn't go to bed until like





6 AM and I overslept three hours so George just had to wait for me until I arrived at the Big Creek entrance & parking lot at 2:30 PM. As it turns out, I recognize the place. I came while water rafting w/ the boyscouts on that creek when I was rec. The trail has been great so far, but I tell you it is tiring. The first three miles were steep and uphill and my pack is probably 30+ pounds. George is somewhat way way faster at walking than me. I & at times fall very far behind. He waits for me though so I catch back up. The uphill climbs are so very very hard, but we spent a couple of miles walking along a mountain's crest that was smooth, level, and spacious. For most of the hike we have been at an elevation of above 4,000 feet. Such beautiful mountain views, I can't get enough of it. We refilled our water from streams with our water filter, and at long last, after some challenging 8.6 miles, we arrived at the shelter, which was extremely crowded so we opted to camp out nearby in our tents. The lady who ran the shelter, Chloé, was really cool and she apparently works 5 days a week hiking out here from shelter to shelter. I would love to come I bring my dinner & food in the t-shirt I wore today because I did not bring a bag. I tied the arm and head holes shut then tied the bottoms over the hooks they provide for you. The wind is very strong up here tonight. It yells like a plane flying over.

Goodnight.

April 4, 2018

Great day of hiking today. I think we hiked like 13.6 miles or so. I woke up this morning at 7:00 just to be sure I would have time for eating & using the privy that was at the shelter nearby while I could. I did both of those things (my shirt bear bag stayed up all night and is up again tonight) and then chilled out until George awoke at 9:00 reading *Into the Wild*. It was not and foggy that morning.

Because in the night a massive storm had blown through. I woke up at 2:30 AM because I thought I heard walking past my tent but really it was large raindrops falling onto the leaves nearby and I just so happened to have woken up right before one of the wildest storms of the century. I wrote about how the wind was howling at like 10 pm -

Nothing compared to this. This was like nothing I've ever heard. We were camped pretty exposed on a mountain ridge and the wind was coming over it so fast that it pushed the roof of my tent to my nose. Without thing. It was raining, screaming, thundering, and lightninging until 3:30, and then at last I could get back to sleep.

That morning hike has been my favorite of the trip so far. We walked a mountain ridge that was flooded with cold fog that hovered between the many pines all around us. We had rain jackets on but my head was un-hooded because it felt so good up there. The terrain was mostly flat except for an easy 2.5 mile rise. We were leappfrogging with Chloe from yesterday and also we met this guy named Chad and his girlfriend who are doing a tour de force of the world's backpacking. They are jokers, (he just graduated college and he quit his living job) and well off so they've been to Southeast Asia, Peru, they're stopping to section hike the AT and then they're off to the west coast. Good people well met. After that we split off the Appalachian Trail and went down into a valley to begin the loop. I did not much like the valley. It was a deciduous forest with no rhododendron and it was brown and dull except where it was highlighted by some very beautiful streams. I also was right behind George this whole day. Yesterday I had not eaten, slept, and I had driven 2 more hours than he did so I think I get a pass. Lots of energy today, so we kept a fast pace. We started at 9:45 and reached camp 35 here at 5:00 pm. There isn't anybody else out at this one for some reason. I think the jewel of the National Park is the AT.



People don't come to these sort of the way trails half as often. George and I built a fire, saw the Andromeda galaxy, and now we are about to conk out. It is a really cold night, though, so I may have to sleep with clothes also, the journal got a little wet today. The only damage seems to be coloring on the cover. C'est la vie. Goodnight.

April 5, 2016.

Finally and thankfully home. Yesterday night there was cold as a 9°F . As soon as I put the journal down and tucked in to sleep I started violently shivering. I couldn't stop for something like 10 minutes. Just shivering and shivering. Finally I huddled up under the mummy-bag face opening in the fetal position and started to warm up then. Neither George nor I slept very well at all. Dad dreams. I woke up several times throughout the night and had to readjust my sleeping position. I had dreams that were all anxious/uncomfortable every time in between. I was lucky though, compared to the creepy shit that George dreamt. He dreamt that he heard singing coming from down the valley we were camped in. Like a beautiful voice of a woman floating up the river. He said the dream was so realistic that at first he thought he had just woken up to hear it. He said the song faded away but was replaced by footsteps running quickly to the tents and cutting off abruptly, like whatever it was was just standing outside. Then he managed to eek out a feeble yell and realized it was a dream and woke up. Apparently he laid frozen in fear for an hour before falling back asleep.

The morning was frigid. I woke up at 8:00 am but was too cold to get out until 8:30 and when I did I wore two t-shirts and a sweatshirt. I filled up my water at the stream where yesterday I had dipped my feet and removed my bear bag from the trees. George woke up and we talked about our last night's then packed up our tents and left. We did not see anyone else the entire time we were at Campsite 35.

We hiked through the 7.5 ish long trail walk today because we were itching to get home. On one mountain ridge we found an old worn

Cemetery where the only legible tombstone was that of a two year old who passed in 1912. Somebody had laid a glass flask against it. Aside from that there was not much that was exciting about the way back. Boring old ~~decisions~~ trees and relatively uninteresting tracks. The conversation was good though. George and I talked a lot about podcasts, creepy shit, and other stuff.

Before we knew it we were back at the cars, and before we left George showed me a beautiful, clear section of Big Creek, and told me about how he had been swimming there in the summer. After that we said goodbye after about 30 miles together and began the drive home. I learned that George also likes to drive with no shoes on, which was a big relief because people up here give me weird looks for that sort of thing.

I didn't listen to music for any of the 5 (should've been four) hour tarp back so I started making weird, funny noises when I realized my voice is so loud and resonating because I use really different throat muscles to talk than I think is normal. Once home in Louisville I expanded my shrunken stomach with some well earned food from Morris' Deli: a turkey sandwich on wheat with spicy pickles, mayo, lettuce, and pepperjacks, Cape Cod kettle chips, and a Gatorade. I almost couldn't finish it, because I assume my stomach shrank over the trip. After eating I took my excited dog out, shaved, and went to Julia's where we played LEGO Batman and had sex. I came home to my family who just returned from Papa Don's funeral in Eddyville and talked with them for a while. Now I am in bed and thoroughly, desperately, excitedly ready for sleep. Don't let the bedbugs bite.

April 9, 2018

The next day I hung out with Julia at like 11:00 I think. We were at my home so we had some good sex and then ate Mellow Mushroom. I actually just assumed it was Odoba because we eat there so often. No though, it was Mellow Mushroom and it was really really good. They gave me this really good hot sauce that

was admittedly overpowering but it did taste so good. Then we were full. I had 4 slices of the mighty cheesy pizza and I was fucking smacked. Working hard to expand that backpacking stomach. We watched Parks and Rec and probably did something else at some point, then Julian left sometime like 9 or 8:30 and I scrambled to get ready to leave for a short one night and half a day stay at Otter Creek with my friends. Well I've decided that I will not call the most of the people who were at that cabin my friends as to be honest they are just not my type. Trace, Jack, Ryan... Not people as akin to me or my friends as they seem. We smoked just a light bit in the evening when I arrived and then went to bed. While laying in the cabin I had lit a candle to make the place smell less of weed and I was playing Echob. Well, Trace, Ryan, and Jack walked in and took over the speakers to play dissimilar music and I realized then they weren't intellectuals. They don't seem to understand the importance of mood or music for itself. Maybe intellectuals isn't the right word. They don't act like people of meaning. They're cool enough people, but they are hardly interesting. So yeah I stayed the night and in the morning Trace, Albert, Hegg and I all had a gravity bong and Albert had some real kind of struggle. Like poor dude lost his shit somehow. He was looking ahead with this 1,000 yard stare and he would ask "Is that's wrong with me? Guys, what's wrong with me?" Trace, Ryan, and Jack were just making fun of him, but there was really something wrong. We told him to just go to bed and he slept for like an hour. While he slept I played a song I made up on guitar that was really fun to play because I was stoned and plus it was a good song. I would improvise on the rhythm a lot and make some cool sounding stuff that I am proud of. But eventually Albert woke back up and now he says he'll never do drugs again. I can't remember what he said. He felt like he said he forgot he was a person and couldn't remember anything. Really weird. I'm glad he's alright now. He really scared me.

We threw a football for a while, smoked another, I hurt and then
went down to the swamp to play the classic Otter Creek swing game
where one person tries to throw a frisbee through 4 swinging
people. That's a hugely fun game, and playing it right there was also hugely
fun. I had to go that afternoon because my mom was mad at me,
and because I wanted to hang out with
Julia, but I mainly because I didn't want
to be there when all of those
guys tripped and I just didn't want to be a part
of it that day. Not on that cold, not on that day, and not with those
people. They dropped and I left to go hang out with Julia at the ice-cream
and I stayed with her until 11:pm and we had a good time playing with
chalk and watching TV. I still haven't heard from Jeremy and Joe
who did trip but I asked Will, who came to pick them up later that
night, and he said they did not have a good time. I'm not surprised
at all, really. Not surprised at all.

April 10, 2018

I finished *Into the Wild* Sunday, but I've been talking about
it too much to want to write much on it right now. It's an
amazing book that explores a human's need to find capture and
religion in nature. Very interesting stuff with a very gripping style.
Today I finally finished *A Moveable Feast*, which I accidentally
left at school over Spring break, and its ending was the
best part of the whole book. Hemingway lives in a ski village
after Paris where he publishes *The Sun Also Rises* and then laments
the loss of authenticity in his life that comes as a result of fame
and wealth. Super interesting statement on the idea of the upper
class. Speaking of which, today I also decided that any Republ. trans
that live in Louisville don't know their party and are borderline
stupid. The Kentucky Republican party implements socialist

system of taxation on the Jefferson County district because we only make back 1 of every five dollars taxed because we supply for the whole state's financial resources. Those backwoods Republican voters have no idea how much their way of life revolves around Socialism. It's hilariously depressing.

Most everyone I know is pissed at republicans right now because in Kentucky they're screwing up teacher's pensions because of budgeting. It's a whole issue. That's why I'm so political today. Bern signed the shitty pension thing into law tonight so there will probably be protests and he will not be reelected surely I hope not. Somebody needs to fix this garbage.

I just had a good conversation with Mom about youth. I really think education is a key part of becoming a meaningful and influential human. The more I read books the more connected I feel to something bigger. I can't fathom that people are missing out on this sort of thing. Sunday I was listening to Parking lot by Anderson. Park and reading Into the Wild and I had this beautiful moment of euphoric clarity. Beauty, inner serene beauty like I knew I was becoming something greater. Maybe it's just schizophrenia setting in, but I feel these profound and awe-inspiring emotions sometimes that I don't think uneducated, non-readers, people who do not consider meaning could have access to. It has a lot to do, too with some stuff Jeremy has said about "waves" and stuff I remembered (which specifically involved him) from the last acid trip that I did not record. I need to talk to him about education. I have this belief that the smarter you are, the "higher" you get. The closer to some all-powerful fulfillment of self. I can't keep myself from believing this sort of thing because the moment one of those "feelings" strikes you it just feels so true and beautiful. Of course I didn't tell her all that, but I spoke on things all that has made me think. People who don't get it don't know what they're missing, and people who do get it can't define it. Moments of intense clarity, serenity, and beauty. Maybe I'm just crazy. As a last, more practical entry, I don't have to pay that \$1,000 deductible after all because it was automatically removed from the insurance payment. So nice.

Being able to keep my \$700 will probably help with this summer's "trip fund."
I think travel is another way people can access that rapture. Like Emerson and
Thoreau knew it. And Melancthon knew it. Nature and adventure are part
of it. The whole thing is psychological. Murakami wrote that every outward
action comes as the fulfillment of some inner metaphor. That's another
reason William has been bothering me so much with this weird anti-
meaning train he's been on. He keeps talking like personal reflection is a
lost thing. I don't get it. I think he doesn't get it. But Jeremy at least
sort of gets it and he doesn't understand that William doesn't get it.
William seems to act like he gets it, but it's obvious in the way he treats aspects
of culture that he doesn't. I need to explain it to him. He really could get it.
He's so close. I think he understood on the shroener trip. I haven't felt that
close to him in years. Since we were kids. I miss the way that felt. I
need to tell him. I need him to understand. He criticizes me for appreciating art the
way I do. The way we should. Is it that he is afraid of it? I think all artists
of any merit know and know what it is, and they play with it and stylize
it in their works. It's this beautiful vitality. I need to talk to Jeremy about
it, because if there is any meaning to life this essence is it. Even if I am crazy.
Maybe William already gets it. Maybe he learned it from that shroener trip.
Maybe you're not supposed to talk about it and he's hiding it from me.

April 17, 2018

I forgot to write that Sunday at around 7 in the evening Emma and I
took our bikes up to Carmichael's because I needed to buy on the Road and
I decided to ask Emma if she wanted to come. She had some trouble keeping
up, but it was fine because we made it before they closed. I found my
book and contemplated buying *Ulysses* but didn't. The lady at the register
was one I had met before and she is a recommender of books. She recommended
something called "The Ass saw the Angels" I might read it someday but to be
honest it is not really on my radar right now. What is on my radar
is *On the Road*, a book by Jack Kerouac. As a matter of fact, I really

know I'm going to love it and I learned that definitely on page 54 with the quote "I wished Dean and Carlo were there—then I realized they'd be out of the place and unhappy. They were like the moon with the Jungcon stone and the gloom, rising from the underground, the sordid lusts of America, a new beat generation that I was slowly joining."

He had been partying in some Colorado ghost town. Cool fucking book. I was writing all that in Bille As Literature and now it was lit in there. We were all cuffin' off each other and riding and the conversation was always funny and never awkward and it was wholesome and good. Jackson played this weird trap beat which was funny as hell because right in the middle of the song it goes "Respect the cock." I feel like a conversation with girls that is going very well needs an occasional, non-intrusive or offensive sexual innuendo and that one was perfect fuel. Not needs, but it can enhance one somehow I don't know, scratch that. Never try to. More for that, if it comes up it comes up. But it normally does, and not by me.

The teachers are striking again tomorrow so today, Thursday, is like a Friday. Wonderful day. Also we had a substitute in Calculus so we just talked but after a while my conversation partners Ian and Jeremy started talking about anime the way Mr. Stewart and I talk about books so I became something of a third wheel but I didn't mind because they were having a good conversation and that is a wonderful thing. Earlier that period we had taken this quiz, and as we were starting it I thought it was this team test Mr. Henderson had told us we would be taking soon. The rest of the seven was dead silent but I was conferencing over answers with my group. After a while I became too confused by the rest of the room's of view so I turned around and looked at everybody and said "This is a team test." and apparently, it was not. They all shut me down it was pretty funny. After this period I'm auditioning for the school talent show, playing guitar and singing "Without You" with Jeremy. It's a song from Spangollet Squaresports. I learned it last night. Let's just hope it goes alright.

April 15, 2018

We did stay after school for the auditions that Thursday. It was Jeremy and I going in to do it, and we practiced the singing in my car immediately after school. Problem was that people were looking at me a little too seriously. Everybody there seemed a little on edge, and I didn't anticipate the gravity. Plus, the audition. We'd have had to stay until 4:30 and that did not sound appealing at 3. We left and Jeremy and I had a good conversation about meaning and religion on the way back. That afternoon I went to Julia's place and I don't remember what we did. I do know though that I fell deeply asleep.

Friday I woke up at like 10:00 with a dream thick on my mind. It felt like I had been on Vacation. In the dream, I went backpacking with Sponge in Colorado, but then ditched him to see my friends and my family at this desert hotel where you could see the mountains on the horizon. I swam there in a waterslide pool and saw Jacob Watson from school hustling visitors for cash and I saw Joe and Gregg and Chris in a movie theater watching some play with a live choir and orchestra. I was going to sit with Chris but the spot he chose was an uncomfortable bench so I went over to Joe and Gregg and Gregg had his arm around Joe for some reason and then I remember being outside and finding that my backpack had fallen in to the pool and somebody had taken it out the day. I talked with some dudes about some legendary backpackers and saw a visual version of one man's story about off road driving. Then I woke up and called Jeremy and heard that the basketball game all of my friends had played earlier that morning against all of Traci's friends had gone well and that they beat them 2/2 times. I went over to Joe's and we all played Ultimate Frisbee in their backyard and in the heat. It was very hot so we took our shirts off and I also took my shoes off because that is the best way to be on a hot, dry day. I actually did fairly well. Really well. We did some great teamwork, my team of Jeremy, William, and later Ian Gray. We played against Joe, Chris, and Jacob.

Coats and lost pretty bad because of William throwing some garbage out of course probably faulty teamwork too and then we were taken back joined our team by a lot because he is very good and William started playing better and it was 4 on three.

We drove back to the mall to buy a shirt for Junior from and sat waiting for him in the car because Jacob Coates is not 18 and therefore could not enter the Mall. We waited out there for like 40 minutes in a cramped car hungry and it really pissed me off. Then we ate at Jolla's and that was fine but then I drove Jacob Coates home and that took something like a million years and we went to this park near his house afterwards called Mont St. Francis which wasn't very cool and many not have ever been to park and it was boring but we joked a lot and afterwards we did the same thing at the Falls of the Ohio. While there though I threw a softball that we found in the flood wreckage at the Newby Railroad Bridge and it got lost in the treetops and never fell back down.

After that we went to Jeremy's place and Nathan Vittitan came over and we played some games of Secret Hitler and also McLean was there and they got lots of fun as I don't understand the game more. Jeremy had to drive McLean home that night and I rode along and we stopped at Olden and while we were ordering this big hot thing where you pull your shirt in and out a bunch of times like you do when you're trying to stop something like you're high. One of his friends was next to me in line and asked me why I only ordered one taco and I said "That's the way it is sometimes."

He said "You must not have the munchies."

"I saw one of you doing this and figured you guys did."

He laughed. The conversation made me glad I noticed the shirt thing.

When we had sat down to eat we did it at the back of the restaurant because the front area crowded. While we were sitting there the back door opened, this tall, young, black dude appeared, said "Sorry y'all," and screamed at the top of his lungs into the restaurant. Everybody stopped saying anything and looked back at our table, I said "If it makes it better, he did apologize first."

And then everything went fairly back to normal.

I wasn't in a great mood by this point so once we dropped McLean off at Jacob's house Jeremy and I had another good talk that did make me feel better and it was about 12:00 when I got back to Jeremy's so I drove to Joe's work and waited in the parking lot waiting on The Road until he got off at 1:00. I was really improving my mood doing that, and so by the time he got off I was ready to hang with him, Will, Tommy, and Cory. I took a shot and we smashed at the gaybo but it was fun enough but I tried to listen to Echob but I was not high enough so I went back inside and played Modern Warfare III or something and then went home at like 3:00. I slept really hard and woke up at 10:00 and Julia came over and we went to eat at Hopesat with her family and we went to Kame Mura with them afterwards. The food was good, I got Alaskan Cod with good tartar sauce and their signature "crack" fries. The lunch was pretty fun and there were many good jokes made. At Sweetroom Records I didn't buy anything but I did look up some albums I found on Spotify. One of which I have been listening to for the past few minutes as I write called Remembers I was Carlson Nicotide. It was pretty good, it just ended. No lyrics throughout the whole thing and it's alright. After the records we went to Safa's and drank drinks and I read the paper about some abandoned factory that I want to go investigate with my friends now. Then we went home and watched Parks and Rec and then we went to Apple's Julia's sister's house and played videogames until 11 when I went home. I had really bad dreams that night and had to watch Youtube and distract myself until I fell asleep. I woke up at 1 pm and am now at Hine Bros and Camille is here again but we haven't talked much this time and I read Crime and Punishment and On the Road. I brought food here from Morris' Deli and there was this great chapter in On the Road about or family life in California because had for a while and then left. Really sad stuff, it got very heart pumping. I drank a large Jasmine green tea and I wish I had written more in here today.

FRESH
MAN

Sophomore

April 16, 2018

After I had finished my homework at Home Bros I saw this guy whom I had strangely also seen the day before that at Greener Supply with Julie looking at Pets. His name is Joshua and he swims a lot at Lakeside goes to St. X and hangs out with Jacob Nutt, Luca Sanchez, etc. It was really cool to see him there, and a very strange coincidence and we talked quite a bit about college stuff. He has the typical private schools and then single UK that means I'll probably see him at UK. We also talked about the community of the Highlands and how cool it is we can just walk around and see so many people we know. Then I went home after talking to him and helped my mom move Morgan's stuff that she's taking out of her Atlanta apartment into the basement. Then I just hung out until I fell asleep.

I hope I can pass down specific copies of books I like because I have some annotations in them. I have done a lot to make up on the road and understanding long passages is easier than copying them into here. Still I may do that later. We shall see.

Also Meredith Zeller and I were racing to finish a quiz in Bible today and it was a very funny competition. Fruitful too. She copies and pastes the verses from the online Bible she uses into her answer box on JuncEd but I use a physical Bible and have to type everything so I always sit her for taking the easy way out.

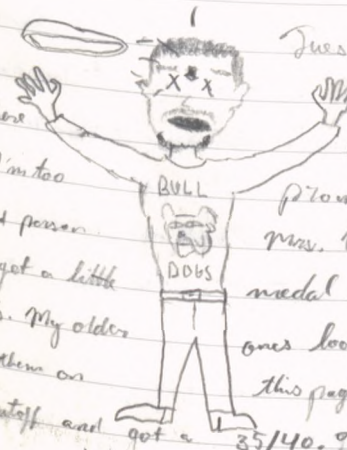
After I had finished writing earlier I read On the Road for a while and the whole time Julie and I were typing notes and passing them back and forth on her calculator. Well, she got up to use the restroom so I typed my message and set the calculator on the camp chair she was using in class. There was a static spark when I set it down and I didn't think anything of it.

When Julie got back she asked me what happened. Confused, I looked at the calculator and a part of the screen was for some reason glowing blue; even when she turned it off. All I can figure is that somehow that shock negatively affected the pixels in the screen. Well, I felt really bad but then she just pressed down on the blue area on the screen with her thumb and the blue disappeared. Super weird.

In the afternoon I had a gravity bag with Will and Joe and was pleasantly high and then Gregg came over and we borrowed Joe's car with a blast on the way to Perry Green. No etc and that was fun and then waited on Chris, Nathan, and Jeremy to arrive at Joe's house. When they did we dug their head asses out into the cold (it snowed today, April 16) and made them play Ultimate Furler. It was me, Will, and Joe playing against Chris, Nathan, and Jeremy, and we won at 13-11 but Jeremy got his revenge early by slamming me right in the face with a point-blank hail mary. He faked me out but I came back with a few for the team. Now I have a stab forming right between my eyebrows, yikes. Anyways I'm home now and it's time to read On the Road a while.

April 17, 2018

I found out I got a row. Apparently there are scholarships you can get for it. I don't really care though, I'm too proud to need anything but the distinction. I'm only the second person Mrs. Vanderhoff has ever taught to get gold all 4 years. You got a little medal and they roll it up in these superlatives colored plastic cards. My older ones look silver but I know they're gold and I've gonna put them on this page. This is a major achievement for me. I rode the cutoff and got a 35/40. That is all I need. Major happiness, a great day indeed.



Also, a lot of people complimented my photo from that trip backparking. A perfect day, even though I woke up at 7:20 and left at 7:29 or 30. I was almost late and I walked into school late. School starts at 7:40 and it usually takes like 10 minutes to get here so I really had to push it. Being so close to late rocks though when you make it on time. Such wonderful relief. Excellent day.

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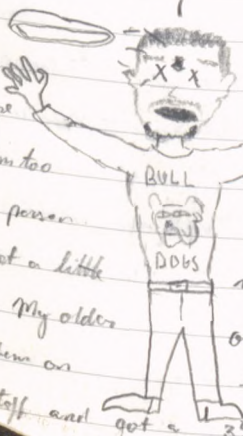
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about walking off trail. "The rule is only meant for the people who will obey it," I thought, "because if most people stick off the trail it will therefore be okay for me to do so." I can't remember if that was before or after the Rand days. I've been thinking a lot about always finding the perfect book for your state. I've been thinking about chaos theory; how everything could be calculated if we knew all the pieces. That coincides with fate and with "God's Plan." Every tiny aspect of today, right down to the molecule, produces an exact tomorrow that was predetermined and meant to occur. I was meant to read this book that speaks to me because of everything in my life and other's lives before that and I was meant to receive that message and think of myself and then wonder how that will influence my state. Like how every word someone says to me was meant to happen because it will influence me somehow. Sometimes it feels glaringly obvious that the people talking to me are agents of fate. It's too hard to believe much in coincidence when certain things people say are so pertinent to my present condition. Alan Watts said a Hindu priest eyes everyone as an extension of Brahman. Kierkegaard says that birth and death are pure bliss and that is what makes life so great. The right to struggle in the exact, fateful way we do.

April 18, 2018

Before I wrote all that in the evening on Tuesday I hung out with Julia at my house. They were doing some bella construction that I had to move my way through right outside my house and it was a beautiful day so Julia and I walked, rather than drove, to Adoba for dinner and then walked back and watched Parks and Rec and had sex.

Yesterday in the afternoon I hung out with Joe, Chris, Breggy, and Jenni, but it started out as just Joe and I. He loaded up a fat gravity bong for me and I got very high. I almost went through what I think Albert was feeling out I was having funky acid flashbacks. I was just too high. I forced myself not to dwell on it and to talk to Joe and then it went away. Plus I thought about this thing that I believe that states that the bad times are the same or better than the good times, because they shape you, and so that made me feel better too. Everybody else came over and basketball which my bro Chris is good at. I was fur

to watch him play because he talks so loud. Gugg too. They're on another level in the game, you can see it in the way they play. We played Ultimate after that and then we all went home. I immediately fell asleep and did not wake up until 12:30 AM so I've been up all night doing APE's homework. But it was a good night. I listened to Sublime Sublime, Planetz, and 22 Feet Fall Drive. That last album moved me the most tonight. So much that I think it was divine influence I heard it when I did. I'm Note to Self he has this lyric that goes something like "there's something as old as the universe, it makes us all One, and it's called Love." What power. What truth. He used the exact words that made me pick up and then filled in a puzzle piece. Yesterday I was watching a YouTube video by the Bible Project about Revelations (even the name seems to me a clue now) and I realized that even though the Bible is flawed in many ways, even though the divine message of God has been muddled by human error, what they next to make us in the present understand is Love. They're trying to show us the golden path of all men, the highest aspiration, the most powerful fulfillment, that feeling of divine cure that strikes us in the face of beauty is Love. Love is the struggle, the awe, the beauty, and the fulfillment and it is the only thing that humans ought to seek. I have come to this by listening to the thoughts art and music and cultural achievements have whispered to me, because these are the ways in which God speaks to us. At I mean in any brilliant art. You're able to tell the difference once you know how to feel for it. God doesn't care if an artist swears or isn't "Christian". I don't know if many people other than Christ and the disciples ever really understood what he meant. I don't get it yet either really but I have a good start.

There is a passage in the New Testament that talks about the disciples seeing Jesus after he had died. It is a metaphor for feeling the sporadic influence of Christ and acting on it. This I think must be why sometimes in mundane circumstances I get so awe-stricken. Christ was there in those moments. He showed me Love. I think the only way you can sure up something like this to another person is by leading them through it. Maybe I should try fiction

like I used to always love to write.

April 20, 2018

Yesterday I went to eat with all of Johnson (who is fine), Theresa, Thom, and Ben Dagblardi, and Julia at this hole in the wall Korean Barbecue in the South End called "Koreana" that was pretty expensive but good. One of those deals where you receive 4 hour food and what you want. Good enough but it was \$49, after that we went to my house and watched Parks and Rec then we went to the school talent show. The winning act was so fucking good. This drummer Dallas and a pianist named King K. L. played jazz off each other and just kicked ass. Surprisingly after the lights came on Joe was there with Tim (the girl he's been seeing lately) and we went and congratulated all the performers backstage. Very fun. After that, at like 9pm I went to Joe's where we smoked and talked until about 12:30. Greg's girlfriend, her sister who is our age, Villian's friend Tommy, and then the regular gang was there. I took a nap on a lawn that night at 12 I have only heard a couple songs but really it's pretty good to hear. Needs analysis.

I'm like super tired. I want to go to bed. Today is senior ship day but I'm in school because I had a calculus test to complete with my team that we probably bombed but who cares, it's a Friday. I want to read but I am exhausted. There was a whole lot of religion talked last period and so I am tired.

April 22, 2018

A wonderful recovery from a great weekend: Sunday.

Friday afternoon I slept all afternoon and then slept all night somehow.

Saturday was when shit took off. Julia came over around 11:00pm and we hung around my home and had sex and debated how we were gonna get to Thunder over Louisville. Thunder Over Louisville is this wonderful, huge celebration by the Ohio that consists of an airshow, food, music, 500,000 people, and the Nation's largest fireworks show. So many people go down there that traffic is always a total conundrum and also parking takes some hell of a \$, so I refused to drive. The last time I went, in September of 2008, I biked down there from home, and that is 100% the way to do it.

19. I already forgot something from Saturday. I had to wake up at 7:30 AM.

and go to Nole on account of a practice AP Exam for Calculus BC that Mr. Henderson was hosting for all of us students. That was cool, it remains to be seen whether or not I would have passed after that it was 11:30 and I chilled out until Julia came over and now we're caught up.

So yeah Julia did not want to like. I don't really get it but Julia has trouble with even basic places for liking. She's in good shape so it really doesn't make sense to me. Whatever. It wound up she took a ride down there with her family at somewhere around 5:30pm and I liked down there starting at like 3pm. Poked down with headphones on listening to LA Women and also Down Time by Sublime. Great moods. I had my legendary red blanket around my shoulders to use on the lawn but at one point on the bike ride it hung a little too low on my back and got caught in the back wheel. Luckily there were no consequences other than a mark on the blanket and an embarrassing, sudden stop. I pulled it out then and everything was fine. The day was beautiful. Bandstons Road was crowded with cars, pedestrians, and all. As I got closer to downtown though, everything was a little more channeled. The cars became less and the streets were refilled with thick masses of excited pedestrians walking together happily to the waterfront.

I could already feel the energy. People, the whole city, was gravitating toward the mighty old River to see a spectacle together. As I pulled up to the bike racks I saw a kid I know from school named Asker and I yelled out his name and waved at him. Asker is a very interesting stoner type who does well living life his own way. Much respect to him for that. I waved and then accidentally swerved my bike so I lunged at myself and went to chain her up. Right after I did so I was walking away and I heard a voice I know singing to the music ("Some Nights" by Fun) and then I saw him: Sean O'Connell. He is a good friend to Asker and even more dramatically himself. Wonderful guy. I started singing to the music with him, and threw my arm around his shoulder and we sang together and laughed. He's a real motherfucker. He's fucked up. He said stay safe and that he loved me, I returned the sentiment and went on my way. A perfect start to Thunder. I went in to the Great Lawn after closing



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eight dollars our lemonade) and set myself up with a spot. It was about 3:40 and I had some good time before Julia would arrive so I popped off my shirt to tan in the sun and read *On the Road*. Really great section that time. About an improvisational jazz trumpeter who "got it." Then after some time Julia called (5:30) and it was good she arrived when she did because my phone had only 5% battery left and I would need to call her to help her find me. I saw her out ran over to her and some random lady got mad at me for running. Then I brought her over to my spot and we hung out and got settled before going to get food. We ate these interesting ribbon style potato chips and some greasy, tasty popcorn. Then the Xizite Cookie lady came through the crowd so I flagged her down and we got cookies.

Not long after that Morgan Bass got to the lawn with this friend of hers Isabelle and her boyfriend who apparently graduated with Morgan named Jackson Mueller. He was alright. He wanted to talk about drugs though and I accommodated him but I didn't really want to talk about it right then. Wholesome day, minus I was holding my girl. Not trying to get on that drug shit. You never bring work home.

Whatever. He was still a cool enough guy. His face looks like a crocodile.

I did forget to mention that while Julia and I were getting food I turned around and it was Bethany Dyles with her boyfriend Ron and we said Hello to them and that was cool because Bethany's cool. I also saw Elena who may be cool but I do not really know her anymore. Oh, I also saw this kid named Jacob who's in my Latin class because my AP Latin class only has 2 kids in it so we just sit on the side of a Latin II class and he was in that. Before long though, the fireworks show began. They were playing a suite of chess music so Julia and I were standing up dancing in sway in the field and we could see the heads of thousands light up red, white, and green before the silver water under the brilliant color in the sky. So wonderful. The whole thing was spellbinding, and the finale. Oh, the finale. Normally the blasts are spread out well enough to where they didn't overwhelm each other too too much, but for the finale they set all the fuses at once and it's gold exploding into color with
... to feel it in your heart.

be beautiful. It was perfect. The great throng began to leave then, a great torrent of people following the path of least resistance to their cars, in which they would do the same thing still all the way home. I walked Julia to her family's car in a parking garage downtown and then began the journey to my bike.

I couldn't find an exit in the parking garage in the direction I wanted to go so instead I ungracefully climbed a fence and jumped off into the side of the street. I walked into this great dirt road area for RVs and campers to park up at. This spot was something special. It was 10pm but the whole place was alive with laughter, dancing, the sound of 5 songs at once from all directions, and the smell of rich meat. I clone-walked through the crowd and had a good old time. I came out half a block from my bike so I unlatched her from the rack and set to work. I rode in the grass between the street and the sidewalk because it was the only space devoid of people. I was going at a pretty good speed and so in 30 seconds you would hear snippets of as many happy conversations. All of the roads were dark except for the light of police cars directing the mess of human traffic, and after I carved my way through all that the traffic turned literal. The lanes that led out of the city were bumper to bumper standstill traffic, but the lanes that led into the city were closed - and empty. I was the fastest one on East Market Street that night, keeping a lively rate of at least 10mph, riding in a spacious lane that ran right alongside the jealous commuters. The wind was in my hair, and I was happy. I maneuvered my way all up Baxter and played a little leap frog with some other cyclists on Bardonia Road. They said they enjoyed the show and we laughed together at the traffic we weren't a part of. A small eddying trouble from the massive stagnant flood. I left them as I got onto Dundee Avenue to close the final stage of my journey, but after all it was not to be. I was biking about 5 minutes from home when I see a large, 90lb, gray poodle walking his way down the sidewalk with no one to accompany him. I became concerned so I stopped the bike and greeted him. He ran right up to me and begged me to pet him and I happily obliged. Before I could check his tag he was off. I was very worried. I went to go get my bike and chase him

but after a few minutes he ran right back to me. Popular dog. This time I grabbed his collar and he didn't seem to mind too much. The tag said "Monte" and gave a phone number and address. My phone was dead so I flagged down the nearest car. It was a blond woman with a German accent. I gave her the run-down and she called the people but they did not answer so instead she offered to drive me and the dog to the address on the tag. I was very surprised she offered that. Very few people with such trust these days. I got in and we made small talk about college, her job practicing as a clinical psychologist, and all that. Very nice and wonderful woman. We got to the house but we were confused because it was very far away. If the dog had run that far he'd have had to have been lost days. We knocked on the door and woke up one man. When he came, he explained that it was not their dog, and that they didn't even live in Louisville. They were Air BnB-ing at the home of somebody who was apparently in Nashville. What? It's a big old mystery. The lady doesn't know what to do with the dog so my Mom was called and we volunteered to keep it for the night.

She dropped me off and I never got her name and the dog was really afraid at being in my house with Baxter and luckily he didn't stay long because the owners finally returned to text. Apparently the dog was being watched by their daughter at her house while they were in Nashville so we brought the dog to the daughter. Monte was a good boy and I am very glad he's home.

After that I went to Joe's place where he, Gregg, Will, and I chilled out around a fire and smoked up. It was a good time. Then, finally, at 3 AM I went home and slept.

Today Julio and I hung out at her place. We played hangman on a big sketchbook and had a Nerf war. I am super tired. It's midnight. I did no homework. "Fuck it."

April 23, 2018

I forgot to write about something from Sunday. My parents took me out to lunch at Mark's food store on Bardonia Road and it was really fun because it was a nice day and much was to talk about. What is noteworthy though,

as that I heard somebody playing Africa by Toto from their car, and so we started singing and dancing to it, and then the guy in the car saw us and went "Wooh!" and drove off. I love the Highlands.

Right now I'm reading Crime and Punishment at Safai and I am having a moral dilemma. I want to listen to J. Cole's new album KOD (best album I've heard to be released since *When My Love Takes Over*!) but I don't know if I can justify it to myself. Suddenly listening to headphones in public seems too offensive to community to justify. Take the like rides to and from Thunder. On the way down I wore headphones and on the way back I did not. On the way back I had much more fun, and I acted as a good member of the community. But I want so much to listen to the album. We'll see which side wins.

Camille just walked in. What are the odds. She's taking pictures of coffee shops, evidently. Susan & I see her everywhere. I think that confirms that life is better sans-headphones. Could I have just taken them off? Sure. Did I feel good about not wearing them and having a community interaction anyway? Yes.

After Safai I looked to Joe's and then Will, Joe, and I liked down to the skatepark by the waterfront. Somehow Joe and I lost track of William and we didn't see him again until the skatepark. Who we did see though, was my friend from Lakeville Michael Younger. We were liking fast this white Jimmy John's Delivery car and it parked at me suddenly. My first thought was genuinely "what if that's Michael?" I didn't find it realistic enough to turn around, but when that big goofy grin pulled up next to me on the road I was happy, but hardly surprised. He pulled over (accidentally cutting me off) and we shot the breeze for like, 10 minutes. He was actually on shift for the John's but that cool bartender talked to us anyway. I introduced him to Joe, and we might all hang out sometime. I'm psyched. It was really good to see him, and I'm glad Joe met him because they are both into weed and very cool. Anyway we went on to the skatepark, eventually found Will, messed around down there and had a grand old time, and then walked home. We lost

Will again, and Joe and I went our separate ways at Bardston's
eruption from Baxter because Joe likes Baxter because it's faster and I just like
Bardston Road better. That seems to say a lot about us, too. Good times.
I love the living as the weather gets warmer. A blast.

Oh, last thing. I added a fortune cookie I ate today's fortune to the front of the
journal just now. It's about adventure and spontaneity. Good quote.

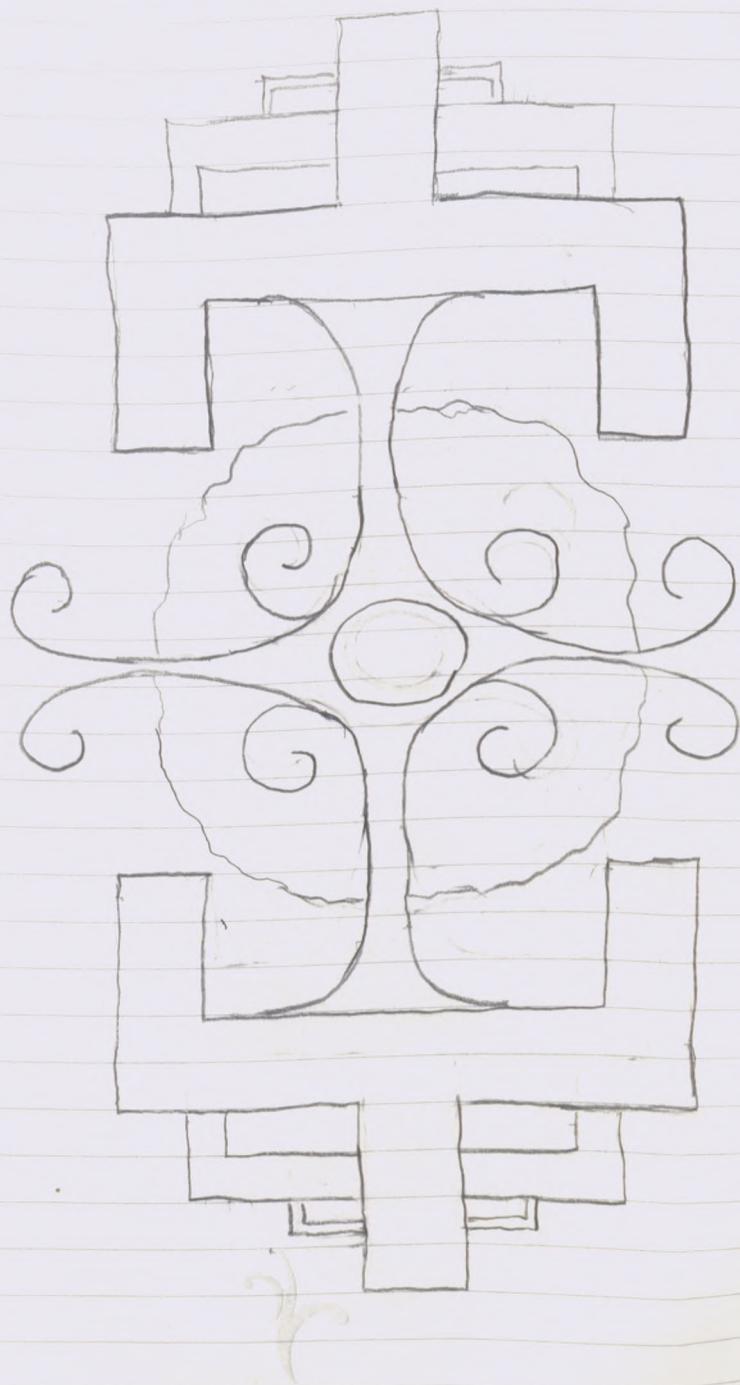
Alright so I just listened to KOD and something that jumped out at me
was "meditate, don't meditate" from FRIENDS. J. Cole has recently been
an instrument in my life for new thoughtful stimulation. I looked stuff up
about meditation. I looked up psychedelics vs. meditation. Listen to this Alan
Watts understands. He wrote that when you understand something from psychology
it is time to begin meditating. I know what he means. I have seen the glimpse.
I have to put down the microscope. Meditation will be my discipline.
This is the next step. I am going to find it. I am going to find it.

The full quote leaves writing alone, but I have math homework.

I don't think it's any coincidence when I started this journal. This is the time of my
awakening. The beginning of a whole new page for me. I am very, so very lucky that it
happened. I need to tell my friends. They could understand. I need to make them
understand how deeply serious it is. How vital. All of them could get it. We are
on the verge. I need everyone. I need everyone together. The song is called FRIENDS.
Oh my God.

April 26, 2018

We went down to Waterfront Wednesday Yesterday but it wasn't very good. Disappointing.
Whether I guess. I finished that project for Vapha on the Shore so now I'm done
with that and I can finish On the Road. This afternoon I'm gonna hit up
Lamichael's and enjoy the art of Zen by Alan Watts. Super excited. I'm in special
topics and Owen is playing guitar and he's doing a good job but nobody is listening.
That's the way it ought to be. A good guitarist sounds much better when there are
people talking over him.



11:34pm

I remembered earlier in the afternoon how wonderful the drive to school was this morning. The sky was bright and going South down Bardston road you could see 10 or 15 hot air balloons hovering sublimely in the open air. Beautiful thing. Louisville does a lot to celebrate Spring. Her streets smell like flowers and her people come together in the fragrance to celebrate the end of the long dark winter. On Tuesday this week I went with Mona to meet a friend for prom and I arrived 15-25 minutes before her and I spent the time walking through a small, idyllic neighborhood centered around a plain little park with a creek running through it where my feet got all wet from the dew.

I decided to draw that picture on the other side of this page, here. Cool idea. Represents the opening of chains of logic to present underlying Beauty. I want to paint it.

I'm getting the last of my look-a-month plan here. I'm around 30 pages from the end of On the Road which will be my fifth book of the year if my count is right and now I've got another lined up. I stopped by Cornichal's this afternoon looking for The Way of Zen by Alan Watts but instead some glorious things happened. The store was playing "...And the Gods Made Love" by Jimi Hendrix and that is not your typical muzak for a bookstore and I met this man named Devin who recognized my path and we talked about this psychedelic journey that he is well under way on and which I have just begun and it confirmed a lot for me. I'm not crazy, and somehow I'm becoming more human than ever before. Connected back to some roots. I felt high during that conversation for obvious reasons and he recommended a book of Alan Watts' speeches to assist me and I bought it and he gave me a list. Things are truly, truly happening. Holy I could record that conversation. That man understood. Made me feel sane and true and a part of that bubbling heat generation. Still bubbling. One last thing; Devin said he has had experiences solo due to meditation that rival those of psychedelic drugs. Still bubbling.

April 28, 2015 Saturday
I'm hanging around at this spot called Bingham Park off Brownsboro. Nice place,

from the front it looks like a miniature sun valley. The light's got this odd quality to it right now that shows rainbows in my pencil's lead, and thus my writing. It is terribly bright. At times while I was reading earlier I thought I might go blind. I want to meditate here but my nose is all runny. It's a shame I forgot to do it yesterday. Was very busy. After school I went to Joe's and hung out and we ate then I went to the Senior Art show and looked at everyone's fantastic art. Then Julie Morgan, her boyfriend and I went to Dairy Castle where I got a Peanut Butter milkshake and then we went to the Balloon Blow. The Balloon Blow is a short festival where 20+ hot air balloons all light up on a field. That was pretty cool. Lots of people. Then I went home and fell asleep downstairs. Wrote just a few more photos out of my journal. Damn the wind. My allergies are getting to me around here. I need to head out.

Yeah I got out of there and stopped by Lader's house for a few minutes. Told him some stuff and we talked a while. Apparently he's off to a dance this afternoon. I began looking home and stopped by the Cherokee Park Triangle Festival where I listened to the Bluegrass Band that played there in the gazebo surrounded by budding trees and happy people. Then I stopped by Morris and headed home where I ate and finished my book *On the Road*. Beautiful novel. So wonderful. They went down to the Magic Land of Mexico in the last great sojourn. What dear fun to read. Almost sad it's over. Now it's 7pm and I think I'll go look outside for a while. I stopped by Safeway on my bike ride this morning and bought 2 ounces of loose Bangkok tea. They're the only place I've ever had it. It's this delicious green tea with coconut and lemongrass blended into it subtly in. Very excited to drink that on Monday. Off I go.

I went to Hare Books and read my new book which I bought on Thursday which is called *Out of Your Mind* and is a collection of speeches by Alan Watts. Brilliant. Brilliant stuff. I hope some of my library survives with this journal because I

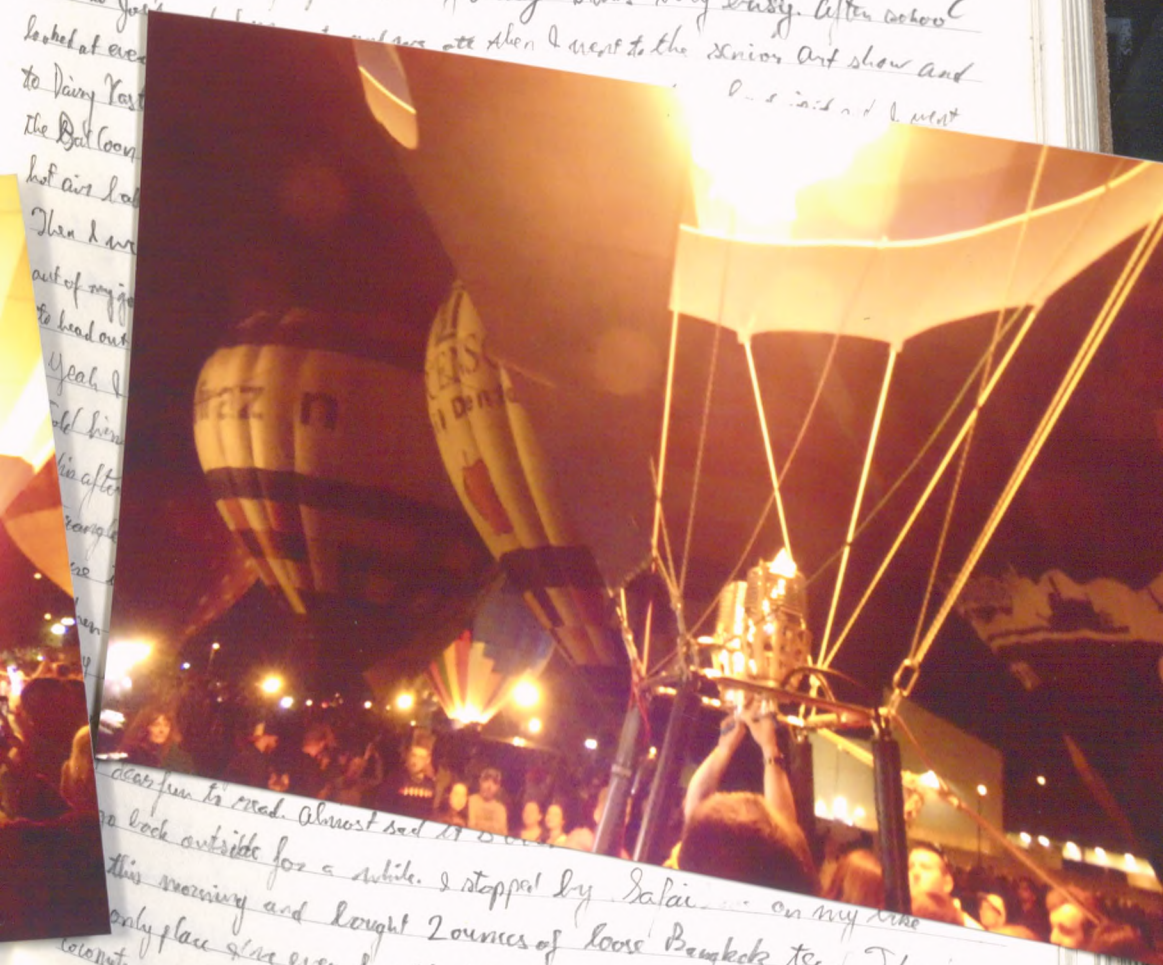
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looked at even... and I went
to Dairy Past...
The Bat Coon...
hot air bal...
Then I was
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Yeah I
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the after
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have been filling these books with annotations that provide more detail about the way my life is right now. I was giddy at the first two chapters of the book. That sort of excitement that is almost too much for reading. I meditated whilst in the coffee shop and stopped because I saw an eye opening. I figured it was a sign I ought to give it a rest. On Friday after school I told Jeremy about all this and I do think he understands. My problem is though, that this guy is sometimes something of a square. Like, I called him as I left Hines Bros. He, Chris, and Williams went to climb Nulu while I was there. I asked if he wanted to hang out. Dude says he's too tired. It's 9:30. What is he, 30? I was highly bored of him when he said that. Dude doesn't even go to bed until he's tired. He rubs his head watching anime. Whatever I just wanted to tell someone about my day. I may hang out w/ Joe, Williams, and Cory tonight because Caden said he might want to come. That would be cool.

I had a good talk with Mom, she listened to me jabber on about On the Road for a minute, also we laughed at how there is a toy Gienzo's on our bookshelf with an Award Emma got right behind it that says "Best Defensive Player". Love that. Only fate can make jokes that good.

I wrote my Birmingham Speech draft today. Auditions are Monday so I will probably have to spend some time tomorrow reading it to commit it to memory. I think it's pretty good. It needs polishing, but I do think it's good enough for the audition.

Fingers crossed.

May 1, 2011 Tuesday

Sunday: Mom and I went out to brunch at Highland Morning but they had a very long wait (30 minutes, not really that bad), so I suggested we walk to Tyler Park which is nearby which we did and it was sunny and beautiful. We walked down there on Edgeland Avenue and it had the tallest sidewalks of anywhere I have ever seen. Like, they were at least a foot and a half above the street. Wild stuff, and a cool example of Louisville's strangeness.

It was an awesome breakfast. I had a Brioche Benedict or something like that.

20 I went over to Julia's and we drew chalk on his driveway, then

bubbles, and three minutes before going inside to play Battlefront 2. A good day. Then I went home at like 7pm or something and I don't really remember what I did after that. I like, probably read or something. Who knows.

Monday was alright. In English we just did other people's projects and that was alright but I miss talking about the literature. Like our class. After school Julia needed me to take her home but before that I hung around for that Bingham speech audition.

Which was awesome. I was so nervous. There were so many people in there and I wasn't super confident. I made like a million edits on my phone in the last 15 minutes before I spoke that when I gave it I just had to read off the screen for the whole time. Still though, they seemed to like it I felt good about my chances. Superstition.

Today we're in first period. Study skills. They call everyone into the auditorium. Senior class meeting. They tell everyone that auditioned to stand. Big tension. Everybody's looking. Mr Youngman says "Everybody shake these people's hands for being brave enough to audition." I was not going to accept any congratulations because it would be embarrassing if I then did not get to be a finalist. So nervous. I was holding my tea but I set it down.

Mr Youngman: "The finalists are: Zachary Coomes, Jacob Prince, and Tavis White!" Woo-hoo! I really expected Tyler Tolson to get something. I was so so glad I made it. Really mostly relaxed I suppose. So relieved. I am just so glad. This means I get to speak at graduation. One of us who speaks the best will get a gold medal. I would like that of course, but really I'm more interested in the speech at graduation. So proud.

Also in Latin today we spent the most of the class working on a practice AP exam and I think I did really well on it. I scored a $3\frac{1}{2}/50$ on the multiple choice and we did the spot and I recognized both passages so I think I did really well. ORG Next class we hope that goes alright.

I have been drinking the tea I bought at Safai and man it is awesome. Yesterday it was so-so, but it's because I only put 4 teaspoons of tea leaves in there. Today I put in 5 and it was super tasty and delicious the whole time. Lovely day all around. I am just so happy. Oh! The craziest thing happened. Okay, so

I took that practice AP exam for Latin in the hallway because the classroom was very loud. While I was out there, Mrs. Paige's class came in from outside and I was saying hello and Logan Mayer got right up in my face in like a funny, friendly way and left a lacrosse ball on my desk. I've been carrying it around all day. The crazy thing was that I dropped it on Stewart's and it hit the desk's leg and bounced off and then bounced back and forth like in a series of smaller and smaller arcs. Wild. Stewart saw it and also thought it was wild. God though. I'm gonna give the ball to William.

April May 4, 2018, Friday, 2:00 AM

So that last afternoon we played basketball but it wasn't really that fun so I went home. I learned that the Buddha doesn't predict his farts. The next day was really good. I was overall just in a positive mood. I believe it was that day, Wednesday, that I drank my daily tea iced instead of hot. That was good enough, actually it was really good. The only reason it wasn't 100% better was because it was a relatively cold temperature all throughout the school and who needs iced tea when it's not burning up? I'll make more next time I go biking or something.

Also I found out that I drink the worst healthy amount of tea just by choice. I was like, "Hmmm, I wonder if you can drink too much of this stuff?" I looked it up. Between 3-5 cups a day is the golden ~~zone~~ zone. Guess how many imperial cups are in a liter? 4.3 baby. Hell yeah. Super healthy tea guy is me.

Wednesday afternoon was so awesome, too. Louisville's been on a hot streak. Like 80° all week. My friends and I went to Tyler Park where I took off my shoes, played Coltrane and Miles Davis from the speaker, and then played Ultimate Frisbee. Best day in a minute. Everything I like (mostly) was happening ~~that I like~~. Simultaneously, then I took everybody to Bractor's but I did not get ice cream. Cory was hungover from a wild last night so while we were there he actually threw up. Then Gregg, Joe, Jeremy, and Chris played basketball while I did my homework, and then we split up.

Thursday was Friday this week because there is no school tomorrow morning due to Oak's. It was a good enough day altogether just a lot

of talking and a hater. In 64 ~~was~~ our class was outside so instead of doing work my friends and I got my Fisher out and threw that around for an hour or so. Then I hung out with Julia in the afternoon and we watched Close Encounters of the Third Kind which was good. We also played a good game of Scrabble, had sex, and generally had good conversation. It was a great day today.

I've been listening to this new (to me) jazz artist named Curtis Fuller that is just phenomenal. Specifically this album called Blues-Ette. So good. Favorite song right now overall is by him, called Love, Your Spell is Everywhere. Wao-hoo! I'm up so late because I had to clean out my old vehicle today. My pater is taking it down to South Carolina to be traded in so I'm getting his old but not that old Camry. I'm happy about it, but I am also quitting. My old car had a whole lot of character. ~~Then~~ That tricky AUX was really lovely for how annoying it was. Now it's just Bluetooth. I guess I did earn it. I'm glad I drove that AUX rigging pic a few weeks ago. That way I won't forget.

Also Dad and I had an interesting talk Wednesday night. He believes in a Lamarckian system of genetics. How mind is that? He said he thought children receive & receive the developed personality traits of their parents. That idea was abandoned more than 150 years ago. Where did he even hear about that? Bizarre thing. He really doesn't believe in macro-evolution either. Is it so impossible and offensive to believe that God set macro-evolution in process? "That evolution would be like a tornado assembling a tractor!"

He said, "That is easy if God is the tornado." I said back. He's a lunatic no doubt, but he is my dad, the lunatic. Gotta love him.

We did agree that Martin Luther is ~~argued~~ an interesting, holy man. In Bible as it stands we are watching this movie about him called Luther and I never realized how cool this guy was. His eloquence and resolve are even today something to be marveled at. But he is "holy" or "whole" (Alan Watts), he has his faults, too. Viciously anti-semitic. Yikes.

May 4, 2018

So I never really wrote anything much about that and kept back in March. I will now because I understand what happened now. I was very scared about this particular moment above all for a month after I remembered and then I just repressed it. Now after doing some spiritual research it seems that life knew I needed to understand it and am perhaps a little proud it happened even though I know I should be. What happened is that I woke up. I remember Jeremy becoming a cartoon and telling me that everyone was me, and that everything was me, and I understood that I was literally God. That everything was me. When I remembered this I freaked out. Surely that can't be true? Surely this can't be some dream, or even worse, a schizophrenic construction when really I live in an insane asylum! I was terrified. From reading all that I have lately I understand now that that experience was an awakening to the fact that I am God, just as everyone is, in the Buddhist sense. It was a coming to, I accepted my role as God, but then got scared, or recoiled, and came back down. I remember how terrifying that was. But it happened, and now I know that God is me and I am everything and that so is everyone else. I just hope there's more to learn about it all. I hope I get to experience something like that another time in life, because it was really very beautiful. My current thought is that basically I died and decided to live again. I think when I die the experience will be similar. That's all I'll ever say about that night again probably. Still going to live better having realized it, but I don't need to obsess over it.

May 5, 2018 12:00 AM, Saturday

Yesterday was so awesome. I hung out at home and made disappointingly watery rice tea in my thermos and drove over to Eden's. I arrived and we played Hide & Seek in his yard for a long time. I was pretty proud of all my spots. I was at one point watching around the front of the house when I saw that Will and Joe arrived. I gave them the scoop quickly and told them to hide.

That was a very intense greeting. We finished that up pretty soon because basically everybody had work and I decided to go for a hike. Dylan Boone had told me about some park with waterfalls on Bardston Road in the South End so I gave it a look-see and only found a really nice park in the Parklands called Broad Run Park. I decided for whatever reason I was gonna hike it last night. That was a cool addition to the already cool day but I was a little embarrassed whenever I passed other people. They have some beautiful meadows in that park. There are some very large ones which are covered in flowers in the lowlands and then I took a trail that went uphill, took a deviant, smaller trail off that, and found another meadow atop the hill which was also nice.

On the way back to my car I found a stream where a whole bunch of frogs were hanging out and it made me think of the Rainbow Connection, and along with Love, Your Spell is Everywhere that is my favorite song this week. So beautiful.

I was semi-near to Julia's place so I decided I'd stop by and see her. I found her watching *Phantom of the Opera* the musical from the 80's and while there I ate Ramen Noodles and we played LEGO Batman and then we slept for an hour or so and then I drove home. Now I'm all showered.

I've never written about how I shower, come to think of it. Or maybe I have? I learned my technique from Latin 1. The Romans would first get hot and sweaty in saunas, then they would wash in the hot, and then they would jump and splash around in a cold pool. The heat opened their pores, they washed them out, then shut them again with cold water. In my showers I go through the same process. My skin always feels so smooth afterward, it rocks. Well, maybe smooth isn't the right word. More like tight or compact. Anyway, it's good.

May 6, 2018

I've been having travelin' dreams lately. I had a dream just the other night in which I was driven around in California. Today, or last night, I was off on some grand adventure to South America. Definitely Dean-inspired. Some great dreams. This morning I woke up at eight but I slept for more dreams until noon, 11:30. I think I'm going biking today in the Parklands. Yesterday I listened a lot to Boonheads by Simon and Garfunkel. Super great album. Julia's dad thinks "America" ought to be our national anthem and I am pretty tempted to agree. Yesterday I put my last ~~100~~ \$500 into my savings account for Colorado. I still have \$300 in cash I'd like to use for that, too. Can't wait for July, baby.

Oh yeah and yesterday was the 144th running of the Kentucky Derby. It was won by "Justify" and I was at Julia's Derby Party and she won 60 bucks. That's pretty dope. I ate so much that day. Wonderful times.

4:33 pm

Well, I'm at John Floyd Fields in the Parklands with a flat tire. I started my ride at Broad Run Park and managed to make it all the way up to William F. Miller Lakes and then back to John Floyd Fields, which is something like $\frac{3}{4}$ of the way back, and then my bike went flat. This was an I'd been leapfrogging with on the way back, saw my struggle and offered to help. Super nice guy. Nothing came of it, though. As part of a stroke of brilliant luck, I found out I was flat right by a welcome center that had a bike pump. Unfortunately, the tire is totally smashed. I mean tube busted, all that.

Really it's a good thing I had to stop here. Some hellish storm is blowing in from over the hill. It's cold and the wind is blowing up. I'm under a shelter and Morgan is on her way to help me. Really lucky I went flat before I got caught in the plains right under this hill. Not a shelter for miles down there. Only the best things in life seem to happen.

The ride today was great, too. Rain is getting intense. Beautiful

this all day. The Parklands are a wonderful place to hike & loved today and I even caught a quick glimpse of the great John Wilcox, the Spelling Philosophy professor whom I met at OSD. We just passed each other on our hikes but it was still really good to see him.

The rain may have just subsided, but I still see thunder. Many people tucked away underneath the shelter.

Morgan picked me up pretty soon after that and now I am at home watching a documentary about national parks in America.

While I was hiking though, I was shirtless and barefoot & don't wear underwear, either. All I had on were shorts. I kicked past this blonde running girl who was extremely attractive.

I thought as I passed "she is more attractive for women than I am for men." However, I turned around at the end of the loop and passed her again. This time from the front. She looked at her friend and said "attractive boys." It just goes to show you need only confidence.

May 1, 2018

Finished off yesterday with a mile run at Atherton's track with Emma while listening to Louis Fuller. Great times.

Last night I had this very strange dream in which I read a Stephen King novel, and I remember the phrases - it was about the main character's dad's experience of seeing a ghost and how the fact that his journal helped him remember it and then how the main character had a paranormal experience of twenty ghosts around his dad while one typed on a typewriter. I've never dream-read before, Super weird, the book was even in his style.

Bildungsroman is a German word that means coming of age novel or spiritual education. This confirms my suspicion that a spiritual awakening is part of becoming a man.

I just learned a new quote from Mr. Youngman in response to

my story about the lying. Albert Einstein said "There are only two ways to live your life: as though nothing is a miracle, or as though everything is a miracle. That really applies to me. Love that so much.

Also in Mr Henderson's class today we learned how to deal with pain. I was very sad I got a problem wrong. "I'm sad," I said. "ABE Playground has a song about sadness." He sang us a kids' song about how it's okay to feel sad, a good class period. It was hilarious. This afternoon I took Julia Lane and we watched Perks & Doc and had sex and when she left I went to Joe's place and we threw the ~~frankie~~ ^{frankie} around, went to go jump on the trampoline, and then Caden and Jeremy ^{came} and it was the whole group minus Gregg just talking. Caden told us how he described each of us to his girlfriend Dakota. I love those kinds of talks because when it gets to you it's so personal. We laughed about so many things, like Jeremy practicing a SpongeBob laugh impression he used to do and how bad it annoyed Chris, how strange I am and how complicated my flaws are, and all the rest. I love my friends so much. We're all brothers I love them, really. That flaw conversation was great. Chris kept going "Jacob, why did you kick those cheese-its?" "Jacob, why did you push Jeremy down in his chair?" and "Jacob, why did you spit milk everywhere?"

I love doing daily entries to preserve the small details like that. We just sat and talked and laughed on the trampoline all the way through sunset. all in a perfect circle. I forgot my backpack at Joe's, too. I had to go back and find it in the yard. I know more detail = less space efficiency, but who gives a damn. There's always more paper. I'll write what I please.

I'm writing this right now and I'm already nostalgic for times like this. I wish it wouldn't end. It's no wonder I found Prokunda so recently. It's the music of ashes and embers, floating away into the night sky.

Last thing I'll write tonight. I learned today that the Appalachian Mountains are actually the oldest on the Earth. Now by time they've been washed away to hills. The grandfathers. The ~~more~~ old pipe smoking Gandalfs of all the Earth, and here I am their neighbor. Kentucky is a truly wonderful place. Now here like home.

May 2, 2018

This morning was somewhat rough. I woke up at 7:10 and I was on time and everything but for whatever reason I had just wanted to be up earlier. When I got to school Bethany and I didn't talk about like, anything at all. It was awkward. On one hand, that gave me time a-plenty to study for my Latin vocal list, but it wasn't very satisfying. Talking to Joe when he came in from Ecology about the solvency of his tolerance break was good though. Latin was good today. I felt really good about my translations and all that. Lunch was also fun because Jackson sat with us due to his lunch being changed because of his impending AP Physics Exam. It probably was not as good a lunch to him as it was to me. After that I chilled in Ms. Hensley's room and watched a Youtube video of some dude on the internet playing the Men of War game. It was fun because it was good to be in the company of those watching (Zach, Gavin, Carmello). APES had to be the best period of the day, though. We went outside to the soccer field, I kicked off my shoes and we all played Ultimate Frisbee. It was really really fun to run and make good catches and passes. I was on a team with Ryan Ackerman, Rustin Baria, Caitlyn Corwell, Nick Bugude, and Jordan McElhain. It was just so fun. I don't know if it was as fun for Will and CJ, but that's because they didn't play with their teams and lost really bad.

When we came back in I was getting water at the fountain by Mr. Wright's room filling up my thermos. Will and CJ were there with me and Mr. Wright came out of his room and was somehow really bothered by how sweaty I was. I know that's the instigation because it was just pouring down my face and I noticed him noticing it. I don't want to write too much about it but he got all condescending and passive aggressive about the fact we were playing Ultimate Frisbee. He just can't have a positive interaction with me, the sad bastard. It really infuriated me.

That ultimate frisbee was blissfully fun. What a wonderful time that was.

After school I had my last Latin Club. It was so fun and Mrs. Vanderschiff complimented me and we ate good food. The afternoon made me feel very vital and loved by the people I interact with, and that is just such a good feeling.

after that I came on home and just relaxed until it was time to go to a choir concert of Emma's at JCMS. That was fun. They had a Latin translation done incorrectly that I found out how to fix on the program. Morgan and I had a lot of fun dancing and enjoying the performances. Then we went out to Graeter's which Grammy bought and it was delicious and we spent something like 10 minutes trying to talk to Blake Clark's dad who is supremely kind and yet awkward. Funny stuff. Now I'm home writing this listening to The Boxer by Simon & Garfunkel thinking about something I forgot and traveling.

I have realized that I will have enough money to go tripping out West this summer. I just keep getting more. From everywhere and everyone. It seems my only constraint will be time. Here's something important: I need to go to the Garden of the Giants in Colorado. Dylan and Grammy said it's not something to be missed.

AP Lit Exam bright and early tomorrow morning. Gotta get ready. Big sleep.

It's 10:44pm. I'm ready.

May 9, 2018

The AP Lit Exam was really good. It was actually fun. There was this poem to John Keats about the beauty of spring. Really good poem. Also for the third essay prompt I got to write about the Aeneid. It was about a character with a gift that is also a curse. Super good time. I loved that so much, what a good mood.

May 11, 2018

Yesterday was a great day. The school portion was only okay because we had the AP's test in the afternoon and that was really long and tiring but then, I hung out with Will, Joe, Tori (Joe's prom date) and her friend. We smoked in Cherokee park while throwing the Frisbee in the field and it was so beautiful. The sunlight was golden. Then we scampered up the water runoff path that leads up the site behind the archery field and popped through low hazy smoke paths full of orange into the highway overpass outlook. So fun we talked up there for like a while.

and then we came back down and separated and I went walking and saw a hawk land on a low branch eating a rodent. I slowly walked across the log bridging a creek to get into the forest meadow near to the tree that the hawk was on. A beautiful thing, the hawk. It was so beautiful and large. Today has been a really good day. We read Bionnelf in Steward's and I translated Seneca in Bible. Great fun, but I am tired.

May 13, 2018

Pavin was yesterday. That was really fun even though the music was pretty garbage. It was all this god-awful dance rap that didn't have any character. I didn't want to dance to it. I didn't even want to listen to it. We spent most of our time walking around the Sæclach and looking at all the architecture. Places so beautiful. Like the Pantheon. Beautiful marble and elaborate murals and we went down to the bathshells which is this very strange beautiful ballroom-esque room from the 20's or so. Beautiful mosaic ceilings and walls and forest-like pillars. I wore a table cloth like a ghost and ran around. Unfortunately it didn't make me invisible, a hotel employee chased us off despite my at first inability to even see him there.

We ate at IHOP that night with Meredith Feller, her boyfriend, Joseph Johnson and his girlfriend, Alex. Amiri. Big. A good time. There will be pictures in here. We went to Broad Run Park to have them taken. Julia looked so beautiful. I really actually had a good time. I slept over at Julia's and in the morning we played Battleship and had sex and now it's Mother's Day at Sonny's. We looked through some photos of older days and now we're gonna eat some pie. Good times.

May 14, 2018

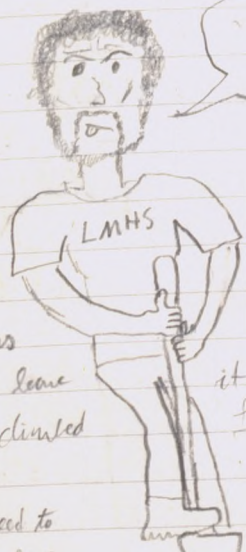
I purchased Dharma Burns by Jack Kerouac yesterday at Cornichael's. When I bought it I met a receptionist, or clerk? Or cashier, who I have come to recognize and appreciate. She is short and awkward

in a cute way with coarse, brown hair. I've been reading it this morning while I make my tea. My Banghok tea, which has had some excellent brews as of late. I've been taking the tea bag out instead of leaving it in and it tastes wonders for flavor. Last Friday was probably the best brew of it I've ever had. Today was a pretty good day. I was alone in first period so I read Dharma Burns. Second period I did pretty decent in Latin which raised my spirits, third period I got speech advice that I still have yet to apply, and last of all was fourth period where I got to dig a trench for the rain garden Mrs Paige is putting in at Mole to do our part to prevent sewage overflow into natural river ecosystems during rain events.

I love digging holes. Call me crazy, but I had a great time out there. I moved more dirt along than anybody else, just because I kept doing it. My trench looked like an enormous earthen valley that separated fertile farmland from savage grass forests. I've got a big old blister on my right palm to show for it.

Now, I had some sort of thought in a half-dream vision last night that I don't want to ignore. It seems of thought. I'll leave decide after I've climbed up.

But anyway I need to after school. I took Julia whether or not Morgan and ~~Marissa~~ Emma liked her and they don't so I got all mixed and chewed them out. Julia and I had sex which was even better than usual, I drove her home, and then just up



You load sixteen tons,
what do you get?"

I have to choose between two schools it at that, but I think that I am to Long's and Dharma Burns is setting me

focus on what happened today home and she finally asked

with Emma and apologized and we were running together with her young friend Chloe and we met a big old Golden Retriever who came over and said hello right in my face as I was sitting down. So cute. We've all been singing "Africa" by Toto lately here at home. Anyway, my tea is done and I have the Calulus BC AP Exam to take tomorrow. Goodnight.

May 15, 2018

Today was a good enough day. I took the AP Calculus BC Exam and after all I did not totally feel terrible about the whole thing. I confidently felt that I knew how to do a bunch of them. Knocking on wood though. Math tests are always deaptive. Never were. Still a good day. Hung out in Youngman's and then watched Haven (a pretty crappy show) in Mrs. Mahaly's.

After school I picked Emma up from school and then went to Joe's place where I played two hyper short games of Fortnite (my first and probably last two) and then went home because my friends were going to play basketball with some friends from school and I'm terrible at basketball so I just left.

I spent the meantime working on that busted inner tube. I drove to Parkside and got a new one, put it in the tire, began to fill it and it swelled up suddenly to the size of a stomach, stayed like that for a second, and popped really loud. My mom even came out to see what had happened.

I drove up there again and bought another one, and I filled it up there, and it did not pop.

Took advantage of that and biked to Cherokee Park and sat on a tree branch over Beargrass Creek and read Dharma Burns. Then I got a Blueberry Muffin from Heine Bros and Joe called and then I went to his place where a lot of people showed up and we talked. It was really chill and I went home. My tea is made, I have had a much needed shower, my journal is now updated, and I am excited to read until sleep.

Oh, and I think all people are much more attractive when they are sweaty. You've been doing work, you look rugged, it's sexy.

May 16, 2018

No fuck the media, goddamn entertainment industry. Kanye West out here out here exposing their asses. People have been talking about this shitty song "Fift Yourself" where he literally just made weird sounds. These news all over the internet, all that. Turns out he released a real ass song explaining a movement he is starting and it got nothing. I never heard it. He proved the media will pick and choose to get a rise. Goddamn this mean is always rising. Beautiful.

"I was in a sunken place then I found a new me."

May 17, 2018

Julia just left today, I had a really good one. School was so chill. I had a really good series of conversations with Mr. Henderson and I really enjoyed that. I like that dude a lot when he doesn't have so much to get done every class. I also played Mario Kart on Gavin Watkins' Nintendo Switch and that was fun. Then I had good conversations in Bible as fit and that was a whole lot of fun as well. This afternoon Julia and I had Joella's which was delish. Julia likes chicken and waffles but I've never had a big fan of savory and sweet. Oh! Also, I confirmed that I will be working that job over the summer so I am gonna just have the most legendary July anyone on Earth has ever had. Redwoods, mountains, Grand Canyon? Who knows what's in store. Maybe I won't get anywhere. I am just too excited to get out there. I am itching. Vibrating. It's going to happen. Man, my life is so good.

I looked up pictures of Big Sur. This is the place I dreamt of. Literally. Julia and I went to Hal Warheim Park and it was a royal good time. It was raining today, fairly hard rain. We sat under the gazebos and listened to the rain. Then we went to the swingset and swung for five minutes or so in the wonderful cold Spring rain. "Swinging in the rain, I'm swinging in the rain!"

May 18, 2018

Both make a quick entry just to say I am drinking the single best beer of the I have ever had. The first sip rocked me. Really, actually rocked me.

"With some Bulwark Chronic that made me choke", 'shit this ain't no joke', made me back on up and set my cup down, something something something, yeah we fucked up now!"



AP Latin in T minus 2 hours.

11:10 pm

AP Latin seems to have gone pretty well. To think of it gives me some fatigue though, so it may just be that I won't say much of it other than "I feel good," until I receive my scores in July.

I was so tired in fact that after the test I came home and napped for at least two hours. During that time I had this crazy dream about exploring an abandoned space station. I was with these people on a team. It was George, William, and two other mystery people. One was a crazy hyper active chick who knew all about everything, and the other was a fat nice dude who loved her.

Everybody knew all these different ways to go about solving the mystery of where all the people went and they were bustling around doing work for the cause but I did not know what to do so I put on this weird black squishy hat and hid in a weird black squishy elevator that would occasionally move me back and forth between two locations. Weird dream.

May 19, 2018

Well yesterday Jeremy picked me up at around 11:40 pm or so and took me over to Nathan Murphy's place for a "party," but more like a group of friends or two mingling with other people. Obviously I got there late and William was already hooking the people up with GBs. I took two or something and smoked a bunch of blunts once for a second and everybody was shirtless because Murph has a pool and I was definitely doing some swimming. A ton of people took off shirts but Trace and I were the only ones to

swims. Oh wait no Arlen swam too and he was really dunk off his ass and I had to carry him to a chair. I was doing really big jumps into the pool. I would run up, jump planting two feet as I landed on the edge of the diving board and spring as a cannonball up into the air and then into the pool. Swimming was fun, but then it was too fun. Joe, as if with the voice of God understood instantly and we had a fantastic understanding and it made me sure I love my friends. Everything, as confirmed by last night, is so wonderful. A song called 'Frozen Burn' by someone called Allen Stone somehow came on my Spotify which was on the Bluetooth AUX came on and it's this wonderful funky thing that I love how chance brought to me. I drove Joe home and we arrived around 4 AM and I slept there then I woke up at 8:40 AM and went home.

At 10:00 AM I grabbed Caden and he and I went to Beechlim Forest to hike their 13 mile Millennium Trail. I felt like it lasted a million years and by the end of it neither Caden nor I was having fun. In the morning it had rained really hard. We were running through the forest shirtless and you could see the rain falling thicker in the places without tree coverage.

Once we got off the trail I asked a man named Brent who was standing at his truck if he knew where we could find water. Brent said no but instead he gave us each an apple and a peanut butter honey sandwich. This guy was a blessing. A real hero. Such perfect food and at the most perfect time. Brent ought to never be forgotten. He had two birds and they were just "living life" right then and he took care of them with his wife in Louisville. Then right after that we found a water fountain. Perfect.

When we got back to Son Caden and I each showered then I picked up Chris and we ate at Mellow Mushroom and we got two medium pizzas and they were so good and so was talking to them.

I've had a fantastic weekend.

May 12, 2018 Wednesday

Sunday I hung out with Julia and we watched Indiana Jones The Last Crusade and it is just such a phenomenal film. I love it a bunch.

Monday we had a party at the trampoline park House of Boom during school for the kids who never had detention in high school and I was there (even though I had detention last week) and that was pretty fun really, but that afternoon was even better. Our senior class went to the Belle of Louisville for a celebration and I just loved it so much. There was this moment when they turned the boat around due to a storm downriver that had been looking at the whole time and they turned it around so suddenly it was like everything was wheeling around the ship, not like the ship was turning. So cool. We danced and ate and had so much fun.

I talked with everyone I knew and had so much fun.

Doing stuff like the Belle of Louisville really reaches us back. I felt the way men must have felt a hundred years ago and I was aware of that. A shared experience that really makes us Southerners.

Tuesday I woke up at 5:30 and hopped in the car with Brandon Jink and he drove me to Frankfurt to work for Action Systems Inc. I met this old guy with a bunch of cheesy stories about his time in his land. I met this guy named Johnathan who was really interesting, the first thing he said to me was on the subject of a re-founding of the ancient Egyptian religion called Communion and that sounds really interesting. There was this other guy named Jacob who looked exactly like this guy we know from Lakeview named Will Pump. He was cool because he was really calm and he knew exactly what he was up to. But man, that job tired me out. I drove to Julia's and basically just slept there. I'm really far behind on photo developing. I need to get on it.

May 24, 2018

My journal is so warm right now. It's been in the car on this 90 degree-ass day. Just fine to hold. Anyway, Wednesday was good. I went to that Honors thing and they gave me this award for my four golds and it's this really cool, expansive dictionary of obscure classical terms. I read this really cool old definition of an epiphany. Originally, to have an epiphany was to receive a revealing of God. More accurately, God reveals himself to you. Really cool idea. So beautiful.

Today was Thursday. We had the senior walk and that was only okay. I was happy to talk to my teachers, and I wrote a letter to Stewart, Youngman, Henderson, Page, and Vanderhoff. She was telling me the other day about her trips to the West, she told me my drive will take more than the scheduled 18 hours, she said I'll have to pour over and understand it, just take it all in. So excited. We poured over a map of here of Rocky Mountain National Park. So excited.

I feel really bad for tall long-haired, metal-head Tommy. ~~Overlooked~~ Spent a long time yesterday sitting on him. They were accusing him of intending to shoot the school up. Fuck all them. He's so nice. I talked to him about it and the dude was so sad. Like, they fucked up the whole graduation for him.

It's whatever. I liked today well enough. Julia and I hung out around 12 until 10:30 and all we did was watch Indiana Jones, play the LEGO one, and sit out in the dusk and talk. We watched the fireflies.

May 25, 2018 2:00am

So after that I went to Joe's place and hung out there with the boys plus Asher and Jan Gray with sidekick "Silent Jackson" I didn't much like the addition of the latter two but that was fine because in something as little as 30 minutes I got there they were both

catatonic and went to bed. The bluetooth speaker we were playing music from died and I recognized that as my moment to seize AUX control so I drove home, got my speaker and a chess board and biked back to Joe's. I was proud because they were all impressed by how fast I got there. There are three major hills on the ride to Joe's, and all of them combine to make the journey there significantly easier than the one back.

The first hill you encounter en route to Joe's is the hill of "Skinny Lakeside." This is a strange, thin section that cuts off one section of the street from another, and so it forms an uphill pedestrians/bike path. This hill is steep, but relatively short. Therefore, it is not so difficult an adversary, especially considering the vigour of an early journey.

The next hill is a gradual downhill slope that precedes a short, gradual uphill. Tweak. The momentum from the downhill is by far enough to easily carry you over the uphill.

The same can be said for the final hill, though it is far more steep. The problem is that the momentum going home does not favor you, so it requires more work.

But I took two shots of vodka, played a half-assed chess game w/ Tommy, and smoked some weed then biked home. It was a really good night. We got on a trampoline at Cory's and that was fun, though admittedly I did fall off of the thing once. Will and I did this really cool conversation circle.

The bike ride home was drunken and hilarious. It took me a good minute to get going. I kept swerving everywhere. Still drunk. Forgive the shitty doodle.



May 26, 2018

My bike has been stolen. I'm sitting in Walgreens where I've been for the last hour waiting on the police. I came to get some photos developed, leaned my bike up against the glass window outside, and when I came back out my bike was gone and there was this crappy blue one in its place. So mine was stolen and the thief left their old bike. I decided to just take it and accept the trade, but when I started down the parking lot I almost ran into a car because the bike has no breaks. I had to throw myself off to prevent an accident. I went back to Walgreens and I'm waiting on the cops. I'll talk about yesterday at some point, but not right now.

I've been reading from my dictionary to pass the time. I'm deep into the section on Music. It's really very interesting. I read that every educated Greek liked music and knew how to play a lyre. My handwriting is bad right now, I'll continue later.

May 28, 2018 20AM

So this has been one of the most hectic and interesting weeks of my life. Friday was a relax day. I went to my old elementary school Audolou to do volunteer work with a bunch of other Male students who grew high with me at Audolou 13 years ago. It was a huge nostalgia fest. I saw Mrs. Cobb, Mrs. Sawyer, Mrs. Reardon, Mrs. Pennington and probably others. I loved getting to see them, it meant a lot and I had fun. I helped do little odd jobs while kids watched Reading Rainbow and then held a mirror up to each kid and asked them what they saw. They were such wonderful, interesting kids. I asked one kid, a kindergartener, what he saw in the mirror and he said he saw "a handsome young man." Killer.

after that I spent an hour at Blake Clark's place playing

Super Smash Bros with him and it was fun and only a little
tiny bit awkward. After that, around six or seven, I picked up Chris
and we drove to Caden's house where we played this awesome board
game the Coates boys got called "Sheriff of Nottingham" which is
a really great game that is for once only ^{horribly} similar to Secret
Hitler. After that we went to the Book and Music Exchange where I
purchased a book that I thought was a different book but more
importantly while I was there they were playing this strange, eerie,
and spooky music that then self-organized into a wonderful
instrumental reprise that I should have recognized from the start
to be Pink Floyd. I was really interested so I asked the
guy behind the counter what it was. "Atom Heart Mother," by
Pink Floyd. Oh, to grow. When I heard that all was for the
first time a few years ago all I remembered was that it was
garbage. Now I love it and have been in the process of
listening to it. After all that fun we all went home and I dodged
an invite to party at Mump's and went to bed.

Saturday was a tough day to define as good or bad. There was
the bike theft, which was and is a terrible loss, but also I learned
a lot about Greek Musical history, went to the pool, and then
went to a really dope party where I met a childhood friend.

So while I was waiting for the 10 to take a report of my bike I
read from that dictionary and it was really, really cool. Learning about
Greek musical history is nothing but extremely interesting.

Their music began in prehistory as religious and highly structured.
From the commentary it seemed they cared more about the
structural style of the music more than the music itself. I
would really like to read Plutarch's "De Musica" and I
wonder if I can find a Latin copy of that somewhere.

Anyway, there was this really interesting rebellion from music as a highly

structured, almost functional art form to something more focused on the art itself in the 5th century BC and individual musicians would show off their skills with highly elaborate constructions and compositions. I'm imagining Jimi Hendrix on the lyre. But what's almost more interesting is that in the 4th century musicians adopted a more bare approach to music that instead only had hints of the intensity and emotion that most of the past century's music had had. I loved this. It's like the rise of Modernism out of Romanticism. Something more sleek and less elaborate.

But then the cop got there and did what he could and I walked home and went swimming. It was Lakeide's opening day and the water felt so good. I opened my eyes under the water and my eyes got so red later on in the day folks would assume that I was stoned.

Still, it was fun. I saw Brendan there who unsuccessfully smuck in but then was shown pity and given a guest pass, I read about music et al. when I was shown pity and given a guest pass, I read about music et al. when I was out of the water and I talked to Nick at the good ol' concession stand. A whole lot of fun. But my day would not end there. Afterwards I hung out with Chris, Cadence and Jeremy just long enough to watch them play Surfer Bros, then Jeremy and I (Chris was also there) went to eat at Taco Tachados, but they were packed so we walked across the street to Jimmy John's. After Jimmy's Jeremy and I went to Grace's place.

Really it's amazing to me all this happened in a day. At Grace's house I saw the usual suspects with the addition of Parker Hogue, Andrea Bagliardi, and Mercedes, the sister of Gregg's girlfriend Alexis. We went after much conversation to the parking lot of the church near Grace's house and while we were there all the gags were throwing around these two fireballs. Grace and I established the brilliant rapport of throwing one fireball to the other simultaneously and they would pass within an inch of each other and still make it. ~~Surprisingly~~ they did collide. I was doing a lot of running that

night. I ran along-side Trace's car for a minute while he was driving his new car in his cul-de-sac and he called out "15 mph" but it was a gross overexaggeration. Still a cool moment. I was also catching a lot of longshot fistfists. After a while we were all getting hot and thirsty so we chilled out by this playground and I decided to go to Walmart to buy some Water bottles for everybody. Albert and Parker decided to come too so we went all together and while we were there, unbelievably, we saw Nina Yaste and Kaityn Hayes. They just so happened to also be getting loaded very soon that night and so in a great gesture of solidarity Kaityn invited us over to her house.

Well, we accepted. We also brought like four or five more people. Will, Joe, Asher, Harrison (future CofK suite-mate) Millenmeyer, Tommy, and probably more. Already at her house were Nina, Carson Centry, Staci Woodard, Sean Shields, two other randoes and probably more.

I dropped \$20 on blunts from Carson's weed, and we didn't even see the dude himself until an hour after we arrived because he and Staci were hidden away somewhere having sex. Somewhat like Kurtz to be honest. There were so many people at the table in Kaityn's backyard and we all got smashed. Mad amounts of weed were being rolled up and there were so many blunts and I talked to so many people and it was good to see Carson again even though it was a little bit like Heart of Darkness.

Sean took like 15 rillos and rolled this mega blunt cigar that I can't even believe was real. There was beautiful heat lightning on the horizon that showed so much depth in the clouds. Like gold. Like gray-gold relief sculptures. Albert got too stoned but I really warned him and tried to save him. I kept telling him if he took that gravity long he'd be out for the night. He didn't listen. He was out for the night. I just had so much fun and even had a good time going home. We stopped at Trace's and ate this delicious cake of Asher's

That I think you gave are the secret heads-up on. Oh, that's right, I told this awesome story before we left for Drea's about the bike theft in the morning. Everybody at the whole table was captivated, and everybody gasped, laughed, and everything right where they were supposed to. It was awesome. Came off so right. So proud.

I drove home as stoned as a pre-Constantine Christian and arrived happily at 4 AM. It's actually nearing that time now, unbelievably, so I'll write about what happened yesterday later today. Goodnight.
May 28, 2018

Matt Graft SC: graft matt 2

Gotta add this dude later.

I'm at Joe & Cory's chillin'. Smoking. Yesterday I hung out with Julia and we met at my house and we went to Morgan Bass for a graduation party. That was pretty fun. I saw Joseph Johnson, his girlfriend Olivia who I like more and more, Chloey, there for like 10 minutes and I'm glad she didn't stay so long, because I don't really like her these days. We went to the park and McDonald's where they took like 100 million years to get all my food out. So annoying. Whatever. After that we talked to like two hours and the convos were gossipy but really good. Decent day. Chill.

What was really the best was watching gravity falls last night. Absolutely more fun than anything else that day. Season 2 is so good. Plot just moved into hyperdrive.

I accidentally just asked the blunt on the page about "Night Photos." Kind of a cool thing. Also, we ordered this excellent deal from Pizzeria Matt with two medium sized pizzas (one Alex, one pepperoni) and wings and garlic breadsticks. So good. It's called "The Box." I said it sounded funny but Matt made this joke. "That's all you say when you call it in, just 'The Box.' and they're like 'We Understand.'" Both of those were said in a really serious voice. Hilarious. I made a pretty good joke that

Joe didn't like. We were talking about Garlic and Cinnamon Knots at William's new work Dominos and he was telling me about each and so I said, "How how about astro-knots? What are those like?" Joe thought this was so bad he intervened. Had to let me know.

I made another joke that night that he liked better. We were talking about making weed brownies and how Tommy made Everclear, a type of alcohol and they were saying that the way he used it in the process could result in you getting drunk as well as high. They were saying how they didn't like it. Now using regular butter would be better and I said, "Well yeah, you don't want to get drunk, you want to get littered." I did not like this joke as well as the "astro-knot" joke. Also we had this really good conversation about Will and I is relatively and how it isn't really as good as it ought to be.

also it feels like I've been watching myself write this from deep-
I'm still high. Time for Gravity Falls.

OH! But wait. While I was driving with Jeremy to Caden's the other day, I believe Friday, I noticed that the girl in the car behind us had a Male High Parking Pass. I held mine out the window and tapped on it so they could see. They at first were confused, but then they understood and waved excitedly. I waved too. A really good interaction.

May 31, 2018 3:25 AM

Just got home from Joe's place.

Tuesday, the 29th We had a Baccalaureate practice in the morning which was cool because I found out I'm sitting next to people I like at Graduation Ryan Ackerman, Blake Clark, etc and then I hung out with Julia that day and then we had the real Baccalaureate in the evening and the thing was pretty boring so yeah except this dude who graduated from Male in '06 gave a weird but decent speech. He said we're all born Superman but choose to be Clark Kent. Cool.

After that I don't really remember what we did. That's okay. Oh wait
nevermind, we went to Safai where we sat for a while but I was so
boring and so we went back to my place and had sex. It was okay, but
I felt kind of disgusting afterward and John helped me get over that.
Super sweet. Today yesterday was a good day but it was big so I may write
about it in the morning.

11:40 AM

Yesterday was good. We had a graduation practice in the morning
and after that it was raining and Julia, Theresa, Andrea, Taylor Wortham
Joseph Johnson and I went to Superchefs to eat. Julia and others were
late so I sat for a while listening to Atom Heart Mother and reading the
book I bought last Friday that I thought was a different book. Stewart
recommended a book called 'The Beach' and I accidentally purchased 'On
the beach'. It has turned out to be good however. It is about the
Southern Hemisphere waiting for the fallout from a Northern Hemisphere
Nuclear war to follow the wind and slowly kill them. What if that
happened and it selected individuals immune to radiation and our species
evolved? That'd be cool anyway, it takes place in Australia. Baxter and
Flamingo are climbing all over me.

Then Julia came into my car with Taylor and we sat in there a while before
going in and then awaiting the rest of the party. When we did order I got three really
large shrimp Po Boy. They fried and breaded the shrimp in this spicy batter and
it tasted really good. However, there was a lot of crab on it which only tasted
alright. Overall it was good. After that I went home and took a nap, and I think
that just about everyone I know did too. The entire senior class of Male High
was in bed until the afternoon. Myself I woke up at 3pm, made some tea, grabbed
a banana and went swimming. Yesterday's was the first brew of this Green Tea
given to me by Mrs. Paige that she bought last summer on a trip to China.
It's good! The leaves are cutler than usual. Very nice. So was that.
Afterwards at the pool, I swam a 500 yard set in the lap lanes and

then got out to read a while and I would jump back in to swim, recreationally and I did that many times and drank tea and it was fun.

After swimming Julia invited me to join her Morgan, Chloe, and Kare for Waterfoot Wednesday. I drove down there and we had a really good time.

The first band I saw was this chill almost psychedelic rock band and they were really good, but the second band was only good for background music. Julia and I talked for a long time at the Ohio's bank.

That was really fun. I also saw many people I know like Will Kaelin, Jacob Smith, Michael Younger (who I saw at work in the Courtland and we talked for a while), Nathan Kattelson and probably more. After that I drove home but not before accidentally bumping into this guy and naturally throwing a "My bad, bro," over my shoulder but when I did he was poised to fight. Ridiculous. Speaking of ridiculous, I went to Joe's and he and I bought firewood but at first we tried to just take it because there was this one cashier one time who told us it was not a big deal. However, this one was different and he cared so I went in and paid for it. Awkward. However, Jeremy and Will both arrived and we talked over a really great fire. Really great conversations. A good night.



My friends and I have reached a point of knowing each other so well half the shit we say is redundant. We already know who was going to say what.

It's wonderful to be friends with these guys.

June 3, 2018

Past few days have had a very strange schedule. Up late, waking up in the afternoon, all that. Thursday, June 1, I spent all day working on my Bingham Speech for graduation. Totally rewrote the whole thing from 2-6 and then went for a walk with old Baxter around 7:30 to 9:00 pm. I met this weird old-ish foreign dude who was a little too nice. He wasn't really super creepy or anything, just too nice. Made me a little bit uncomfortable. He did say that art required dedication, and that was cool because it motivated me for working on the speech. It kept me up long into the night after waiting a while after the walk to get started. I made some index cards that'll keep in here to help me remember the written outline. I practiced in front of a mirror until 4 or something and then I went to bed.

On Friday I woke up at 9:30 to a Starbucks Sandwich from my Mom and continued to be nervous and practice my speech. We drove to graduation and I had all my cards in my pocket and I was so nervous but Jack had to give his speech first. His, unfortunately, was not very hot. It was really hype, but like he was trying too hard. Like he was trying to amp up the crowd in a really basic, non-speaking way. Bad speech, and I am really sad for it because he wanted it to be good so badly. He just got nervous. However mean it is, when he did so poorly it gave me more confidence. I had been so nervous but when my name was called I felt nothing but determination. I knew how it would go and I knew it would be well because I just wasn't thinking. I view that sort of thing as a lightning strike and I was the rod. I just had to feel the static build up and allow it to break over my head in an explosion of emotion. I never even took out the notecards. I'd like to put the typed version in here but the spoken one was better. I was crying all out by the end of it and I didn't hear a word of Furri's. It was pretty obvious to everyone that I was going to win and I did. I got a 9.9 harat gold medal. The real prize was the giving of the speech itself.

So proud of it. Caden and Chris are coming over to swim with me soon, so I'll finish this another time.

Down time while they park. I had so much fun that day giving the speech, but already had me out. I ate lunch with my family at W. Cousins and Uncle Troy and Aunt Bonnie were there and it was nice to see them again. I also got like fat stacks of money. My family is so fucking nice. After dinner I went with Julia to go to Meredith's party where I talked to Marin, Sai, Lydia, Julia, and others. I had fun enough. After that I dropped Julia off at ap's and then I went to Blake's house where I hung out with Luke, Blake, Lydia, Lizzy and me. It was a good time. We talked about various things, it was all Lizzy-type stuff. So it was fun.

Project Graduation, which is like a lock in the night after graduation to prevent people dying in drunk driving accidents, sucked. It was so little fun. I just wanted to go home. Bleh.

The next day I woke up at like 12 and Julia stayed the night at my place. We had sex in the morning before we ever said anything to each other and it was wonderful. After that we went to Taylor Wortham's grad party and that was cool but everybody was tired. We played some cornhole and Mr. Wortham is so fucking good at that game, god-damn. He kicked our fucking asses. We got creamed.

Apparently ESPN put live cornhole on T.V. What the fuck? We live in Kentucky.

After that I spent like 15 minutes trying to find Bethany Pyles' place. I spent like 4 hours from 8 to like 2 just all talking around the fire over some deep and wonderful things and Sean O'Connell, Jared White, Bethany, and her boyfriend and I talked altogether. So fun. I really want her, man. God, she is so beautiful. I think I won't get her, though. God, Julia really can't ever see this. Bethany is like the newer, more attractive model that you don't but you know.

June 3, 2018

Past few days have been a bit of a schedule. Up late, waking up in the afternoon, all that my Bingham Speech from 2-6 to 9:00 - give



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In the fourth sentence of his great work Moby Dick, Herman Melville writes that, "Whenever I find myself growing grim about the mouth; whenever it is a damp, drizzly November in my soul, then I account it high time to get to sea as soon as I can." Ah, that great old ocean. You know, if you cup your hand just like this you can almost hear it. That's the same siren song whose low rumbling notes called first on Noah, then Columbus, and now you. One you can't even imagine. Yes, you. Even if you don't have a literal voyage planned this summer like Logan and Asher, now is your time to weigh anchor and set sail for a world beyond you. But are you ready?

The idea is beautiful. We all want to escape this dreary habitual rut of the everyday. We're chomping at the bit for the chance to experience something new. But if there's only one good thing about being on land it's that it's stable. When you're out there on the high seas and your great blue sky gains just a hint of grey, and when the pure sea air kicks up a little too strong, and when the horizon finally swallows that last glimpse of the land you're leaving, you will wish your boat didn't rock so much. It won't be easy, and we will be scared, but our teachers here at Male have done their best to help. We all had at least one teacher that just pushed us too hard with unreasonable demands and expectations. That one class that you just hated every second of because it was way too difficult. Well, maybe that was exposing us to measured hardships so that we might learn how to fall with grace and outlast the many struggles we're sure to face. Nobody has ever reached the horizon and with each generation we sail further and further. The problems that await us on that vast open sea will be wilder and stranger than anything our ancestors ever saw, and we will have to make the answers ourselves. The most valuable thing Male has given us is persistence. This is driving wind in our sails that has guided our ancestors for tens of thousands of years; the unrelenting tenacity that pushes on forever in the face of all brutal adversity. That dogged, persistent wind is the human spirit. It yells in the storm, raging against grief crying, "We will endure." We will face whatever storm and stick it out until we have at last come through the clouds victorious. We are armed with the knowledge of the last generation, they have passed us the torch. This is why we're here today. We are ready to sail.

you want so bad but it would be wiser to just settle for your more reliable, older and more reliable car. She's nice, and courteous, and I'll feel guilty for all this later. But God I want Bethany badly.

at around 2 AM I left for Trace's place. I was so pleased to call Joe and learn there was a move that night because I was too energetic to go to bed. I picked Joe up and we drove to the church by Trace's house and I lit a dab for the first time and God, it was so fucking dope. I had so much fun, I was so stoned. So, happily stoned. We threw bella fruita and then went back to Trace's and chilled until we left at about 4:00 AM. Really good time. I woke up at 2 today and swam around 6:00 with Caden and Chris and then we went to go eat at The Eagle and it was really a good time. Such good fucking food. I had this chicken sandwich with spicy mayo, coleslaw, fries etc. Such good fucking food. Also fries w/ spicy mustard and good bread and all. Joe's good.

June 5, 2019

"Too good" was right. I got way too stoned Sunday night, drove home, and threw up all that foul at 3:AM. I think it was some kind of food poisoning. Probably done with the chapter of my life that involves much smoking along. Really fucked me up. I must be too old for all of that. I arrived too early, it seems, to meeting today with Mr. Don. Fuck about something and what's worse is that I forgot on the beach. Always gotta keep that stuff in my backpack. Had a good dream in which I was in college I think and I kept being late and never having any assignments turned in. It was only a good dream because the classes seemed really cool.

Anyway, it's Tuesday this morning and Monday was a good day. Julia came over at like 2:30 pm and I accidentally spilled orange juice on her and we later had sex and watched World's Most Extraordinary Homes and then we left my place and went to Morgan Bass' place (on the way I picked up Hine Bros and got Julia a caramel iceberg and I got a frozen lemonade mixed with such berries. Delicious) where Lydie Sanders and Taylor Westham.

were awaiting us to begin the first meeting of our movie club called "Movie Cult." We watched *The Shining* and talked all the way through it, but that's honestly how I prefer to watch a movie. Beautiful film. Made me so uncomfortable so many times, and the scenes mostly all looked beautiful. Taylor Wornham afterwards told crazy stories. Really cool anyway, still waiting. Just hanging out here. AOK Storage is a pretty cool place though. The floor is black and grey tiled granite and red walls above a grey-rock half of wall. I think it used to be a bank from the fact that there is a huge vault with heavy-metal door and all down the hall. Any door is brown with a nice molding of the same color.

11:55 pm

I've had a fantastic though tiring day. One of the better days I've had this summer at Mr. Pink's work (henceforth referred to by its actual, genuine name of AOK) we get to go up to the roof and do work up there like all day. Our task was to power wash the roof, but to do that we had to pull the hose from the ground up 70ft using whatever we could find. Well, we used this trio of three yellow coiled things, lowered ^{them} down, and they didn't even make it almost all the way to the hose we needed to tie them to. Even tied together, not even half. I was working with Sam Graber today and he resolved to get some more rope.

Well while he was gone I got a little bored. I saw behind me a large door that had no lock and opened into a room atop the roof. I went in and found out it was a motor room for the elevator. There was a bunch of derelict crap up there but one fire hose I saw would be derelict no longer! I felt the elevator coming up and I called down a little square hole at Sam down the shaft that I had found a fire hose and he decided it might be a good idea, so he went down to the hose. I tied the fire hose to the three connected yellow things and they reached the bottom successfully. We tied up the hose and yanked it up. It didn't work because the hose had a huge tear in it so we had to get another. Then the power washer ran out of gas. We had to go roof to basement everytime something

went wrong. Irritating. After all that we power washed the roof and later swept it after eating an expensive lunch at Chipotle. Sam is going to Bonarcon this week so I'm jealous and I'll have to work alone. Still, the view from the roof was awesome and we went shirtless to work on our tans. We went home at 3pm and I showered and slept until 9:00 when I dug my own ass out of bed to go swim. I was a good enough tier and went home after a couple hours. But even after all that my night was not over. Whilst atop AOK I glimpsed a far away tower, a parapet with a view of the city that I wanted access to. This lofty balcony was a rusty old watertower in Louisville's faded industrial sector.

I asked Will and Caden if they'd like to see the sunset from there at something like 8:17. I had to hurry to find it on Google Maps and then I drove over to Will + Joe's and found Chris and Jeremy there. Strange. Will and Joe also had appointments to get taxes, apparently? So they couldn't even come. Jeremy, Chris, and I drove to Caden's where we stopped McClain and Caden and headed off to the projects.

McClain knew exactly where it was which was cool and we arrived after the sunset's brilliance had subsided. That was fine with me, though. There were surprisingly many people about so the darker, the better. We saw some trainees at that as usual, Jeremy flatted with the idea of hopping, but he didn't and at last we got Locken's hint for a way up the building to access the water tower on top. Jeremy, Lacey, and Chris were leading this stupid journey of their own to find a way up. This was frustrating because I knew they wouldn't find anything. Jeremy finally came over to McClain and I and then I found a way up in the corner sky door. Once I made it I was very frustrated to see Jeremy and McClain had retreated to the fence line, what the Hell? I had just found the way up! Why wasn't they with me? Whatever, super annoying. They came back around and everybody on the ground had a big debate about whether or not they were coming up, and finally everybody but McClain decided to come so I gave him my car keys and he went back to my car.

Apparently on the way there some dude tried to threaten him for money and he called his bluff. Props to Mellars for being so badass. Equals out the water tower. That ditch's ladder was tall and narrow, but eventually, even though Jeremy went first, I found my way up and joined him. We tried to take photos of course but they didn't do the view justice. The skyline was lit up in the early night and the buildings felt so huge and in your face. So cool. What a fantastic, tiring day.



Week 7, 2016

Yesterday was a good day. I went to AOK for work at 9 and wound up going to drop Mr. Nish off at his car and then to some office in St. Matthews with Brendan. We had a good time talking and saw John again. We all talked about Pink Floyd, Kanye West, Literature, the usual. Brendan and I played a couple games of chess on this small portable board that I found the other day at Papa Tom's house. Brendan beat me pretty easily both times. The first game was dull and I just ended it with a resign but the second game he had a square checkmate and it was a much more sporting match. Work ended around 2:30 and after that I went to hang out with Julia as she came to me. We ate at 'Five Guys' Burgers and Swam. Julia

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later swept it after eating an expressive lunch at Chipotle. Sam is going
to Bonanza this week so I'm jealous and I'll have to work alone.
Still, the view from the roof was awesome and we went shirtless to
work on our tan. We went home at 3pm and I showered and slept
until 5:00 when I dug my own ass out of bed to go swimming. I had
a good enough time and went to bed. I was away from town -
that may might be a good thing. This lofty
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Can't go underwater without holding her nose so I've spent some time trying to fix that. After that we had some soft serve ice cream from Dairy Kastle and she got Vanilla and I did too but mine was butterscotch dipped. Yesterday I started a new initiative that dictates me to drink my tea after work instead of during. This is necessary because I have been so cripplingly tired after work that I need some sort of pick me up. Really I just need to go to bed earlier. The tea was more tasteful than usual, too. Tea is probably the best thing to drink by the pool. The water is cold and then you get out and the tea warms you up.

Today I broke routine and drank no tea and I suffered for it. This morning I did not go to work on account of not knowing where to go etc and yet I have still been tired most of all of today. All I did really was talk to Joe for a couple of hours at his place and turn my medal into to Foley's Jewellers to have it engraved with my name. That should be cool I need to weigh that thing because I don't think it's actually worth very much, which is disappointing because it doesn't really look very fancy either. Whatever. It's 11:30 and I'm tired. Goodnight.

June 1, 2016 2:15 am

Today was a really good day. Especially for a work day. Worked with the Legend Daniel Coy. Love that dude so much. Made my day so good. I feel so comfortable to talk with that dude. Both of our jokes come off so well to each other and we can engage in deep conversation. I also met this good dude Moe, or Maurice, and he likes the Blues and is a lot of fun. Super mature guy, and he likes to listen to the Blues. Good old Muddy Waters and all. BB King, actually. Really respectable man.

We ate lunch at like 12:00 and we had Shiraz, where I had not eaten before. It's the kinda of Mediterranean Sea. Good. Stoned.

After that I went to Julia's place and we played Mario Kart and after that we ate KFC and then she just kind of slept on my lap while I read and such. Made my tea way too bitter today and it was kind of tough.

It did caffeinate me though. Here I am at Joe's at 2 or 3 AM smoking weed. That was not expected to be frank. I was not feeling weed today but I'm having a good time. Lots of asking but why else would I come?
June 10, 2018

Yesterday was a good day. I remember having some vivid dreams that morning, and lately I've been having many of those. I think Friday or Thursday night I had this cool dream about going ice skating and dancing the whole time to some song I really like. After that we all got in a car and tried to drive to Provo. I think the dream of Saturday Morning was about me trying to read Roman Numerals. Couldn't do it. also I was in this really cool version of Math. New classes and new stuff to learn but all the same fun. Anyway, I guess I hung around home until like 2:00pm or so and then I went swimming. I had been planning on going to this festival at Atherton at 4:00, but they evidently closed the festival at 3. That was fine because I took a small nap instead after the pool, and then Maura, Morgan, Emma, and I all ~~went~~ went out to run errands together. We went to this Sports store in the East End I've been to before called Academy Sports. It was fun, we were all just joking around a lot. after that we ate at this nearby restaurant called Two Dogs or something and it was alright food-wise but what was cool was that almost immediately after sitting they put on the Belmont Stakes race, the final horse race in the Triple Crown. Derby Winner Justify had also won the Preakness so it was all down to this race.

They let ~~on~~ out the horses and everything was tense. It doesn't matter how you felt about Justify at Derby at this point, every person in that restaurant wanted Justify to pull out ahead. Belmont's a hard track, though. He was neck and neck with Purple for a while, and when they came around the final bend he was ahead by only a nose. Every person in there was cheering him on. It was close, but in the final stretch it was clear. Justify was the 13th winner in 150 years of the Triple Crown. So much energy. It was awesome.

after that we went to Target and I crawled into the bottom of the cart

and crawled around like I was on a scooter. It was funny and really fun. After Target we went home and I played a computer game where you design an ecosystem with Emma, and then I went to Julia's sister's apartment and Julia and I went out to Home Bros. We got frozen lemonade with raspberries and pomegranate flavorings and sat outside to drink them. We saw a whole bunch of mice running into a trash can and they were really cute. They scared this dude and he had a really funny reaction. After that we just went back to the apartment and Julia fell asleep on my me. Then I came home and slept. I had dreams of finishing going to Colorado but what else is new?

June 11, 2018

Today has been a good and relaxing day. I woke up at 7:30 and texted Mr. Parker at Action Systems so that I might know where I was headed for work. In a pleasant surprise, I was sent to the AOK ~~book~~ building to build room furniture. I ran into Mr. Jink and he gave me the rundown on how to do it and what to do. First thing I had to do was clear a space, and so I had to move this huge wooden pallet on to the elevator and the elevator was on the Mezzanine so I had to go up the stairs and bring it down to the first floor.

The elevator is on the opposite side of the floor from the stairs and the floor is lined with numbered doors that I was interested in. I was going down the hall toward the elevator absent-mindedly grabbing and attempting to twist resistant door knobs. Well, the last door by the elevator came up and I twisted the knob and to my great surprise, it opened. Not only was it open, but inside was this ancient, dusty old acoustic guitar.

So loose, couldn't get there, I was giddy. The but otherwise it's

the elevator and changed old talk show to a



This thing is old. Like, the strings were all a note out. I tuned it up while I was ^{up} ~~out~~ low & took some work staying tuned perfect. I went back down ~~the stairs~~ with the radio stations on the radio from some classical music channel I found out about from the internet on 90.5FM. I built the desk while listening to the music but thinking of nothing but the guitar.

When it was done I had officially devised a tactic to safely remove the guitar with no question of being seen. I entered the stairs from the basement, and on the way to grab the guitar I did see some guy. He came out of the darkness and made me jump. Worried me because I ~~later~~ chose the basement route for its lack of unwanted eyes. Well, I went back to the room and came back down with the guitar slung over my back into the basement and saw nobody. I went up the little metal stairs that led to a closed door by the elevator and exit. I walked out and to my car, put it in, and drove away. I'd sort of like robbery, in that I didn't want to get caught taking it, but really it's not so much like that because the guitar was lost and unused. I did forget my backpack there though. Like in Crime and Punishment where Raskolnikov says the common criminal always makes some mistake. I went back to AOK during lunch with Daniel and afterwards we had Odeda. There was terrible traffic on the way back. After work I made some tea, spent a lot of time playing my new/old guitar, and took a nap that was surprisingly interrupted by Chris Coates in my room. I've had his boots in my trunk for a couple of weeks because Caeden borrowed them and left them there after our hike. His dad drove him over to my my house to get them back and there he was. I got the boots and he was on his way. Now I've made tomorrow's tea and it's around 12:30 and I'm ready for bed. Work at 7:45 tomorrow.

July 13, 2018 June 14 2018 12:4 AM

That next day from the last entry was good enough, but it was harder than all of the others. When I work with Brandon as I did that day, there's just so much more pressure than usual. I think it's because he feels like he has to do a really really good job because he's the Boss's kid. But also it was just a tough day of work, early start and late finish. We left at like 4:30pm. Also man, there was this whole thing about a forklift that just made me really annoyed and a little bit frightened simultaneously. There was no service elevator in the place when we were moving furniture in to but they did have a handy dandy forklift and a handy dandy backlift elevator to match. We were told to put all

of the heavy ass stuff we were moving into a flimsy ^{wooden} cardboard box and he would lift it up to a platform which we would take it out of. This guy was not good at balancing the box. He said that if we did not shift our weight appropriately when removing panels and stuff, the box would just fall off on the right side. I was not trying to fall off with it. I never did, but at one point the box did fall while empty. We ate at Andy's for lunch and that was great, even though they served us our food through a thick, prison-like partition of glass.

After work I drove to Julia's and we were going to go into the Highlands but it was ~~start~~ raining so we just got Cane's and also ice cream from Kroger. We ate the Cane's and ice cream and watched a movie called Seven which is really fantastic and is about two detectives investigating a serial killer who commits murders in the style of the Seven Deadly Sins. Really great and a thinker. After that I went home after having had sex and eaten the ~~first~~ ^{first} half of the ice cream. It was like 3 AM when I finally got home and when I woke up the next day, Wednesday, I did not want to go to work.

I called myself off and fell back asleep amazingly until three o'clock PM and then I went swimming around 7:30 and swam a 1000 m thing broken up into 1 100m, 2 200m, ~~3 300m~~ 1 300m, and 1 more 200m. After that I read and then went to Caden's. We drove to an abandoned factory but Caden and McClain pulled a u-turn and drove back to Caden's and we climbed Barnett and just talked for a while. McClain and Chris did not join, however because McClain "couldn't do it" and Chris is too nice to leave him. Kels needs to man up already.

There was this cool thing we did before leaving where I played rhythms to McClain and Caden's, soloing with this weird electronic "instrument" that is shaped like a musical note and you rub the tall thin portion and it produces a sound based on where your fingers are. It wasn't great sounding but it was funny.

June 17, 2018

Friday

~~Good~~ Today was a good day. I worked at like 8? We were getting the roof painted at last. I got very sunburnt painting up there and I was doing it to the music of my guitar amp speaker and after that I had a rather lonely afternoon.

which for once I was not wanting and got invited to a party that night but instead around 11, went to bed.

Saturday

Brekan and I painted atop the roof on Friday with his Dad and that was a great time. We listened to a good deal of music by Muse and that was really fun. I thought since they had a song in Twilight that they were a creepy emo band but I was totally wrong. Really fun to listen to. Reminded about the story of the desperate Romans. He and I had some fantastic conversations about math and whatever and that was cool. I was really not feeling coming in on Saturday but I did it for that sweet 6. Plus we only stayed until 12 so not too bad.

I ~~was~~ forgot to write about Thursday! On Thursday Dan Graber and I worked on roof prep for the last time and Mr. Yink bought us fish and chips which were delicious from Mary Malone's and we watched one of the first games of the World Cup. At first we walked into the fever but they refused to change the channel from golf so we left. Pretty funny. After all that Julia and I went swimming and had a whole lot of fun. I had just used amounts of energy for whatever reason and did all kinds of fun stuff in the water. After that we went to movie club and watched Prince. It was okay, and I had some gunning beans and now I like that candy better than the worms.

Anyway, back to Saturday. After work on Saturday I went to Julia's graduation party and that was fun. I stood upon the back of and rode on top of the golf cart with Jeremy C who was there with Theresa (though he keeps saying he doesn't like her) and that was fun, though I don't really love that he was there. I don't really want any friends at my girlfriend's house. You see, it was a good enough time though. Fun and glad to be home today.

June 20, 2018

So today is Wednesday and I've had a really good week. Sunday was a peaceful and relaxing day. I went for a walk to Carmichael's with Lee & Teer in my thermos and oranges in my backpack. I had gone to Book and Music Exchange to try and trade in On the Beach but they didn't have anything I wanted so I kept on. At Carmichael's I purchased

the "greatest Sci-fi novel of all time": Dune. My copy's got this beautiful cover of a man walking alone in silver over orange sand. It looks good, and the first 138 pages have been fantastic. One of the best set ups for a universe so big I've ever read. But I saw that minor awkward, major nice employee I always see, and then I went back home and changed into swim trunks and swim for a 1000 m or so and then I read until close. My handwriting is worse than usual today because I'm writing stop ACK whilst on break from painting. It's difficult to get into a good, comfortable writing position. Hopefully anyone can read this in the future. Well, I'll stop here for now.

Thing is though, I don't really want to.

Monday was alright. I woke up at like 7:00 AM for work I believe and I think it was Monday that we moved on to silicone paint and stopped with the primers. This stuff goes on so much easier and I just like painting it so much more. ~~Right~~ While painting we've been listening to this radio station 91.9 or 90.1 or 91.1 or something and it's really good. They give out info about upcoming concerts and festivals etc, talk the news in the mornings and play some pretty good music. I enjoy it a lot and that is refreshing considering it's a radio station. Else while working all these days I've been taking measures to ~~not~~ get tan. I take my shirt off and whatnot to become glazed. Well, it's totally working. I am so golden brown you'd put me on ice cream if you could. I went to Julia's after work around six pm and we had a grand time going to Qdoba and watching TV and some such. Julia had two helium balloons left over from her party and we inhaled the gas to get those squeaky voices. In surreal, I love that girl. More later, this break is getting long.

June 22, 2018

Much later, Tuesday was a shining gem this week. I got off of work very early at like 11 or something and I went to hang out at Joseph's place. I called Jeremy asking him if he would also like to hang out but he chose instead to play basketball with this guy Josh Coe. This inspired

Conversations later with Joe, Will, Dan Gray, and Gregg about the possible breaking of our group. I was suspecting that Jeremy may have been trying to form the gradual motion of separations. General sadness in discussion there, but we passed from that and into a discussion about where Gregg has been living in Bullitt County. Many racists out there, his tires were slashed & I was sad to hear about and he is having other mechanical troubles as well but as the jokes rolled out it somehow turned into one of the greatest conversations with Gregg I've ever had. We were recently given by Will and Joe's parents a set of frisbee golf frisbees and so we met Caden at Iroquois Park to try them out and I rode with Joe because I liked to his house and I told him where to go and I was very proud of my directional skill as always. We were so goddamn bad at frisbee golf. We didn't stay long and barely even managed to keep track of all the frisbees. Caden was great to talk to as well. I rode with him once we had left to Orange Leaf to eat frozen yogurt and see Jeremy.

Joe had to go buy drugs after that, and Caden and I went to go to his house to pick up Sheriff of Nottingham. On the way he told me about the troubles he's having with his girlfriend Dakota because she has decided that her sexual orientation is "polyamorous" or that she thinks it's okay for herself to have multiple romantic partners at once. I told Caden it was bullshit and he probably ought to make up with her. I think he knows the truth but isn't sure if he can do it. My best wishes to him. When we got to his house we probably spent something like 45 minutes talking to him about this game he likes called Splatoon and other various goshery. And then we finally got back to Joe's. Tommy, Will, Cory, Joe, a girl named Sarah, and then Caden and I were all getting down to business. Oh and Stagg was there. This was fantastic. But the shirt felt uncomfortable and immediately started taking shots of Tequila and that was so excellent. We all started going swimming and eventually Jeremy and Chris appeared and I was like a happy child in the water dunking Joseph and playing chicken fights and Will and I talked so well despite the fact that he, Tommy, and

Sarah remained outside the water. I did at one point recover, then as an envoy or ambassador or even missionary to introduce them to the joys of the pool but they silently declined and so I, dejected but not defeated, or vice versa, rejoined the crew in the water with a dramatic cannonball. It was the whole group. Every single one of us was there and it was the best night I've had this summer. I biked home and went to bed and woke up in time for work and then I went to Julia's after that, or not really. Julia came here and we had a picnic with Morgan Bass and Taylor Wortham and we brought all kinds of food like baguettes and turkey sandwiches and apples and Ale &c. So good and a lot of fun. We had the picnic by the Widel's Hat and Hogan's Fountain at Cherokee Park and it was so fun. There was this random kid who came out to the playground and he didn't have any parents around and an ice cream truck pulled up so I gave him \$1.50 and he got ice cream. I felt a little bit better about him after that and the day felt better. Julia and I walked the dog down to eastern Parkway after that and then we just chatted and watched the Office until she went home. I went to bed and woke up Thursday and did not go to work due to rain and just read and hung around until we watched Rocky Horror Picture Show at Morris Club with Julia, Taylor, Morgan, Lydia Sanders, Joseph Johnson, and his girlfriend Christa. That was fun though I think the movie made most uncomfortable. That is kind of the point however. I love that thing. Sweet Transvestite is definitely the best song.

Can so relieve to have gotten through all that. Jately playing guitar and reading Dune have constituted all of my free time. I'm really loving both, but I have gotten awfully behind on journaling. It felt like I had to rap to get it all out. Dear Ford am I relieved.

June 23, 2012

Right now is one of those times where everything seems to be moving in a hurry. I've got this anxiety in me and it begs motion. I think today provides a pretty good estimate of what life will be like for the next few weeks. Much to do, much happening, and much that is going to happen. I need to make it

imperative that I keep time in my journal every night because if I don't, it may be that I never get anything down to the level of detail I would like. So begin with, yesterday was an excellent day for rest and relaxation until 11:30 when I decided I was going to like to Nathan Murphy's house for a party he was throwing. I was trying to drink a lot so I didn't want to drive, and Joseph wasn't going to be off of work for another hour so I did it. The bike ride took like an hour and sent me through some of the sketchiest, most uncomfortable parts of town. I rode underneath this black overpass amidst shaded lean-tos of dilapidated and onto this funky pedestrian footpath that ran its caged length over empty trainyards and quiet streets. I did eventually make it through. I gave Cory \$5 for how much I would drink but then I probably drank around half. God, I drank so much. I was swimming in drunken ecstasy and everyone around me was as drunk as all hell too. I didn't hit the blunt, I think I'm more or less done with that, but goddamn I drank. I never lost my lunch and in the morning I didn't have a hangover, but I sure was as loud and as heroic as hell. I said "hello" to everyone around and talked to as many people as I wished. Eventually Joe showed up and he brought Matt and apparently Matt caught a glimpse of me on my mad bicycle crusade.

That just cranked the party even harder. Yayla Smith, Lauren Kerey, Ryan, Mercedes, Meredith Mudd, Will, Joe, Matt, Cory, Sean Shields, Nina York, Kaitlyn Caswell, Murphy, Grace, Zach, Albert, Parker Hoque, this girl Jennifer who Tommy knows, Tommy, Me, Gregg, Alexis etc. This was a blast. Eventually a bunch of ravers showed up, too. Joe went into a bathroom with this girl Jennifer that he didn't really want to, Will and Tommy left early, I wound up eating food with Gregg, Mercedes and the pre-dread-stage crowd, and then finally I crashed on a couch in this sun-room. I was proud to be one of the only motherfuckers that morning who knew where all their shit was. I caught a ride home from Gregg driving Joe's car and now that I think of it I need to go get

my Dad's like back from Murph's now. Today has just been packing but there is more to the story. Alas, for later!

June 26, 2018

I forgot to write that on Friday I also went to Bass Pro Shop in Clarksville near Grammy's house and then I went to her place, too. I was looking for a bear canister for Colorado at Bass Pro, but they didn't have anything (even despite telling me via phone that they did) and then instead I bought a Rocky Mountain National Park Map. After that I went to Grammy's to try and find a book (Crime and Punishment) and my laptop charger. She did have the book but not the charger. I spent some time the morning of Saturday after the party in Murph's sun room alone looking at the map.

I didn't just spend my time on Saturday packing, either. I decided on a whim I actually ought to call the Rocky Mountain National Park Permit office to make sure all you had to do to get a permit was show up and ask. Turns out that that is not advised. You're supposed to reserve your shit a head of time and better, plan out your route. You need to reserve campsites etc. Most people did this back in March. There were like, no campsites left at all, really. I had to scour over their available campsites list to make a coherent route, I had my map open for, ever, and I finally cracked out a pretty good route. Thank god. We even got the loop I wanted, even though we'll have to do 10 miles plus days every day. That's just how it is. I'm glad I cut the trip scheduled but I don't want those 4 days to be it. I want some more time. Still not sure what to do about that yet. Saturday night I went to Julia's to sleep and the next morning we left for King's Island.

That was a fantastic day. I had eaten of fun the whole time even though Julia and I were both a little sick. We rode the ever terrifying Beast and got heavily splashed by the Congo ride and rode the Diamondback and Konstantin. Really fun, times weren't too long etc etc but I was gapped pretty bad on pizza. C'est la vie.

Yesterday, Monday, the Zue family and I packed into a rental van and headed on down to Florida. We're staying in the condo of someone who also lives in Kentucky on Fort Walton Beach. We arrived at around 3:30 pm yesterday after much reading, sleeping,

10 hours

talking etc on the drive down and ate and swam some in an ocean dense with high amounts of sea-weed. Like a pulpy ocean. My bed is a foldout and after an in house dinner of something I can't remember we slept.

Today we just hung around the beach. Seaweed was around but dispersed in the afternoon after we returned from a grocery/souvenirs run. I love the feeling of the salt. It's nice to have on the beach and the drive in the general attitude of the place down here is refreshing. There have also been some fantastic sunsets the past two nights. I have also managed to blow through half of June already. Much leisure. It is late now though, and on vacation you still have to wake up early, so I am going to go to bed. Thus I have kept my journal up to date in the spirit of this leisure.

June 27, 2018

I forgot last night to write about my swim for the sunset. There's a band of lighter color that makes like a shield for the beach like 30 or 40 feet out. I thought I might be able to stand on it because other people were up the beach. I swam out from the shore the whole way there doing a head-above-the-water breaststroke and made it to the discoloration, dropped my foot, and nothing. I couldn't touch, and the water was so clear I could see myself not being able to touch. That freaked me out so I swam back double time. I want to try again in the same spot those other people did another time. It's 9:12 AM this morning and I'm about to drink my tea made yesterday. Some routines never die.

June 29, 2018

I think we went to the Harbor Walk in Destin that day. The Harbor Walk is this collection of fancy shops and restaurants that surround a fancy hotel on a harbor. We shopped around and I got a nice hat from the Life Is Good brand's store and it's a sunset with trees silhouetted. I love it so much and want to wear it all the time.

July 7, 2018

It's so hard to write consistently right now, I'm just far too tired every night.

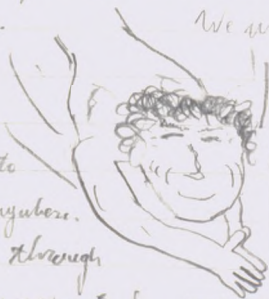
after I bought the hat at the harbor walk we talked to a guy who blew glass animals and we shopped around a little longer until we ate at Margaritaville by the boats sailing past. I had a really good fish sandwich and I was really happy after that we went back to the condo where I'm pretty sure I took a nap for a while and then Julia and I went out to swim. When we got back in we ate pizza and meatball subs and I think I read and went to sleep.

The next day was Thursday and on that day we went back to the Harbor Walk but this time on a mission. We waited in line a good thirty minutes or so in the beating heat for a boat cruise to let us on board. We were getting on in order to see some dolphins, but the trip wound up being even more fun than that. I wore my hat and a button-down shirt unbuttoned to two buttons from the neck and felt so great as the wind roared through me. We saw dolphins jumping from the water of our boat and sharks lurking below the waves on shallow sandbars. The captain would push the throttle really hard and I stood in the middle of the boat as we rushed - it was so much fun. After that we went back to the condo and I expected to eat later in the evening so I went ahead and had a full meal. I made a turkey sandwich and chips and all else and finished it very satisfied and just then Julia's parents ask if we're all ready to go eat. Oh Lord, I was not ready at all. I summed up and we went out to eat. We had this place right on the beach called 'Rockin' Jacos'. They were rockin'. I got some thing with this sauce that was jalapeno pineapple or something over fish in tacos and they were so good that I forgot how full I was. God that place was delicious. Afterwards was fun too. The family aside from Julia and I went to the bar but being only 18, she and I had to find something to preoccupy the time. We found a pier out over the ocean that cost \$2 for entry and so I put down \$4 and we took a look. There were many fishermen killing their fish and I felt bad that Julia had to see that, but it was kind of cool. At the end of the pier we were given the inside scoop on a bent-necked (shut up) fisherman who had allegedly been fighting something big for an hour. We saw him lose it, and that was rough. Julie snapped up. We walked back after that and got really close to a big, ancient looking pelican that was sitting on the beach. We put in \$50 after that at a pair of binoculars. We looked all around, and then after that we saw dolphins leaping

around in the water and a heron that landed on a lightpole on the pier far away. It was wildlife day. We came back from the pier and met April and Kelsey and they bought us virgin daiquiris while we listened to this cool dude play acoustic guitar on a nearby stage. Then we went to sleep.

The next morning, on Friday, Julia was pushing very hard to get everybody into the water early. I was confused and I talked her about it but we still swam and the water was the clearest it had been on the whole trip. Almost no seaweed and I learned that if you dive in front of an oncoming wave at just the right time it will push you back to shore so fast that your cheeks ripple. It was a perfect morning.

McBauer's.
time ago
and staple it to
many dollars, everywhere.
hand will brush through



We went around lunch to an Irish Pub called

Their fancy cartoon is that every
for the first time you sign a dollar
the wall somewhere. They have so
on the bars, on the booths, your
hanging dollars before it ever reaches

the ceiling. Crazy amounts of money everywhere. So fun. We wrote "Fairville" on one of my dollars and everybody signed their name and we stapled it to the booth seat behind us. We had such a great meal, too. I wanted fish & chips but the place is famous for steaks so I got a huge steakburger and enjoyed every bite. I was very full. Oh, the greatest thing of the meal was the appetizer. It was this bowl of batter-fried potato balls that were just so cheesy on the inside, it was awesome. We went to the place's gift-shop afterwards and I bought a small candle that I want to light only before I get ready to go somewhere because there's some inscription about a wanderer's blessing. Cheesy, but cool. A storm rolled in that evening so we just stayed in and watched Jeepers Creepers. Fun movie, I had never seen it. After that we slept and began the ride home the next day.

Saturday we rode home and I went to Cabella's from Julia's to get a bear canister but came up empty so I bought a new buckle for my backpack and went back to Julia's. We had sex and dropped until I left around 1 AM. Well, it's like 3 AM now so I will write more later.

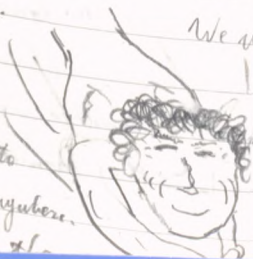


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on the bars, on the booths etc.



July 4, 2018

OK so the next day was Sunday and I spent most of Sunday just getting junk together for stuff. Mom took me out on an errand run where I bought a bag canister at Quest Outdoors and I bought the food I would fill it with at Walmart and Target and also I had to pack a little bit for going to UK Orientation the next day. So busy these times have been. Always moving, rarely home. So the next day I was at orientation (Monday) at 8 AM in Lexington and I met some people who were cool and learned about how the hell college works. I met a country dude from Louisville named Seth, a tall blonde also from Louisville named Grace, and a reserved but cool guy named Alex from Owensboro. They were all pretty cool, and I liked exploring the campus. The next day, Tuesday, ~~Mon~~^{Mom} and I explored the campus after I scheduled my classes and we found my dorm room and snacks in and I hid my roommate's chair in the bathrooms. Then we drove home and I went over to Julia's and we watched Beinfeld which is a burgeoning love of mine and then had sex, ate Chinese food, and played Battlefield.

all of this has been a cursory summation of the past few days because I am ~~excited~~ excited to pack and I do not like my handwriting in this pen.

Today my family and I went for one as a unit to the Cincinnati Zoo. We saw very many strange animals and they love this Hippo named Fiona who swam around playfully. In short, we had a really good time.

July 5, 2018

Writing from a Starbucks in Denver. I just arrived like 10 minutes ago. The trip was really good. I woke up this morning at 5:30 and left by 5:40. There was a lot of fog in Indiana, Missouri was a breeze except for that I got to see the St. Louis Arch. Illinois = also breeze. Kansas was really cool because I've never seen any environment like that before, but it took forever to drive through. I drove through three storms, the last one was in Colorado within a hundred miles of Denver and it was the worst. Very heavy rains and

around. To top it off, my phone died right as I was getting out of the store and then refused to turn back on or the charger. It would begin to start up and then cut to black. Super scary. I thought I was in Denver without a phone. I followed the signs to a Starbucks in Denver and plugged it in and now it charges fine. No liquor. I'm at the Starbucks still and after I write this I'm going to go eat at Obba. Gotta figure out sleeping arrangements. The mountains looked so beautiful as I rode in. At the city the Kansas plains died into yellow scrub that marches on up to the blue mountain wall with Denver stuck in between.

July 6th, 2018 8 AM

Slept last night in the Emley Hostel for \$5 and it was totally fantastic. I spent a little while getting settled down in the personally lit and curtained bunk and then went out to the HOTTUB!!! right outside. I talked with these two men from Louisiana who had just arrived that day too and they offered me some legal, pre-rolled weed-cigs. I accepted. They were so kind and it was good to talk with them there in the tub and it felt so good. The people there were all fantastic. The two guys' names were Billy and Jamie, because I told them I'd remember.

I also played a little guitar in the parking lot in the back alley. I sat on my trunk. It was really peaceful. I'm waiting for George to arrive this morning at a coffee shop called Denver Drip. Everyone in this city is cool in an alternative way. It's almost overwhelming. I imagine the entire West is this way.

I'm drinking a tea they've got here called "Boulder Blues" and it's fantastic. I wish I could take it home, but they don't sell by the ounce. It's like a blueberry twist or something. I don't know. Gotta get George. I have "of the Paper" stuck in my head.

July 6th, 2018 10:20 pm

I went back to the hostel and met a young woman named Jasmine who was from California but originally from Minnesota. She was going back home after 5 years

in Los Angeles because she needed a break before her next move to NYC. We talked a lot about not having anything figured out in life, and how that can kind of be a good thing. She told me about some time she spent in Laos, too. Really cool gal, & I liked her a lot. After we talked I called George and then made my way to the airport. For some reason I wanted to go drive a million years to the Great Sand Dunes National Park, which was totally out of the way from everything because we were in the North and that park is in the South. We still did it though, and the drive was an adventure on its own. We wound up on a two-lane highway headed out for deep, light brown nothing. The road took us through this beautiful tan, rocky gulch area with cool monument rocks and stuff. Then the road took us into this beautiful green mountainous country with pines and the Grateful Dead playing in the car. George and I were stumped. There were gray, rocky spires that poked through the pines. Soon we ascended this terrain to a yellow filled desert place with even higher mountains on the horizon and a small town where I bought some gas. We chatted with the lady who said it had been a very dry year and pulled us.

Eventually we found this wildly flat country on our way to the dunes that was infinite and painful to drive through. We were tired and hungry and so unhappy to be there. Not pumped about the Dunes. We were pulling at last right up to them when suddenly a huge white truck appeared behind me. I was confused. He pulled up to the gate and I bought an America the Beautiful Pass (an annual pass to all parks) and the man warned us not to speed because the white truck behind us was a cop. Well, we pull through and the cop puts his lights on. "Am I getting pulled over?" He whooped his siren. Shit. I pulled over and he said I was going to blow in a 45 zone. What bullshit. I gave him my Restricted license and proof of insurance but we couldn't find the registration. Dude looks at my stuff in his car and then comes back and said we're good to go. I think he may have known that driving out of state with only a restricted license is a big no-no and decided that it just wasn't worth it for 11 over 9000 man. We are nervous and jittery at the park. We eat lunch and then we realized you were actually allowed to mount the dunes. That really lightened our moods. We make our way over and remove our shoes to begin the ascent. It was tough, but very fun. The Dunes are enormous. They're the highest

Sand dunes in America, and they're pushed right up against a mighty mountain range that rises the flatland we had been driving through. Very large and seemingly out of place. To make them was to constantly account for slipping except for occasional hard sand and at some points to crawl on all fours due to the steepness. Right when we were finally achieving the top of Hake Dune, the tallest Dune in the country, a storm we had been watching began to show it's hard side. Once at the tallest point the wind was whipping massive amounts of sand into our faces, arms, legs, hair, and eyes. It was sharp, too. Bro & George and I perfected a technique for charging down steep sand slopes at this time. You basically jump and land heavily on your back to give a good anchor for the next jump. It was wild and fun to whip down to the bottom, and that storm had left us just covered in sand. We washed off what we could at these showers and then headed out for a few campsite in the mountainous rim of the valley. That's where I am now. Home Sweet tent. The stars are so beautiful out here. More so than I have ever seen. There are so many and they twinkle so brightly. They look like beads in a beaded body wash. There is still salty sand in my hair. It's all over the place.

July 7th, 2018

Today was a good day. George and I walked up the road from the campsite we stayed at to this nice lake at something like 9000 ft. We huddled around there for a while before I decided I wanted to swim in it. It was cold. Then I jumped off of the fishing pier twice, which was fun, after that we packed up our stuff and left for the Garden of the Gods, which turned out to be really lame and a tourist trap so we left after 30 minutes. Then we traveled west to a town George has been wanting to visit called Leadville, and apparently it's the highest city in the entire nation. George remembered what it was because he had heard of an exclusive clothing place called Melanqua (Melons-on-a) that only had one store in the world and it was right there. The clothes are very warm and very light - perfect for the high altitude they're made in. I got a crew sweatshirt and we will be going back tomorrow for a hoodie for George. After that I got tea at a coffee shop that was too bland to be worth \$2.75





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The whole place was dusty, but still grassy and pine-y, too. Like a combination of the Leadville mountains and the Southern dust. Very cool. This morning has been good to me. I slept very well and walked down the valley to the creek to fill up water. More later.

July 10, 2011

Got to be quick because backpacking begins tomorrow at 5:30 a.m. Monday George and I went down to the visitor center at RMNP to investigate and day hike the park. Before we left the campsite though George and I climbed a big old brown rock that was sticking off the cliff the creek. Anyway, while we were at the visitor's center we got a great conversation out of the guy who was running the place. I don't really remember it, but he was sweet and old. After that we had an even better conversation with a guy named Bob at the Wilderness Center where we went to pick up our permits. He told us the loop we had was "world class." Love you, Bob. We finally found the bus via shuttle and this was tiring, and after that we day hiked from Little Lake to Bear Lake which is about 7 miles. I lost my compass and had to go back about a mile and look for it. Very sad, didn't find it. Maybe it will never turn up, who knows. George has lots of good things to say about it. Bear Lake was very beautiful. Rocky Mountain along its green, foamy blue waters. We caught the bus back and I talked about this man talk about his Pongo Peak climb six years ago and I had altitude sickness presumably because I did not eat enough. I was at a crappy sort of restaurant that probably used to be good and I was about playing that sounded better from the street. I also couldn't eat. [Oh! George did get a Melanogaster before the ride.] We set up camp next to a standoffish dude with a really good guitar in the valley below us. The laundry only barely made it. I slept really well and George got a new sleeping mat by the creek too. I've had Me and My Uncle by the Grateful Dead station. I spent this morning trying to learn to play it on guitar.

and then we went and ate dinner at a food truck and I got an elk
Bratwurst sandwich with Beer cheese and it was so goddamned good.
One of the best tastes ever. What's nice about this area is that it is
very lush. Lots of trees and green grass on mountains with snowy gray
tops. Beautiful. We drove through it in awe and now we're camping in
it in awe. Found a free campsite at high elevation with an excellent view of
lush mountains and a valley. We walked through the woods (which are all
pine) and to a lake or reservoir that is enormous and surrounded by
mountains. We walked across the dam and soaked it all in. We filtered some
water and came back here I played guitar for a while and now we are in bed.
This state is so amazing, and I get to be here.

July 8th, 2018

Yesterday morning was a good one, except for that the dew made our tents
very wet even as we packed them. After we did we went into Leadville.
George went to look for a Melanzana sweatshirt and I went and ate a
Chomp Breakfast burrito and Yogurt parfait at that coffee shop. The place
was packed and it was really fun to share the space. George came in with
nothing and we went out for a trail gear where we camped. It went
into the Holy Cross National Forest. The ascent was beautiful, there were
large gray rocks that sat in the green grass amongst the colorful drops of
wildflowers, all under the pines. It was steep, though. Lots of rock, but we
just pushed on. When we made it to the top we were confronted by the beautiful
Timberline Lake. It was surrounded by large craggy peaks and the lake itself
sat at around 11,000 feet. There was this wonderful dark green field surrounded
by pines and a high ridge and if you went through the pines behind it there's this huge
boulder I climbed. A very nice place, after all that we went back down and had to
hide under trees a couple of times due to rain. We were very tired by the time
we got to my car and went to a grocery store, and after that we went to Allenspark
where I am this morning. The drive here was really cool. We drove through
Central City and Nederland and both looked like old dusty prospector towns.

The whole place was dusty, but still grassy and piney, too. Like a combination of the Leadville mountains and the Southern dust. Very cool. This morning has even good to me. I slept very well and walked down the valley to the creek to fill up water. More later.

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We set up camp next to a standoffish dude with a really good view of Estes Park in the valley below us. The lovely only barely made that road up. I slept really well and George got a new sleeping mat by then so he slept well too. I've had Me and My Uncle by the Grateful Dead stuck in my head so I spent this morning trying to learn to play it on guitar. I played and sang it

and then we went and ate dinner at a food truck and I got an
Bratwurst Sandwich with Beer-cheese and it was so goddamned
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so many times I must have annoyed George to hell. The scenery was so perfect,
the dusty pines growing warped out of the rocks, all while looking over the valley.

We^{Em} at my Uncle, West riding down^{Em}

South Colorado, West Texas^{Em} Road

We^G stopped over, in Santa Fe^{Em}

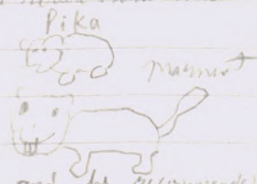
That point being, just about halfway^{Em}

And you know it was the hottest part of the day...

And so on. The rest of the day was long. We just walked around Estes
Park and I bought George a little pink souvenir shirt. It has embroidery so I think
she'll like it. We filed in the lost and found for my camera, and we took showers
at the laundromat. Now we're trying to sleep. George burnt his hand with boiling
water but not too badly. I talked with a great dude and his girlfriend about their trip.
I said, "what are you guys here for?" He said: "To see some cool shit!" I liked him
instantly. Turns out are both went to Sand dune and they're going all the way
up into the Pacific Northwest. The guy did Horticulture. Very cool conv.

July 11, 2014

Preparing start to the backpacking trip. I woke up just a little early and made
a hot breakfast and then we took off for RMNP and arrived around 7 and began the
trip. We really blew away the trail from Bear Lake to the alpine layer. We
saw great views of Dream Lake from high above and others too, overshadowed by the
mountains that form them. Finally those beautiful pines started to get scrubbies and
scrubbies until they fell away to short, green grass and loose pebbles. That is
where the backpacking got difficult for me. You see, that tree-less area is called
the alpine layer, and it doesn't occur until 11,000 feet is surpassed. This means
I was not getting very much air for each breath. Luckily there were many
cool animals to entertain. We saw Pika, these small round rodents that will
squeak at you if you are too close, Marmots, which
look like big old mountain leavers, just a bit, and a
Hibbard a Starmingen birds with their name. We saw
into the guy who talked about his Panga Peak climb and he recommended
Nogai



we hike on Hallett Summit on Flattop Mountain. We did it and it was covered in many boulders and I fell down twice but the view of the big snowy, stony mountain was really nice. Also now we are technically mountain climbers. Who comes up must come down so we hiked down the mountain along North Gulet trail through this stunning valley of pines, wildflowers, and enormous elk. We made it to camp by two and I spent around an hour or two playing around in the rivers and reading while George fished. He did catch one, two. It was really cool. The creek was filled with glacial water so it was freezing but I swam in it anyway. I climbed up on this big rock to read Dune and then George and I ate. I had a lasagna that was good but you could tell it was a vegetarian lasagna. Then he and I just talked for several hours and now it's time for bed. Special thanks to Joji, the Tonga Peak dude and his nice family, also shoutout to the log scout troop we talked to at Flattop Mountain. Really nice folks, everyone. There were several year round ice patches we saw. Really cool place, this Rocky Mountain National Park. Hallett Summit is 12,700 feet tall. Can't believe we did this.

July 12, 2018

An official week spent in Colorado. Today we woke up at 7:00 AM and packed up our stuff to go. It was all downhill into slightly drier looking country. North Gulet Creek just kept getting stronger and stronger, though. We would come upon thin channels in thick rock that bottlenecked the flow and sent it crashing and bubbling all over. We checked out this place called Cascade falls but didn't really see much there except this girl in a family who kept looking at me. Speaking of families, we saw like a ton of people on the trail the nearer we got to the town of Grand Lake. We also began to see more moose. The first one we saw was a decently sized Bull standing and eating a few yards away. As we got real close to the town though, we came upon a man standing in the trail pointing ahead and telling us to be quiet. We obliged because the man looked as cool as fuck. On his backpack he had tons of patches sewn on from all different countries. George and I were floored. The dude was like, 30 years old and had been to over 50 different countries. We were very impressed.

so many times I must have annoyed George to hell. The scenery was so perfect, the dusty pines growing warped out of the rocks all while looking over the valley.

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And so on. The rest of the day was long. We just walked around to the Park and I bought Julia a little pink souvenir shirt. It has embroidery so I think she'll like it. We filed in the last and found for my camera, and we took showers at the Landronat. Now we're trying to sleep. George burnt his hand with boiling water but not too badly. I talked with a great dude and his girlfriend about their trip. I said, "what are you guys here for?" He said, "To see some cool shit." I liked him instantly. Turns out we both went to Sam's and they're going all the way up to the Pacific Northwest. The guy did horticulture. Very cool career.

July 11, 2014

Preparing to start the backpacking trip. I woke up just a little early and made a hot breakfast and then we took off for RMNP and arrived around 7 and began the trek. We really blew away the trail from Bear Lake to the alpine layer. We saw great views of Dream Lake from high above and others too, overshadowed by the mountains that form them. Finally those beautiful pines started to get scrubby and deciduous until they fell away to short, green grass and loose pebbles. That is where the backpacking got difficult for me. You see, that tree-less area is called the alpine layer, and it doesn't occur until 11,000 feet is surpassed. This means I was not getting very much air for each breath. Luckily there were many cool animals to entertain. We saw Pika, these small round rodents that will squeak at you if you're too close, marmots, which look like big old mountain lemmings, distant flickers, a Ptarmigan birds with their white feathers, and into the guy who talked about his

^ Nogi

we take on Hallett Summit on Flat-top Mountain. We did it and it was covered in many boulders and I fell down twice but the view of the big snow, steep mountains was really nice. Also now we are technically mountain climbers. What comes up must come down so we headed down the mountain along North Inlet trail through this stunning valley of pines, wildflowers, and snowmelt. We made it to camp by two and I spent around an hour or two playing around in the snow and reading while George fished. He did catch one, two. It was really cool. The creek was filled with glacial water so it was freezing but I swam in it anyway. I climbed up on this big rock to read Dune and then George and I ate. You could tell it was a second day.



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and introduced ourselves. His name was John. He stopped and leaned up ahead on the trail was a mother moose with its baby. Everybody was treading lightly around her because such things can be dangerously protective. John had two friends, and we walked with the three of them into the town of Grand Lake. They all told us their "trail names" which are names given to you on a thru hike. There was a tall ginger called Redhead, a happy woman named Giggle, and John was understandably called "Patches." They were heading for the Collegiate Peaks for a six week tour de force. Very cool people. Soon we left them to begin our hunt for the legendary Grumpy's Pizga as recommended by Bob. We found a place that said something about White Buffalo on the outside but on the inside it was all Grumpy's Pizga shirts on employees. Anyway, we pushed the wooden door open to find a dim room and a woman at the counter told us they didn't open until 12 pm. Well, we had about 40 minutes to kill so we walked on down to the lakeshore and rested a while. The lake is surrounded by low mountains and there were many boats out. Eventually we finally made it to Grumpy's and this man with soft voice and interesting accent came to wait our table. His name was Gerald. We got to talking to him and it turns out he's from Albania, and he's just in town for the summer to make money before returning home. He came over to our table a couple of times to show us photos of Albania before bringing out our pizgas. George and I both got 12-inch pizgas and he got three different cheeses (Gerald called him "cheese guy") and I got Buffalo cheese, jalapeno, spinach, and Italian sausage. The pizga was phenomenal. It was so damned good. The cheese was cheesy as hell, the sausage was delicious, and the sauce was hot and tasty. We ate so fast. #1 Pizga experience ever. Rock on. We also just so happened to wait out the front of a storm that blew over then in Grumpy's, but unfortunately as we left on the Tonahutu Creek trail we caught up to a weaker section of it. We rain jacketed up. Through the trees we started to see glimpses of large grassy areas at the foot of the mountains that had snow, granite making them fertile. We eventually came to one called Big Meadows. This huge field below the mountains where we had to go after camp setup water. It was good we did because the place is just stunning in its

Beauty. George and I hiked and I listened to music and looked at the mountains. Eventually we saw three large bull moose come into the clearing - football field or so away and we stalked them in the woods for a better view. Moose are so big and cool. We went back to where we had been on the creek and one moose came real close to take a drink. So fun. George and I finished filling up water and are now in bed, ready for a big old long day tomorrow.



July 14, 2019

George and I just popped some
Trend pills or melatonin or whatever
and it's only 5:45 pm. We're
going to wake up at 12 tonight (if
we even sleep) and try a Long's
Peak attempt. Yesterday was awesome
but tiring. We had thirteen miles to

cover in one day and we were supposed to make
it over of Lollipop Mountain by tonight. We passed some beautiful and surprising
cold pine wilderness and chased Gonahuts from its gentle meadow sed to its crashing
descent through Granite Falls. As we climbed out there were a ton of
beautiful meadows and mountains and trees. When we climbed above treeline though
we had to push like mad men because of rain clouds. We had to really
go, but it wound up never really raining. We took easy staid down and
chilled in a coffee shop all evening until we set up camp with good old grumpy
gangster rap dude and fell asleep.

Today we just prepared all day for the climb tomorrow. Laundry, showers,
etc. Wish us luck.

July 17, 2019 11:26 pm

Back home at last. That night, or that morning of the 15th George and I
both woke up at 12 AM with some drowsy sleep and George immediately had
his tent down while I was still boiling water for oatmeal. We eventually got
harshly stirred in my tent and I ate oatmeal from the canister quickly

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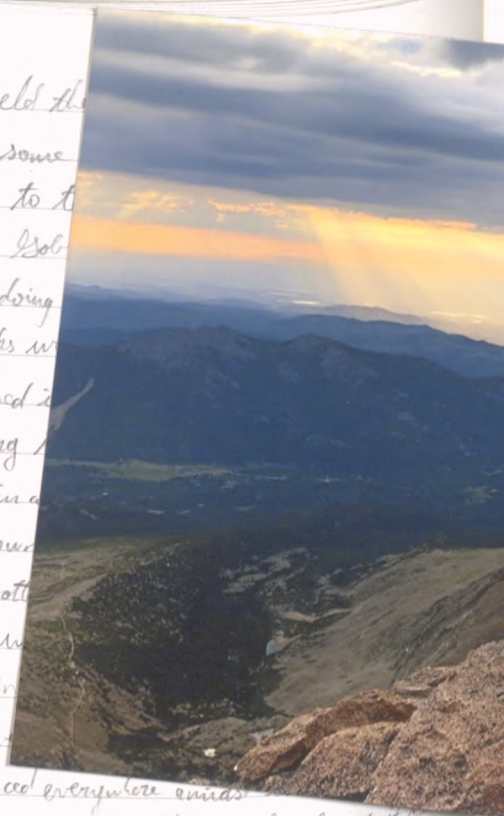
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 but closer while I was still lying down
 bushy cleared in my trunk and I ate oatmeal

which George reached over and held the wheel straight for me as we
careened through the night. After some fractional error we finally arrived
at the parking lot. Nerves beginning to tense. Our headlamps were on and we
began to creep forward through the Bohemian Forest. It felt like a rollercoaster
line to me. Like the apprehension of doing something so exhilarating that you're not
sure how it will turn out. Our packs were stuffed full of gloves, snacks, saw ~~cuts~~
extra jackets; everything would be used in time. We saw several people coming
down, at 12:30, from their ascents along technical climbing routes. As we left the
tree line we found a guy wrapped up in an emergency blanket who had allegedly
broken or twisted his ankle coming down from the mountain. Later I saw his blood
splattered on a rock. Once we had gotten a good height above the trees lights
from all angles began to appear. First we noticed the distant lights of tiny headlamps
marching up the valley below us. Then I heard them and to an even greater extent
lay the golden city lights of Denver. Above us and in the direction of the black,
silhouetted summit shooting stars danced everywhere amidst the stationary ones.
The first trouble came at the Boulderfield. With only headlamps it was very
hard to spot the little cairns that marked our trail up to the Keyhole. We
enlisted the help of two country men hikers who we had passed and together we
scrambled our way. The Keyhole is an amazing thing. A broken section of ridge one
walks through to ascend the other side. By night it is a black, jagged gateway
to the world of mountains and wind. At this point to fall could be to die. I wasn't
really afraid of falling though. It seemed like it would have been a somewhat difficult
thing to do. Everyone gasped in turn when they came through the Keyhole, and we let the
two guys go first. We passed them again after laterally seconds and then I was in front
and I really lead the way up the mountain for most of the time. It's
because I was good at spotting the little Colorado emblems we were supposed to
follow. And because I was having a ball. We got to this very steep and long
upward section and we all thought it was a section near the summit called the
Flamestretch. The whole 20 minutes we climbed it we thought we were about to
finish the mountain and when we got up, each of us in turn shouted something

had about how much we actually had left. There was a marmot far down the cliff face somewhere that kept making his rumble call and Tyler made a joke about that marmot being laughing at us. Eventually we made it to the actual Homestead and it was very smooth for how steep it was. We put foot and hands in crevasses and cracks. There were two that led to the summit and George and I did it together. The summit was very wide and soon after our party made it up around 10 more people came and we all just relaxed and discussed commemoratives about the hike. We stayed up there in the beauty for around an hour before rain and hail began to fall so we headed down carefully. After much grumbling and soreness we made it to the car. We drove to the Villagers office to look for my camera on a shin and sure enough, they had it. A German family had turned it in. So basically everything just happened. We were so tired that we were in our sleeping bags by three pm. I was actually asleep, too. Slept all the way until 9 am the next day. 18 hours. I was so damn tired.

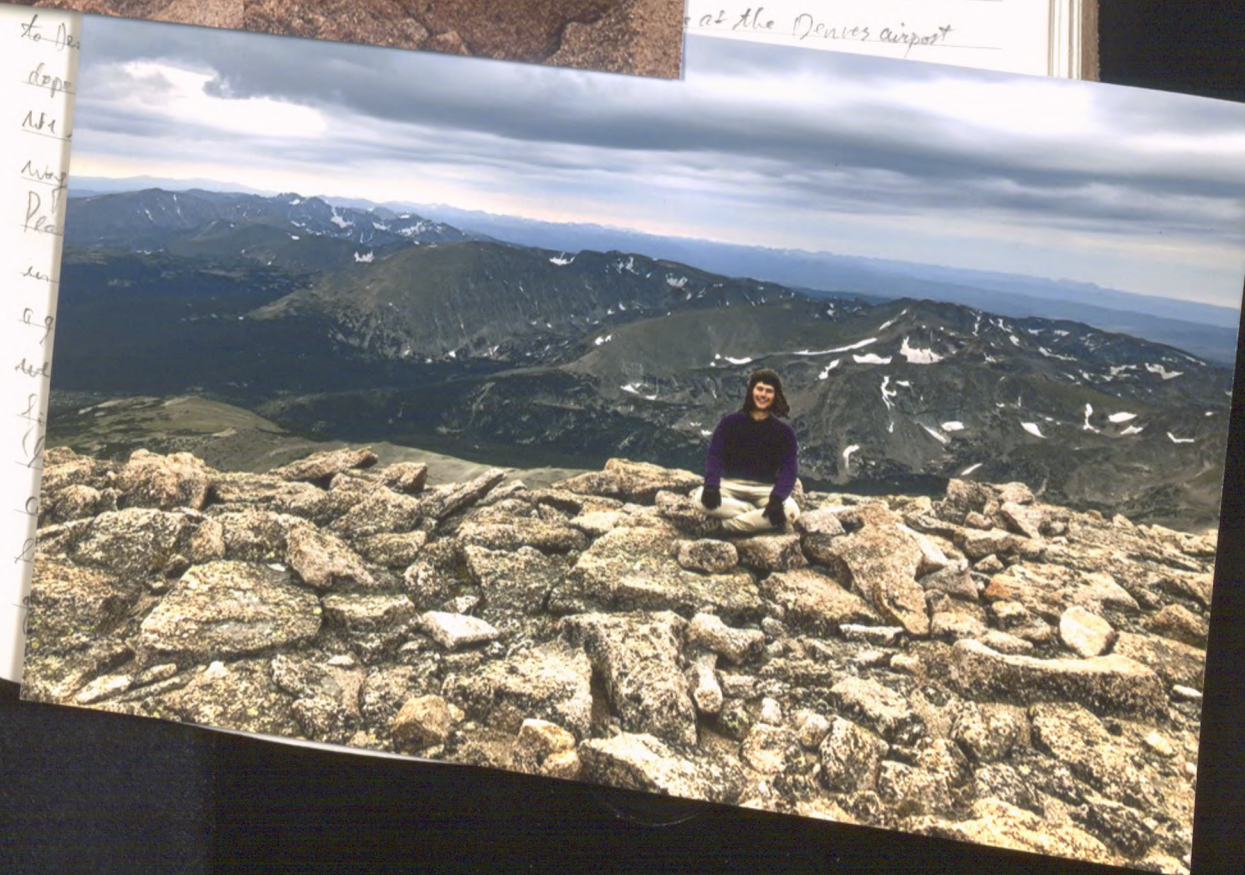
That next day was Monday and George had to be at the Denver airport at 10 pm so we figured we ought to find something to do there. We drove to Denver and went to the Denver Museum of Art and that place was so dope. We didn't have to pay to get in because of a grant for 18 and under. We saw beautiful photography, like landscape photos but in innovative ways. We saw Modernist paintings of the American West including one of Longs Peak and there was a nearby exhibit dedicated to the God of New Experiences in Nepali (?) culture named Ganesh. Coincidentally in that exhibit I met a guy who is going to UK in the fall as a freshman as well. Cool. After we left we got lunch at a sandwich place called Epic that wasn't as filling as it ought to have been. No matter. We laughed around the Botanic Gardens which was quaint but pretty boring. We went to a park called Ruby Park with a great view of mountains (We could see Longs) but it was in a not so good part of town for the area. Loud, shitty bars and general annoyances. Well, we left for the airport and on the way there we

While George reached over and held the
caneel through the night. after some
at the parking lot. Nerves beginning to
began to creep forward through the
line to me. Like the apprehension of doing
sure how it will turn out. Our packs in
extra jackets; everything would be used in
down, at 12:30, from their ascents along
trueline we found a guy wrapped up in a
broken or twisted his ankle coming down
splattered on a rock. Once we had gotten
from all angles began to appear. First we
marching up the valley below us. Then
lay the golden city lights of Denver. What
silhouetted summit shooting stars danced everywhere and
the first trouble came at the Boulderfield. With only headlamps at



at the
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a
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not to
thing

had about 4000 ft and actually had left. There was a summit far down
and Tyler made a
We made it to the
faras. We put
that led to the summit
very wide and soon
me and we all
e. We stayed up
and hail began to
and soon as we
to look for my camera
family had turned it in.
that we were in our
Slept all the way until
at the Denver airport



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were driving down some normal street, when suddenly a huge blaring of a train's horn came into my ears. We were headed for railroad tracks at 45 mph but the tracks had no gateways and the intersection light was green. George was screaming stop and the horn was blaring still but we couldn't stop, we were too close and the lights were green. I stepped on it and we flew over the tracks and the train was right there, but stationary. We blew past it and it was just a scare. Really odd intersection. Well, I got to the airport, looked around a while for caffeinated beverages. Found nothing. I barely found my car, and began the drive home along I-70 E. It was 10:15 pm when I began. Really dark on the plains, but there was a lot of lightning and wind, but no rain. Very difficult for me to stay awake for the first eight hours. It wasn't until late morning that I ever got caffeine. After that the ride home was fine. When I finally got home I felt very aware of Louisville's climate. I could feel the Southern, fertile, bluegrass aspect. It was cool. Blue skies, nice breeze in the heat, all that.

July 20, 2018

I've been running around in Louisville since I got home. Hard to believe this is only the third day home. The first day in the night around 12 I went to Cory's and smoked with the guys. Jeremy noticed my new hat. Really good to see everyone. The next day, Wednesday, I hung out with Julian at my house. We ate Qdoba, had some really good sex in my bed with the house all empty and eventually we drove to her house and played. We watched *Seinfeld*. The next day was a special edition of movie club at Lydia's house where we played board games. Julian and I built a cool jungle tower. We also played a great game called *Sequence*.

Afterwards I went to Joe's and talked with mostly Will and Tommy for a couple of hours. Turns out Tommy really wants to get into backpacking. He keeps talking about it. Texted me today about camping this weekend at the gorge. I'm in. Details very unclear, though. Fike, are we backpacking or? Not sure yet. This bird is talking about backpacking in Maine. Fike I mean yeah that sounds good. I have doubts as to whether or not this will really happen.

Julian & I just hung around here. Walked the dog, etc. I ate Morris Dele

and it has been a stormy day and the color of the sky was beautiful. Purple and orange and red. Soon I should be going to a party. I guess we will see.

July 26, 1918

The party was boring, really. It was good to see everyone again but the energy was low. Not a dancer. However, there were some fancy guitars. The place was a mansion. Hugo Jackson Alexander's house in Norton Commons. I picked up a fancy acoustic and messed around with it for a while. Played some of Me and My Uncle. Tommy played some too and to be honest, aside from his ability to fingerpick I am definitely better than he is. He memorizes licks and stuff but I asked him to solo with me and he doesn't know how. He should memorize scales, not licks. I didn't realize what a big favor I did for myself by doing that. I improvised a little and played on him until Jackson told me to give it up. I'm just glad I'm better because William hyped Tommy's skill up a lot. The drive home was fun. Heads out the window with Joe in the backseat. I stayed the night at the Kennedy's because I was drunk and woke up the next morning and went home.

I can't remember what I did that day, Saturday, but I was with Julia so I'm sure it included Springfield. I love that show. Such specific, nuanced humor. About those small problems and it blows them way out of proportion and ties them all together. Delirious. Sunday I believe I spent the entire day alone at home. I was actually home alone all weekend, now that I recall. Sunday was at a field hockey game for Emma in Virginia Beach. Yeah. I remember Saturday a bit better now. Julia and I ate at Stout and really did the vocal right. We got a patty melt which you could dip into three different sauces, and each got burgers, and fries as paid separately. Mine had cheese and all of it. Very good. The check was expensive as fuck. With tip \$50. Vacation purchase sort of muddled. After that we got blizzards from O.R. Probably should not have waited so long to write. More tomorrow.

July 27, 2019

Anyways, Saturday I stayed home alone for probably until five and then I went swimming. Swimming was good. I did an 800, then I took Emma to practice and went on down to Julia's. On, no Sunday I just stayed home all day. It stormed all day and my family came home. It was Monday that that other stuff happened. Also on Monday my new tea came in. I ordered a pound of the Boulder Blues tea from the internet and it's very good. Just as I remember and pleasant to drink. Tuesday was a real good day. Jeremy, Chris, Eden, Nathan V., and I all went out to the pool. That's fun. I swam under Eden and pushed him out of the water while he was swimming on his back. Funny stuff. I think it was that night that I was totally unable to sleep for the entire night. I was just turning and rolling and fidgeting in my thoughts. I just gave up some books and read and relied on my tea. Julia came over and we ate Joella's. Afterwards we took like a three hour nap and then went swimming. It was really elaborate fun. Around 11:30 she went home and I had a great night's sleep.

Thursday we went to Julia's for movie club to watch *Bridesmaids*. A little goofy, but still a very fun movie.

Today my new Hypolite Windrider 2400 came in so I went out and bought a new sleeping pad. The Windrider is a backpacking pack. I'm very happy with it and at Calelli's I talked with this cash register guy about backpacking for a good long time. We also watched this episode of *Survivor* I'd seen called *Dave's On the Edge*.

August 10, 2019

What right do I have to leave this journal so long neglected as I have? It has been so long in fact that my handwriting even looks odd. Well, I guess that lately I have been dissatisfied. Probably mourning my loss of the Nat. I haven't done very much other than swim, hike, read, and see friends for brief and not quite satisfying stretches of time. Recently I've really had that on my mind. But the dissatisfaction. It's like many things I do have something missing that would make me enjoy them much more. It's odd. Guitar playing has not been that way. Thankfully. I've been doing a great deal of that, too. Most recently I practiced

lead guitar over a recorded rhythm and vocal recording of me and my Uncle that I recorded with my acoustic. I've been trying to learn to play lead like Jerry Garcia. He had a masterful control over character in his playing. I am gradually feeling better, as well. Last Thursday I got a shave and haircut and I think that rejuvenated me a little bit, and if I can resume my practice of updating this journal I'm sure that that happiness will steadily build as well. Maybe it's because I've been drinking "Boulder Blues" tea. Ha. Really though I think I just miss the saturation of excitement that the period of three week vacation possessed. I think I may have managed to read the *Shining* by Stephen King cover to cover without ever making note of it in the journal due to my hiatus. Excellent novel. Very glad I read it and enjoyed it as much as I did. I am now reading "Roughing It" by Mark Twain. I bought it today and have just been hanging out near Carmichael's at Heine Bros. Figured I'd do myself a favor and begin the practice here again. I'm sure college will have antics to merit that. I'll be leaving next Friday. That should be cool. I'm excited to get to meet new people out there in the big adult world. You think I'd had more to say about two weeks lost. I'd better start writing in more detail soon, or else I'll never fill this thing up. I was hoping to fill the whole thing in a year but having lost two weeks that puts me behind schedule. I have one month. I guess it's no bad thing if it spills over. Maybe it'll be a good thing in the end. That seems to be how most every trouble unfolds. I'll tell more soon.

August 14, 2019

That very night I was tucked into bed and ready for sleep when my phone began vibrating on the floor. By the time I could it be but Joe Kennedy, letting me know that he, Cory, and I (who actually wouldn't be off until 3 AM) and Shelby, Cory's cousin, were geyser-surfing. I liked on over there and very quickly began a night of much drinking and fun. Before I left my house I just had a feeling that Cory wouldn't have any music playing loud and sure enough when I arrived all he had pumping tunes was his iPhone speaker. Well, luckily, crammed into my backpack I had brought my portable guitar amp/AVX and I was an instant hero. I put on sunglasses at night and every body was feeling it. Really good night for music.

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lead guitar over a recorded rhythm and vocal recording of Me and My Uncle that I recorded with my acoustic. I've been trying to learn to play lead like Jerry Garcia. He had a masterful control over character in his playing. I am gradually feeling better, as well. Last Thursday I got a shave and haircut and I think that rejuvenated me a little bit, and if I can resume my practice of updating this journal I'm sure that that happiness will steadily build as well. Maybe it's because I've been drinking "Boulder Blues" tea. Ha. Really though I think I just miss the saturation of excitement that the period of three week vacation possessed. I think I may have managed to read the *Shining* by Stephen King cover to cover without ever making note of it in the journal due to my hiatus. Excellent novel. Very glad I read it and enjoyed it as much as I did. I am now reading "Roughing It" by Mark Twain. I bought it today and have just been hanging out near Carmichael's at Fleine Bros. Figured I'd do myself a favor and begin the practice here again. I'm sure college will have antics to merit that. I'll be leaving next Friday. That should be cool. I'm excited to get to meet new people out there in the big adult world. You think I'd have more to say about two weeks lost. I'd better start writing in more detail soon, or else I'll never fill this thing up. I was hoping to fill the whole thing in a year but having lost two weeks that puts me behind schedule. I have one month. I guess it's no bad thing if it spills over. Maybe it'll be a good thing in the end. That seems to be how most every trouble unfolds. I'll tell more soon.

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lead guitar over a recorded rhythm and vocal recording of Me and My Uncle that I recorded with my acoustic. I've been trying to learn to play lead like Jerry Garcia. He had a masterful control over character in his playing. I am gradually feeling better, as well. Last Thursday I got a shave and haircut and I think that rejuvenated me a little bit, and if I can resume my practice of updating this journal I'm sure that that happiness will steadily build as well. Maybe it's because I've been drinking "Boulder Blues" tea. Ha. Really though I think I just miss the saturation of excitement that the period of three week vacation possessed. I think I may have managed to read the Shining by Stephen King cover to cover without ever making note of it in the journal due to my hearties. Excellent novel. Very glad I read it and enjoyed it as much as I did. I am now reading "Roughing It" by Mark Twain. I bought it today and have just been hanging out near Carmichael's at Hine Bros. Figured I'd do myself a favor and begin the practice here again. I'm sure college will have notice to merit that. I'll be leaving next Friday. That should be cool. I'm excited to get to meet new people out there in the big adult world. Now I think I'd lost more to say about two weeks lost. I'd better start writing in more detail soon or else I'll never fill this thing up. I was hoping to fill the whole thing in a year but having lost two weeks that puts me behind schedule. I have one month I guess it's no bad thing if it spills over. Maybe it'll be a good thing in the end. That seems to be how most every trouble unfolds. I'll tell more soon.

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Lemurians around three shots in (we were drinking 100 proof) & looked over at the pool, and with a resolution, I hardly have robes & stripped off my shirt and jumped in. Eventually the trio found me and they stayed in for a minute or two but according to their lamer asses, the water was "too cold." Very disappointing. I floated a little while after they got out in an inner tube. At one point Will showed up, and by that point everybody was getting tired. I put on my earbuds that came with the new phone I got recently (Galaxy S9) and found out I had lost one of the squishy little caps. I liked home just a little uncomfortable (on top of that my shorts were wet) but happy.

Woke up the next day at 9:30 AM on Saturday and drove to Julio's. She had two free tickets to Kentucky Kingdom from her sister's boyfriend because he works at Amazon and they have an employee day there and so we went just she and I. The first thing we did upon arrival was ride this wooden rollercoaster called the Thunder Run. It was really fun because it was so harsh and when it came time to take the photo on the coaster I decided to make a silly face. My face hung back into another rider's picture and dominated the pic. Really really funny. We then rode another couple of coasters and both were good. My favorite involved a ton of stomach drops over humps that floated you in the air. Since then, after going to the water park we went to Julio's sister's place to meet her new cat. The cat is a kitten, like six weeks old. It's really cute. It loves to play and sleep and it does it as sweetly as possible. It was fun. I was so hungry though. I was starving. We still had to drive to dinner at Mike Jimmy's and order food and all that. I had to enter a meditative state to even live. I'm totally serious. I was really getting frustrated by the time we were trying to find a table. Luckily we got an awesome one surrounded by good conversation, cool naturalistic statues look of a bear and a fisherman. They also called my name for the food really fast. I got fish nuggets, macaroni & cheese, fries, two bush puppies, and all that. I love that place. I also got mozzarella tubes as an appetizer. God, I was so full and so happy. Delicious. I think I gained five pounds from the meal.

That evening was good, too - I think we had really good sex in her room that night. Fights out etc. Really good time. On the floor, ought to stop thinking about it or I'll have to jack it before I finish writing. I think I fell asleep there and had to leave at 2 AM when I woke up.

The next day, Sunday, I didn't make up until 3 pm. I think that was the night a dream about some weird cult or something locked me in. It happens to me regularly that I'll sleep in because of a dream. Luckily the day wasn't wasted totally because Will asked if I wanted to do "Fisler golf" with he and Tommy.

I agreed as beforehand all I had been doing was reading *Roughing It* and he picked me up. It was cool to go yet Tommy because we went into his house and checked out his room. I liked it, it did look like the room of a cool guy. Lots of stuff he liked everywhere. Messy as all hell like mine.

Then we went to the park to begin. I didn't have high hopes about my skill in the game but it actually did go pretty well. I never made par or anything, but I did get one above once or twice. In Fisler golf you want to get your disc in the baskets in as few throws as possible. Mine were always curving way left. Curved so bad once it fell into the water of a lake-shore. It was deep enough to fully submerge, but I followed the ripples to find it stuck an arm's length away in the mud. Tommy was really good so he beat Will and I and I beat Will. Then we went back to Will's place and just hung out in his room. After that we went to Buckhead's to smoke and we just passed the blast right by the wall outside the building. It surprised me how casual we were about it. Like, I wasn't worried or anything but I felt like I should be. That shit is still illegal here. Whatever, it was nice to get high. Also I did forget to say, we bought weed that day, and the bud we bought it from looked like one of those really fat 11 year olds that never grew out of it. The weed is good, but the guy is so odd looking, creeped me out. I bought 2 ounces for myself but also need to go out and buy a loaf at some point. Well, I guess we were hungry, and Will knows how to get Dominos for cheap. We go there. Dude makes

my large pizza and it is fire as fuck, and I got to sit there and watch him make it. It was fun because I was stoned. Jimmy was trying a little too hard to let me know that he did stuff like the Beat Generation like smoke ops and whatnot. Like okay, well, he is cool. We went back to Cory's at the gayels and smoked and listened to Matt Craft tell stories about his insane older brother. The pizza was also so fucking good. I ate all but one slice of a large. Everybody but Will & I thought my pizza was well made. Fuck yeah. I walked home at around 1:30 AM because Will had picked me up. The next day Julia and I hung out and played LEGO Star Wars. We also threw the fishes around and looked in the creek. Then Mom made taco night and it was so good. We haven't had taco night in forever around here, so I was really glad for that. I watched Return of the Jedi while Julia slept on me and then I went home.

Today I barely slept last night. I am really tired though. Mx later.
1 Night.

August 17, 2018

Waking from my desk in the college dorm. Moved in officially. On the 14th I think I just hung out at home. I really don't remember doing anything. The next day, the 15th, I hung out with Julia but was largely frustrated for a while because of a cascade of ridiculous stuff. Smoke up in the morning and as I sat up sort of bed I knocked down two picture frames. They hit my arm, it hurt, and one of them broke. I got over it and went into the breakfast room and then spilled a full cup of tea all over my self. ~~Turned~~ Also, Julia had started her period that day which was fine except that it meant we couldn't have sex. Also I spent a lot of the day looking for a Gamecube controller. I broke it out, borrowed a controller from Chris, then Julia and I played LEGO Star Wars the Proquads. Really fun. We ate pie and watched some Seinfeld. That night when Julia left I decided for some reason to go to her house as well with Morgan and Joseph. On the way out I saw Joe's car at Domino's so I pulled in and chatted. Decided I would hang out after going to Julia's. Big waste of gas but I didn't really care. I went to Julia's and had a really good and relaxing time. When I left and chilled at Joe's I was honestly a fifth wheel. At some point Quinn and Joe's dad came in and rolled a joint. I thought

it was cool. He also mentioned a Shel Silverstein Poem called "the Snake off," I went home that night eventually and went to bed.

The 16th was 90% packing. Mom and I (mostly Mom) spent a ton of time loading everything up. I also went to a field hockey game of Emma's and that was fun. Then I liked Dan Long's and that guy was hilariously drunk. He was like, "Jacob, not gonna lie, when I first met you I thought you were a little crazy, but then I found out no. You're just as crazy as I am!" Hilarious. Then I went home. Not super satisfied but happy enough. I'm gonna write about today tomorrow because I'm tired and it's late.

August 19, 2018

So it's not tomorrow, my bad. On Friday my family and I woke up around 7 AM and got everything loaded up which hadn't been before and jumped in the carfax-bound. I rode with my dad and we listened to the Grateful Dead. It seemed something awful on the way. I like to think Louisville was sad I was leaving. Anyway, they had a really efficient system of move in. They got everything you had on a table and then you put it in a cart and set it up. Moving in to the room, i.e. setting up the desk shelf, making the bed, etc. was really fun. Grandma, Mom, Dad and I were all taking jokes back and forth. Plus, I always have a lot of fun setting stuff up if I'm not too tired. I didn't really believe it could happen but before my eyes all the crap that had filled up two cars came together in a really comfortable and natural way. So now I have to make a mess of it. I watched my family drive away just a little bit after lunch and that really had me sad. I got over it though, and there was a whole lot I could go ahead and get started on doing. First thing I wanted was to swim. Packed up all my stuff, walked over to the Seaton Center and discovered it was totally dry. Nothing going on at all. Not supposed to open until Wednesday, evidently. Sad news, but not the worst or anything because instead I went into the Johnson Center where they had a rock climbing wall. When it comes to climbing, I'm used to the gym back home with no ropes, relatively low heights, and a thick mat to land on. This place has none of that. The wall is much taller. So tall in fact that if they had a mat it wouldn't help to protect you anyway. So, therefore they have ropes and chrunnes and what not. The staff had to belay you to ensure

You survived, and it was cool at first because the girl who belayed me, seemed to be checking out my crotch which looked almost startlingly good in the harness. The climbing felt harder than when I did it at Nulu, and eventually it was more embarrassing because you had someone watching you the whole time. I did bail out a couple of times but it was only because I didn't know you could chill up there and regain your strength. If I had I wouldn't have quit so quickly. Anyway, after that I came back to my dorm. Derek wasn't here so I went to a K-week event, the Fun, on my own. It was cool, free food, huge crowd, even dancing and beach balls to hit a round. Being alone did make it tough. I ran into a ton of acquaintances there but I had forgotten most of their names and thus quite literally did not know what to say to them. "Heeyyy...!" I parroted awkwardly, so I left the place after hitting a satisfactory number of beach balls and went to get hit by more of the like at Dodgeball. It was like a freestyle movie. Everybody in the gym was so hilarious and ~~cheer~~ cheery. There is a Dodgeball team here at UK, and they acted exactly as you might expect. Really fun time. Most of the time I just got out really fast but occasionally I would really rip people. That started at 11pm and I stayed until like 12:30 before throwing in the towel and calling it a night, almost. I got back to the room and just chilled until my roommate finally got back at 2:30am. Apparently the madman had been jumping in the Fun workshop since the party had begun at like, 9pm. Wild and crazy. I couldn't even get into the mood for 30 ~~minutes~~ minutes. I can dance more when I'm drunk. Just watch. Anyway, he, Helder, Harrison, and I wound up talking after that about matters concerning God, coincidence, and good times. We didn't get to bed until 4am.

Didn't wake up the next day until 2pm. Derek didn't wake up until 3. We missed basically everything we were supposed to do like some new student meeting or something. My phone was dead because I thought I had left my phone charger in my car. I was going to Julia's so I went to my car to get my phone and found that I had not brought a phone charger, so I had to go and buy one. Finally my phone gets charged and I used Google Maps to get to Julia's. She had just moved in that day. Her room is so sweet. String lights and stuffed animals galore. She, unlike myself, has her own private room (seriously).

So we had sex. Had to break it in. Julia has been having mild roommate stress due to the fact that there were only two of them living in that four-person apartment and neither had ever seen the other. Even by then. Also she hasn't (and still hasn't) connected to wife. Lots of stress. We left from her place by car to go to Kroger Field to attend some enormous class - meeting. Like three thousand people were there. We played that really fun game called champion where people play rock, and paper, scissors and the winner abscond the loses and any followers he/she may have. I cheered really hard for someone named Megan, who was going really hard but eventually lost. Then we listened to some awful speeches that did have one outstanding quote that "Your life will be most influential by the people you meet and the books you read." I really like that. Very accurate to my personal development. What, primarily, do I write about in here anyway? Well, actually, my experiences. Huh, after the whole speech thing we got back on the grass and talked it was time to go. There were only a buses to take the students back to the campus and I'd say about 1500 of them, really didn't want to walk. There was a stampede. Derek and I, like Simba, watched as people fell, were pushed, and died right there before us. The crazy thing about it all is that despite all the runners, Derek and I still got first pick on seats on a bus in the first wave. Pretty excellent, if you ask me. We were dropped off at the Batten Student Center where, if you could shove more than three feet into that teen-parked building, you could get club and organization information. I had a ball here. Talked to a lot of people for clubs like the Neurology, Linguistics, English, and the volunteer radio station WFRB. Anyway, everything I saw was cool, and I didn't even see everything. I am going to have some friends email me backpacking huh info and Ultimate Frisbee club has a dedicated photo in my phone. all thanks to Derek, really. Super helpful dude. After that I just went back to the dorm and I talked to Derek in a debate concerning gun control (he negative and myself pro) and that was really fun. Slept really well as usual on my temporary mattress.

Tuesday, August 20, 2018

I woke up earlier than the 19th. I think it was - wait! I forgot to tell some stories from what must have been Friday and Saturday night. Also something that happened on Friday was this really loud gym meeting thing where a DJ was playing some garbage music.

I was quick out the door on that one but before I left this really energetic dude stopped me in the crowd with his hand held out and he asked me if I wanted any of his cereal. I eyed him strangely, and he urged me to take part kindly. I ate two of them and then asked if I was about to start tripping balls. I didn't. All that happened was an introduction with that really cool dude and his friends. Deep into that some night I was going into the kitchen on the third floor of the dorm to make tea. Or actually, I was leaving with the tea already having been made. I had brought up my guitar for entertainment and a possible conversation starter, and so I was leaving with it too. This dude named Tyrell invited me to come play in his room if I ever wanted to, and suddenly while I was standing there, the cereal dude and two of his friends were erupting from the door directly behind me. That was exciting. Unsurprisingly they were really cool, and I had more cereal. Cereal dude is Dominix or Donn, he's got a friend named Rhase who is tall and fit and a friend named Jacob who is tall but fat, all three were really cool. I want to hang out with them. From Saturday, I went out to play guitar outside to practice, develop public playing skills and start conversation. Everybody was really supportive. One guy named Justin sat down there beside me and we talked a while. He mentioned someone named Thomas Dimmings. This name stuck out in a very distinct way. Anyway, I've seen the guy around a lot already, Justin. He hangs with Derek, it seems. Really nice dude, complimented my playing. A lot of people did. It was wonderful. I have been playing a three chord progression that's D7, C, over and over until C, G and then C, D7. As I was playing it at one point, I felt it needed lyrics. At that time a girl called out her friend's name: "Lily!" The perfect name. I will probably write the lyrics in here if I ever do write them. Very excited for that. Anyway, I woke up around 11 on Sunday the 19th, I got lunch and around 1:30pm drove to Julio's to hang out. We had sex again and loafed around until we got hungry around 4:30 or 5. At that time there was an event going on at which you could make your own burger. When I was in line a random dude came up to me and said "Jacob Prince?" He looked familiar but only dimly. He said his name but I had forgotten. Thomas. He knew me from Bay South. 7 or so years ago. Now I found out this was Thomas Dimmings one and the same that Justin was talking about. Very interesting. Thomas I'm going

through the line I complimented one of the dudes burgering it up and he said, "Just for that, double seasoning. You want a second patty?" The fucking GOAT, dude. Seriously - I did want one. Then they had a ton of toppings like Queso (so good), jalapenos and the rest. Super good although messy burgers. And all free (given that tuition etc are paid). Julia and I sat down at a random table where we were joined not long after by



Emma Moran, who is awesome and I was therefore happy to see her. She, Julia, and I talked for quite a while and it wasn't forced or anything. Just fun. Eventually Parker & Quess and a friend of his named Tony or something sat down with us, too, and things were very fun. Then we jetted off satisfied and

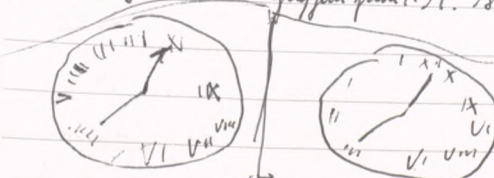
Julia and I rested in my dorm until we felt like heading to the student center for some kind of extravaganza. It was a little slow at first but after that there was this Librarian had up comedian who kept rapping on this crazy thing the intro guy had said like "Fuck deaf people, they don't come to these shows!" So funny. After the standup Julia and I saw Infinity War because they had it on at midnight in the theater. Reminds me of why I don't like Marvel movies. No biggie though because I didn't have to pay to see it. After that it was like 3AM and I ran most of the way back to my dorm just in the interest of getting there faster. Slept super soundly.

I woke up this morning at 7AM because I wanted to go for a hike but the roster online said it was full, so I figured I'd get there early so they couldn't deny me. I'm not sure whether or not it worked, but I did get to go on the hike. I met these dudes from Trinity named Sammy, Alex, and Lee. Sammy and Alex were really good at sustaining and increasing conversational momentum, so it was really nice to talk to them, then we got Lee in as it, then a dude named Elliot, and a girl named Stella. The man Alex ran cross country so I asked if he knew Dylan Allen (fastest guy ever I went to Male) and he did and told me he had a t-shirt called Dirty Biscuit. Somehow through the conversation we formed a group called the Pinky Boys and we liked it so much, we ate lunch together. The hike was beautiful, too. We stopped in one place where two rivers converged in a gradual twin waterfall and cut by the base of a jumbled rock cliff. Then we saw the large expanse of the Kentucky River later and a giant cliff by it.

After lunch I stopped by the ^{dorm} apartment and fell straight like fuck asleep. I was out cold for two hours until five o'clock and when I woke up there was some event going on about looking at more clubs. UK has this old office building with a clocktower and there were performances going on inside there on a stage. I hid you not, the show was like 15-65+ year old ladies dancing. I got bored. I went into the basement. It was cool. Dressing room etc. I was not satisfied. I found my way into a windowed inner room that looked into the stage room. Not full. I walked up to the balcony level skating, slipped through an unlocked door, and found myself climbing ladders to the top of the clocktower. It was amazing up there. A room with four large clock faces - one on each wall, and even more. There was graffiti from K39. Super cool experience. I smuck down without

heard and went back to the dorm grinning. Told Derek all about it. He invited me to go to this skygaze thing with him and some of his friends. I accepted. It was really fun. We played trampoline dodgeball, and to top even

get in we had to give someone else's stickers from the park. Really fun. These two girls called out to Derek as we were heading out of the place for my car. They knew him and needed a ride so I let them in. I was really happy to be driving everyone, although I did embarrass myself a few by confusing my right and lefts. Embarrassing. Still, they weren't like afraid for their lives or anything. We parked the car in the K-lot and caught an empty midnight bus to their dorm, and they invited Derek, a friend named Cooper, and I on up to the spot. One girl was fairly attractive and was from Iowa City, and her name is Peyton. The other is less attractive (not at all) and she was from the country and her name was Abby. We had a lot of fun up there with them. We talked and played "Dirty Words" and had a blast. Anyway, I left around 6:30 AM from there and now it's 5 AM. Finally caught the journal up, though. "Such youth looks"



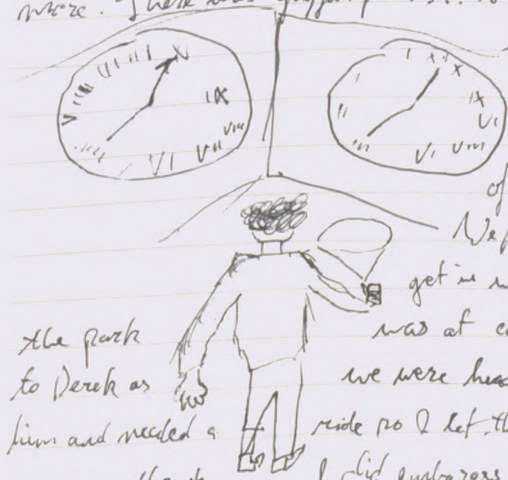
Wednesday August 22, 2018

Yesterday was a good day. Not the most interesting, but good. I woke up around 11:30 AM - actually scratch that it was 12:30 PM and I had to be at a major meet up or something at 1:00 PM. So I dressed and headed on over there. Somehow beyond my reckoning (not totally sarcastic because I thought I made good time) I was late. No biggie, except for that I had to stand in between these two girls sitting in between desks at desks because the room was so crowded. I chose the Neuroscience Room. Cool conversation. Apparently the Neuroscience program is only three years old at UoM. It also has really good research opportunities. That got me thinking. What if, in an experiment, I sought to observe the physical effects of a major lifestyle change on the growing brain. A major lifestyle change like... say, the PCT? I am at least going to introduce the idea to my professors of neuroscience. Pretty excited about it. Anyway, after that meeting (I got to hold a brain) I went to another meeting, and then I drove to Julia's place. We went and got lunch at Champion's which was good and after that I basically just had sex. We watched some Seinfeld and chatted to, of course, after that, I went back to the dorm, grabbed Katelyn, Hayes and Harrison (and also my weed), and we hopped in my car to hotbox a blunt. That was fun but I did get just a little too stoned and I was a bit out. The other one by the Grateful Dead started to freak me out as I parked. The rest of the night was good. I ran over to the CSF midnight pancake thing and then ran back. The pancakes were good and I was proud of the running. I after that, as far as I can remember, just went to bed.

Today was really cool. By some miracle I didn't have any class until 1 PM, so I woke up at 10 AM and left the dorm by 11:40 I think. I walked to Champion's Diner since the food is better and it's on the way, but it was 1800 by the time I arrived so the place was packed. I stood in line 10 minutes for just 4 slices of pepperoni and then couldn't find anywhere to sit so I chilled on a bench outside and read Louisa May Alcott while I ate. People really gave my book the eye. I think it's because the cover is orange (eye catching) and has Juan, mountains, and cacti on it. After that I went to my Latin class which has only 5 other students. I found out we're

Dorm

after lunch I stopped by the apartment and fell straight like fuck asleep. I was out cold for two hours until five o'clock and when I woke up there was some event going on about looking at more clubs. UK has this old office building with a clocktower and there were performances going on inside there on a stage. I kid you not, the show was like 15-65+ year old ladies dancing. I got bored. I went into the basement. It was cool. Dressing room etc, I was not satisfied. I found my way into a windowed inner room that looked into the stage room. Not full. I walked up to the balcony level seating, slipped through an unlocked door, and found myself climbing ladders to the top of the clocktower. It was amazing up there. A room with four large clock faces - one on each wall, and even more. There was graffiti from 1939. Super cool experience. I smuck down without



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I did embarrass myself a bit by confusing my right's or
lefts. Embarrassing. Still, they weren't like afraid for their lives or anything. We
parked the car in the K- lot and caught an empty midnight bus to their town,
and they invited Derek, a friend named Cooper, and I on up to the spot. One girl
was fairly attractive and was from Iowa City, and her name is Payton. The other is
less attractive (not at all) and she was from the country and her name was Abby.
We had a lot of fun up there with them. We talked and played "Dirty Show" and
had a blast. Anyway, I left around 6:30 AM from there and now it's 5 AM.
Finally caught the journal up, though. Fuck yeah baby.

August
Wednesday 22, 2018

Yesterday was a good day. Not the most interesting, but good. I woke up around 11:30 am - actually scratch that it was 12:30 pm and I had to be at a majors meet up or something, at 1:00 pm. So I dressed and headed on over there. Somehow beyond my reckoning (not totally sarcastic because I thought I made good time) I was late. No biggie, except for that I had to stand in between these two girls sitting in-between desks at desks because the room was so crowded. I chose the Neuroscience Room. Cool conversation. Apparently the Neuroscience program is only three years old at MofK. It also has really good research opportunities. That got me thinking. What if, in an experiment, I sought to observe the physical effects of a major lifestyle change on the growing brain. A major lifestyle change like... say, the PCT? I am at least going to introduce the idea to my the professors of neuroscience. Pretty excited about it. Anyway, after that meeting (I got to hold a brain), I went to another meeting, and then I drove to Julia's place. We ~~pro~~ went and got lunch at Champion's which was good and after that I basically just had sex. We watched some Seinfeld and chatted too, of course. After that, I went back to the dorm, grabbed Kathryn Hayes and Harrison (and also my niece) and we hopped in my car to hotbox a bit. That was fun but I did get just a little too stoned and The Other One by the Grateful Dead started to freak me out as I parked. The rest of the night was good. I ran over to the CSF midnight pancake thing and then ran back. The pancakes were good and I was proud of the running. I after that, as far as I can remember, just went to bed.

Today was really cool. By some miracle I didn't have any class until 1 pm, so I woke up at 10 am and left the dorm by 11:40 I think. I walked to Champion's Diner since the food is better and it's on the way, but it was noon by the time I arrived so the place was packed. I stood in line 10 minutes for just 4 slices of pizza and then couldn't find anywhere to sit so I chilled on a bench outside and read Lou Gehrig's book while I ate. People really gave me the eye. I think it's because the cover is orange (eye catching) and has Twin, mountains, and cacti on it. After that I went to my Latin class which has only 5 other students. I found out we're

going to be reading from the ~~metaphor~~ Metamorphoses, which is cool. I probably had the best Latin credentials out of everyone there. I'm kind of a big deal, thanks. So that was cool and then I went to Calculus I where I met my friend Sammy from the hike and we sat near each other in the second row. The teacher was a really young Asian man named Dr. Hung, and he seems really cool. He has a similar wit to Mr. Henderson and I have therefore concluded it is the only wit of Math teachers. Anyway, speak of the Devil, I talked to the guy about one of the more memorable Hendersons - is that majoring in Math at UC is difficult because of the fact that all of the professors are too good at Math to explain it. I still did put it a little differently, saying it's because they're "Analysts," and the teacher seemed to think that was funny. Well good. I want to make a good introduction, after that class I went to eat and I was done for the day. I got in line for noodles and saw that guy Cooper. I called him over and we chatted. Derek then came by and then Sammy, too. Thus, we had a crew, eventually Payton and Abby joined us, and after eating we went to see the movie of the night, A Quiet Place. That was just a phenomenal movie. I loved it so so much. It's about societal collapse and everyone has to be extremely quiet because the planet was invaded by Aliens that have very good hearing. The movie said a lot about the human condition in that people will always love, die, and survive. Very fun movie too, Wonderful use of audio. I loved it. I have been getting weird vibes from Derek when I hang out with them, like He's mad because I talk to them too much. I may need to talk to him about it, I feel bad. I don't even know if he is mad, though. Ugh. After we got back from the movie I went up to the kitchen and played guitar, attempting to write music for Lily, and while I was doing so I met an attractive girl named Payton as well. There was no way I was gonna sing experimental lyrics with her around, so I waited until she left. Kind of made things awkward. It's fine. I wrote stuff that I like so far. We will see about more very soon.

August 26, 2018

The second day of classes was a better day overall than the day before it. I had to wake up at 7:00 AM for Chemistry at 8 and I ate breakfast

with Dom the cereal guy. That was cool, then we walked over to Jacob Science Building together. The chemistry teacher was so boring. She kept putting up 2012 mums and I had to pity laugh. There was also some crazy kid shouting out half-retarded comments, and also expecting pity laughs. "Let's take all those bad chemistry jokes and BARIUM!" yelled that. In front of 200 people, Christ. I'm going to dinner with Julia, be back later tonight.
August 27, 2018

Psyche! It's the next day, bitch! Anyway, after chemistry I went to my next class of the day which would have been one of my Geology courses. Actually my only geology course. But! The professor was out doing field research (cool) so we didn't have class (cool) and I just went back to my dorm. I took a big de' two hour nap. It was a nap of the best kind where you were just laying in bed getting sleepy and then... BAM! or maybe shhh... you're asleep. I wasn't asleep for two long ^{either,} ~~anyway,~~ which makes it all the better. Now, I think that evening Julia and I hung out for a couple of hours but it was cut mildly short by a mandatory hall meeting. We probably didn't ~~do~~ do too much more than have sex. Still great to see her, of course. I love that girl. The meeting was nothing revolutionary. Really it was boring. Not as boring as Friday would be though. I'm getting ahead of myself. That evening all I really recall doing after the meeting was ~~about~~ prepare my tea. Still this bears mentioning because I have pioneered a new technique, or really modified my old one. Mom told me about this book she's reading called Crazy Rich Asians, and in the book they discuss a tea ritual where the tea is poured from high up at first and that doing so somehow prepares the tea for the next pour, that you administer after having poured out the high pour, from low. The high pour evidently primes the tea, and the low pour more sensually unlocks the flavor. It could be placebo, but since I have started using that system for my own tea, it has tasted much better. Anyway, ~~on that specific instance I had some awkward conversation with two girls who came~~
I don't think much else notable happened that day.

Friday I know I woke up at 11:30 or so and that had me really bummed out because the day before felt like such a productive day due to its length. I even forgot to mention, I also

went swimming on Thursday. I swam laps doing two hundreds of Freestyle, Breaststroke, and Backstroke in that order. Wound up doing 1800 meters because my Dad told me the other day that he swam a mile and I did not want to be outdone by my own father. Also after that I also forgot that I had math recitation and I didn't have time to drop off my towel so I took it to math. I made a little show of felling the towel up and sitting on it on the ground while we were waiting to get into class just to be funny. I also felt very helpful in there because I helped other students understand certain concepts. Good fun anyway. Back to Friday. Friday was a bad day. To reiterate, I woke up at 11:30 ^{am} and I was minorly bummed about that because I missed half my day. Whatever. I guess I was really tired because I went to the wrong class on accident at 1:00 pm. I was in Calculus and I saw Holder there and he reminded my dumbass to get on over to Latin. What he could not have reminded me of was the fact that I had forgotten my thermos in my the hallway. I moved real quick on over to Latin, reached to get some tea into my cup, but there was no thermos. I loved the class that day, we talked about the history of Ovid's personal life, but the whole time I was fretting about my tea. When I got back to Mr. Chung's, there was AWOL and I had no clue where to look. After class I was told optimistically that "UK theirs act quick." Nice. Put me in a real cheery mood, that did. Anyway, I found it placed very stealthily under a rolling chair. I don't know if I did that or some kind janitor saved my ass, but I felt better with the thermos in hand. I couldn't really think of anything to do that night, and since it was Friday I was beating myself up about it. Derek came by the dorm and said something about going to a frat party and not knowing anyone there but the one who invited him, but the dude had and that night had been a layup. I can't tell. The dude had burned me the night before though, so I let it fall flat. He had invited me out for free doughnuts at CSF. Hmmm. CSF is a Christian Organization. I get there, no doughnuts, instead, I had to sit through this terrible sermon and Christian outreach bullcrap. They did say one thing that I liked though, and that was that apparently Jesus told his followers to have the innocence of a dove and

the wisdom of a serpent." Very Friend of the Devil - excuse, if you ask me. Smells rascally. Jesus was a fucking rascal dude, I don't care. Anyway so I declined his tentative (perhaps never even extended) invitation by not asking to come with him and I just watched Futurama. I was in a bad mood though to be certain. Frustrated and bored, I went out to my car to go home to Louisville for the weekend, but the car needed oil so I bought some from Target. I also bought some jalapeño kettle chips. Those made me feel better so I went to sleep after a while and then woke up the next day. It was Saturday. I walked to this little auditorium to play guitar. I shouldn't say auditorium, it was an amphitheater. I sat down after a 10 or so minute walk and began to strum St. Stephen. Probably on the A chord of the first progression my ~~ten~~ high pitch E string broke. I decided to go home right then. I got home around like, 3pm? I think that's right. I didn't do very much there so either except that around 7:30 I began to construct a costume for the zombie walk. Well, you know how I've got that skeleton thing? It's a 5"0 plastic skeleton. I taped its arms to my arms and its legs to my legs and then went walking, no, shuffling down Bardstern Road to the event. By the time I arrived the thing's arm and spine had broken and I had lost several bands of tape. Even still, people liked the costume and I got many interested looks so I'd say it was a success. I met Julia, Joseph Johnson, Morgan Bass, and Olivia (plus one of Olivia's friends who I had never met). It was fun. Julia was zombie Alice from Alice in Wonderland, and she did Morgan's makeup to be a skeleton I think. The walk was fun. It's always nice when all the neighborhood in Louisville comes out to be together. After that Julia dropped me off at my house around 11:00pm because there was no way I was going to walk back in that get-up. Almost immediately after I arrived I left on my Dad's bike to meet some familiar faces in a new place. The Guys' apartment in Downtown Louisville. It was at 112 West Oak Street. a real nice place on the second floor with two levels and a lot of room. I met a lot of people I knew on the way there, too. I was on Eastern ~~East~~ Eastern Parkway and then stopped at a light and this car pulled up in the lane next to me and they've got some heat rolling out from their windows. I started dancing a little bit just for fun and then one of the girls in the

Lack said "Hey! Didn't you go to Male?" "Yeah, just graduated!" She said she met me in Mrs. Howell's class, but I couldn't see her to recognize her. I probably would if I had anyway. I kept liking, and as I turned onto Main Street I saw Olivia Rough and Faith Cheers standing on the sidewalk. I said hello and then arrived at Neil and Joe's just as Tommy and two friends of his were leaving. They were supposed to be getting girls but they never came back. I got shit-faced drunk and also pretty high. I wasn't even counting shots, but I do know I was one away from blackout. Standing out memories include everybody being really hyped I was there and also wrestling intensely with also drunken Joseph over a socket wrench. There was significant pride generated from this fight. Joe had both of his arms flailing on one of myiceps so I curled him across the floor. Very proud of this. Also, Jack Coomes was there and we had a temporary hat exchange for the night. I saw Trace, Jeremy, Joe, Will, Aslan, and Gregg. Also those already mentioned. Jeremy only recently started drinking, and that dude can really handle his alcohol. He was like 6 shots deep acting sober. So wild. Dude tried to talk about the dog thing and I had to leave him alone on that one. I'm very proud I did, too. Anyway, it was a legendary night. If a stone ever catches Wilbury out of West Oak, that was the first party of it. I stayed the night on Joe's mother's in the living room and when I woke it was Sunday and I said my goodbyes and began the ride home through that beautiful city. I got home just in time for the lunch with Mom and Emma at First Watch. It was good, I got a churro thing. It was definitely good. We just talked a lot. The conversation was good. I was feeling pretty lonely at school before going home but I think that's just how that goes in the first week of a new school. Louisville is redemptive though. She made me tired as the day went on. Very tired, not thinking super. Nell. Julia and I did some mild shopping. She got a sweater and I got acoustic guitars strings. We were both getting tired. Too tired to leave, I thought at one point. That was when I realized Louisville was reducing me. Drilling my mind. Enticing me to stay. I made ready to leave as soon as I got home, but I had to turn around after beginning my escape to get a laptop charger I forgot. After that done I was gone for good. Once I got back to Sex I did some decorating in my room, at last. I hung up the map of R.M.V.P. we used backpacking. I put up my stereo,

put up a little painting from St. James, and I restring my guitar. After all that I think I just went to sleep? I can't remember doing much of anything else. Oh! Nevermind, Julia and I hung out and ate at the infamous Cook Out, which was definitely not as good as Five Guys, though it sought to accomplish the same niche. Then we watched some Seinfeld, had sex, and then I went back here and fell asleep. That brings us to today. Monday. It was a good day to begin with. I woke up around 8:30 AM and had to go make tea because I hadn't done so yet, and then I was off to chemistry recitation. Turns out there was some homework I was supposed to do that I didn't know about. Whatever. I've had also had a yogurt parfait for breakfast. After that class I came back to the dorm and started translating some Latin for my class at 1pm. I was jamming to the Grateful Dead on my stereo which was fine but I really wanted to be listening to 88.1 WFL, which if I haven't already said, is the student volunteer station. It's really good but my stereo's radio was not picking it up until I came back from Latin and I figured out the antenna situation. Now I've got this dope student run music on all the time and they also talk about what's going on in town. Really cool local fucking station man. I've got the Rifle Magazine and it lists out the blocks and who's on when. Latin was a really good time. I was able to talk for a few minutes with another of the five of us who is also a Freshman and really nice named Carrie. I really like her. Just very humble and kind. Also made the class feel more personal. It was my turn to read a section of Latin in Latin and then translated. I don't know very much about speaking Latin poetry. Especially in the meters and stuff. Still I felt like I pronounced it very well and even did the wild tongue rolling. Then my translation was pretty good. Fun class, and then I was off to Calculus. Oh boy. Do we're talking about logarithms. Bares and all that. I'm thinking about some old thing I used to do on my calculator where I didn't use the log base function. I asked about it. Mr. Chung puts the entire class on hold for like 5 minutes and the whole class is throwing up help because the dude couldn't remember the answer and it was just this hilarious long period break in the notes for such an insane question. If you ever need to find a log base x out the log base function, remember: $\log_b \log_x y = \frac{\log_b y}{\log_b x}$. Two hundred people witnessed

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that. So funny. after all that I'm get-ting out in my dorm. I got the computer, the stereo playing campus music, good rides flowing like gold in El Dorado. Derek comes in. I ask what's up. He's going to Ultimate Frisbee Club. I tag along. Wind up having this amazing time. I had meant to go to that but I was very lucky he stopped by because I did not know when it was. I didn't play particularly the best, but I had a whole ass-load of fun. I am 100% in on that club. I was shirtless and as sweaty as hell and well worked. I tried to go swimming but they were closed again. That turned out fine though because my shoes felt so good. I did get pretty miffed at my tea because the bag tore in the thermos again! So annoying. Also I shaved this morning. Today I really feel at home here. I met so many good people and set up my room more like me. Goodnight.

August 29, 2018

Yesterday, Tuesday, was a great day. I was sore from everything I had done the day before (I went rock climbing shortly on Monday and forgot to write about it) so after classes were over all I did was hang out at Julia's. Classes were good though. Really just one of them was super good. It was the Geology course. We finally had our first class and the professor (?) Dr. (?) Summer was very young and cool. We did an easy worksheet about latitude & longitude and then it was over. I talked to her about her field research on the fault and she was apparently in the Grand Teton. I was like "woah." I asked if Geology provides many good opportunities for such things and she was like, "If you like the outdoors community, this is a good place for you." I was very touched. My 1st majo: in Geology. That's been the interest of the past couple days, at least. Anyway, Julia and I caught the bus back to her place and then we went to Local Taco for dinner. These places are unquestionably always expensive for some reason. They really shouldn't be. In fact, whatever, the food was really good. I got a shrimp taco, a fish one, and two steak ones and also chips and queso. Good times. Then we just watched Seinfeld and had sex several times. Tomorrow we'll have to change our routine. Today was and is pretty good. I went swimming this morning after a huge breakfast. I ate two bowls of yogurt, a small omelette, and two

Slices of pizza. I know the pizza was a weird choice. The swimming was fun I did 2100 meters and really enjoyed them. It was a set of 3 200's in the same order as usual and then 3 300's and then 3 200's again. The sky has also been beautiful today. Want to get Caines with Julia and then at some point I want to talk to Derek because Helder said we'd be felt like Derek was silently judging. Needs to stop. I'm just going to talk to him about it.
September 2, 2018

Well, I wrote all that about Derek and then we started just talking casually like the next day and so now we're all good I'd say. On ~~Thurs~~ Thursday I was ~~very~~ just hanging around most of the day. I was especially tired and was generally pretty annoyed by chemistry but it wasn't so bad. At some point I had Geology again and that was cool. The teacher has a really quick pace of teaching and it's tough to get all of the questions I have regarding the material in there. Still cool. In the afternoon we had Ultimate Frisbee practice #2 in which I did not do as good as before. However, I did learn about a strategy called V-stacking where catchers line up and the guy in the back of the line starts out to catch one from the man in the fristee and if he doesn't get it thrown to him he gets back in the line. Cool thing. I've never played the game with strategy before, so it's a cool thing to learn.

Friday was a day of great luck. I woke up at 11:30 or so and I hadn't done the written assignment that was due in Calculus. I had until 12:45 or so to get it done because after that I had to leave for Latin. I had to quickly figure out how my printer worked just to even print the damned thing, and only then could I actually start. I worked on it all the way until it was time to go, but the problem was that meant that meant I hadn't had time to translate any of the Metamorphoses for Latin. Luckily, it came just down to class finishing right when it was my turn to begin translating. Whew. After that I was done for the day and so Julia and I decided to hang out. We went to the restaurant called Tolly. We ~~eat~~ it and I haven't was going to like it as soon as I walked in because they were playing a great live recording of Going Down the Road Feeling Good by the

Grateful Dead. The place had a lot of light colored wood finish. Real vibe-y place. The food was fantastic, also. Just delicious. I got a spicy fried chicken sandwich and that sucker was so so good and filling for like only \$8 total. Drink and all. Place is so dope. After that we went to the mall and I got a little Yankee Candle that is called Amethyst & Mouse but I really love its smell. To me it's very warm and smells like the smoke that might drift through Lark, Persian halls where magic and strange things have been smoked, and seen. Weird way to put it, but that's the vibe. After that, we went to the Watson Student Center's theater and saw *Isle of Dogs*, which is the newest Wes Anderson. Fantastic movie. Very fun and sweet in that strange Wes Anderson way. It's also a slight bit uncomfortable, because the whole movie is mostly set in this trash island. All the dogs are dirty and wounded. Makes for slightly hard watching. Still good. Not *Fantastic Mr. Fox* good but still good. So a little bit after that I went back to my dorm and chilled out a while. It was like 12:30 AM at this point so I guess now I'm writing about Saturday. This was probably the most drunken 24 hour period of my life.



So Murphy and Aslan arrive. I was with them, Harrison, ^{and} ~~Kate~~ ^{aged} ~~Hugo~~, Nina, ~~and~~ in a car hotboxing a three blunt and drinking some alcoholic mix before I could even count to three. We had walked to Murphy's truck in the parking lot near my house and we were just laying that shit up. So afterwards we walk Nina to ~~her~~ ^{for} Kate's dorm in Woodland Glen, and it is so beautiful there. Then I

Watch Rick and Morty for a couple episodes, like my reckless ride just thought my intellect was a hilarious thing and needless thing of the past. I went to bed after that. When I woke up I don't think I was awake 40 minutes before Nina came into my room where I was shirtless, still blinking sleep from my eyes, and after but half commended that I take a shot. It may as well have been a command, because I sure as hell wasn't going to say no. I think it came around to like 2:00 or something and I had been smoking THC oil and shots and then Jack Coomes, Trane, and Parker Hogue just appeared. I think we got Ash Katelyn and Sean and hotboxed the truck again. This time it was broad-ars daylight and a cop even cruised by. Who cares I guess. The truck was cramped, but hotboxing is always cramped forever. So then there's this huge party of people just sitting on the floor in Harrison and Heller's dorm and then the door opens and like 5 girls wearing blue dresses were just standing there. So they came in and for maybe 5 minutes everyone was against a wall and then they decided their addition may have raised the population density just slightly too high so they left. The game was the more after that but the non-student party didn't wish too much to pay for the game so the party divided and consequently the football game was not too interesting and I left after the first half had almost ended. I went back to the dorm and basically enjoyed some calm sobriety until I revved up the engines again at an Ultimate Justice cookout. I think in total I drank 4 or 5 beers and some bourbon from this senior named Casey which was really good. Despite a summer full of heavy drinking in the good old state of Kentucky, that was my first time giving bourbon a try and I really liked it. The stuff I drank was pretty gilly though, so I still haven't had it straight. Still, it was good. I got to know this very intellectual/spiritual guy named Solomon who was a dream to talk to, this long curly haired dude named Carron smoked me up, added me to a ganja-buying group chat and recommended "Head in the Heart" or something. We also threw drunken Justice in the gravel driveway, and then I went home. But not to say that I was finished. My crossfaded ass wandered into Harrison's room and rejoined the non-stop train to fucked

up-ville. They hadn't stopped and so therefore I wouldn't. I drank and made
merry until we were craving a hit. I donated a gram to the happiness of Harry,
Murph, and myself, and we went to smoke in the Woodland Glen Glen
between all the buildings. It's this enormous green space with basketball
courts and stuff. We took seats in these ^(nice) magnificent chairs and smoked in the
comfortable warmth of the night beneath the gargantuan walls of the dorms all around
us. If I had taken something stronger I might have thought I was around the
campfire, stopped for the night amidst the rocky cliffs of Yosemite Valley. Someday
anyway. We smoked and enjoyed it. I was loving the moment. So perfect. I walked
back to the dorm with them, but I didn't go in. I was off to meet Asher and many
more at a party on Montmarcus Street. As a farewell, Murph gave me a bottle
of something that I only knew was alcohol. I could see the party before I tasted it.
Overflow of twenty people at least just milling about. I roared in through probably the
back entrance although I do not know how I found it. I do remember one of the first
things I saw upon entering the place, though. It was Asher, standing in the bathroom
on the phone facing the wall. Don't know why. I said hello and then jumped from
that room across some mystical borderline that separated a loud but learnable
collection of people leaning against stuff and a howling torrent of hundreds of people
all thronging together to some nameless but hype trap beat with heavy bass, bass,
in the hot and sweaty darkness of an overcoated living room. Another thing
that must have happened when I took that step was apparently that my 4 Loro
turned into a harmless grape juice, because I was downing that shit with ease. I passed
it from person to person, I was yelling and jumping and dancing like a fool.
So much noise, so little space. We threatened to tear down that place's walls.
Sometimes the current would sweep me out back into that edifying living room,
which only seemed to exist as a geologic by product of the raging waterfalls
beside it, and see people I recognized through the alcohol. I remember being
very excited to see Olivia Surlough before I was swept swept once more into
the heat. Eventually my friends dragged me out of there, and we all just
laid on the sidewalk and debated going back until some dude got mad at me for

me saying something like "fuck off" but in a friendly Irish way that the poor bastard didn't understand. Also some dude was impressed by my dancing and got my Snapchat. Also then we started walking away and the cops showed up.

I don't remember walking back. I just remember throwing up in my dorm's toilet. Well, once I found myself there, I decided it was time for bed. I snuck into my room where Derek was, sleep stripped down naked for bed, and clamored in. My stomach told me not all was over. I flopped off the bed and found my trash bin just in time for it to take my vomit. I must have made some racket doing this, because pretty soon there were heads poking in from the doors connecting Harrison and I's dorms and flashlights turning on. I can only imagine their horror when they turned their flashlights over to that awful left hand corner where I laid, crouched over naked on all fours with my vomiting face over a trash can. I'm not sure if I've ever looked quite so monstrous. Like a cave dweller. Like Gollum, really. Naturally there's a video of that somewhere. I survived. I went to bed.

Next day was Sunday. The good part is that I threw up what all could have been hangovers - inducing and I felt fine. I saw to the departure of the Louisville revolvers and then did some laundry. It was nice. just relaxing. Today is

Monday, September 3, 2018

I started Sunday well better off than you'd think I'd deserve. I felt great. I couldn't eat much, but Derek and I had breakfast and after that I was all alone with cleaning and repair. I took out the trash and cleaned out the bin. Then around 1pm or actually, maybe two, I walked over to Julia's. Walking there is much better than driving, by the way. I found a route a few days ago that takes the traveler walking past industrial abandon and railway desolation. It's a cool path to take. I felt like an urban backpacker too because I had everything I'd need for a night at her place. We just hung around and had sex and swam. We also, of course watched Seinfeld. Eventually, after a trip out to Steak and Shake we went to bed, Julia unable to finish the last episode of Seinfeld and me just a little restless. I have yet to master the sleeping with someone yet. I get so hot and, restless,

I have to move. Whatever, still felt good. We woke up and had sex to commemorate it. Then we went to Jolly Ho where I saw Noah Collins from the swim team at Mule. The conversation was really broken though. I couldn't really think of much to say until after. Jolly Ho was great once again. I'm pretty sure after we ate there we swam. It was sort of fun, but there were a lot of other people there. I went w/ Julia to Barnes & Noble to look for a book but they didn't have it and Julia bought a read like book and we ate chick fil-a and watched a trivia night thing then went to her apartment and played Mad Libs which were fun. Then after that at some point I left. I also did my chemistry homework the night before. Anyways. Now I'm here, wondering why everything Julia and I do together sounds so boring on paper. It's almost always fun in person.

September 5, 2018

Yesterday was a really great day. It was Tuesday, so I had to wake up for Chemistry at eight. I really don't mind that anymore though, I like the long days. Waking, but really that's good. I was up at 7:30 and out the door by 7:45 for breakfast. I ate like three bowls of yogurt I think. Then I was on time for chemistry and didn't hate it. I asked a question aloud in class so that was nice. After that was geology which was really cool. We learned about fault lines and stuff and I didn't know it before so it was nice to learn. The professor was also wearing a skin tight red dress that looked extremely attractive. Nice class. Then I went and ate and had a very pleasant conversation with a girl from G. S. P. Named Heyna. She invited me to eat with her but the new people I'd have to try and explain myself to daunted me enough into refusal. She took it nicely though and I read Rougini's Lit. Afterwards I went back to the dorm and then decided to go swim. I always feel so goddamned attractive when I swim. I've got these blue jammers that hug me so so well. I love walking by the women lifeguarding and pretending not to notice their looks. Call me arrogant. I call it youth. Anyway, after swimming I was beat because I started going really hard in the last few hundred I did. My day wasn't done

though. I had Calculus Recitation at 2pm. I wound up sitting next to this attractive but awful girl who basically seduced this kid with low self-confidence into doing her work for her. Annoying. Felt sorry for the kid. He needs a fucking spine. Well anyway, after that class I was done for the day. I was just in my room when this dude sent an offer to the "No BS Tolerated" drug groupie I'm in of joint. Joint pods filled with dab oil. I went ahead and sent him a message and he told me to meet him at his place at 7:00. It was 6:17 so I decided to kill some time by playing guitar by the library. While I was out there playing the Grateful Dead's "Dino Wolf," two people approached me. It was a man and a woman. The guy lead out with a quick acknowledgement of the fact that God had called him to talk to me. He showered me with compliments and tried to guess certain things about me. It was overall a very flattering experience. Had they not been so religious I thought they might have invited me to a threesome. So many compliments. Like, while the girl was praying for me (they each did so separately) she said "and his path may be crooked and not straight, but lead him through it because his path is always right." Don't know if she meant his, or His, but overall they just spent like 10 or 15 or so minutes complimenting me to a religious tune. Definitely a good encounter. Pretty soon, after that I came back to my dorm and prepared to meet this dude for the dab joint pods. Maps said it'd be a 25 minute walk from my dorm but I could tell the way was shorter. It would have had me going all the way around a hospital but there was a maintenance road that ran through the whole complex (it had very cool industrial scenery, and it had me walk a complicated route meant to circumnavigate a railroad that I could just cross! The railroad crossing was more difficult than anticipated. I had to walk behind a house's backyard shed and I shined through a chain in the barbed wire, reattach my headphones earbuds when they were jerked out, and then climb up a steep embankment on the other side. After that I still wasn't even done. I had to climb over a tall wooden fence, and then at last walk two more feet or so to the house, I had to wait on the porch for a while and uhh. the guy came out I talked to him for a second and forgot almost completely

that I was even doing there in the first place. I remembered and gave the man \$60 for 3 and then went on home. I found an easier way that took like no time at all on the way back and it dropped me off at Speedymart so I got a juul for the first time. Felt a little stupid but since it's for Lab it's okay. Still hate that I'm hitting a juul. Whatever. I also last night got to show off this very journal here to some friends Kyle and Nick, and boy does stuff like that make me proud of my dedication to the look. So much interesting stuff has happened in the past year and I'm so thankful I'll have such a great token to remember it all by. Not many people have done most of everything I have included here, including the very keeping of the journal itself. Perhaps it's true that only narcissists keep journals. If so, I'm glad I have spent the last year in their ranks for the product here is so glorious.

Anyway, I have been smoking this Lab shit for the past couple days and it is dope.

Today I didn't wake up until 11:30, and when I did wake up I turned on WRFL, lit my candle, and got to work on a very engaging translation from the Metamorphoses Book 1. David talks about the domain of the respective 4 winds. So cool. He described the territory of the West wind Zephyrus as "the shores that are warmed by the setting sun." How beautiful. I'm class this dude Dominie made a joke for ~~the~~ ^{of} the able, an alternate translation for Austerus' (Southern) position as "O bless the rains down in Africa!" so fucking funny. After Latin I went to Calabro the where the professor stole my joke and everyone laughed and High. I then went and ate with some friends Lanny, Cooper, and another guy. Cooper knew these two girls that thought we were cute and so they sent a person over to collect phone numbers. Fifth grade-esque but flattering. Past couple of days have been flattering as hell. Then to conclude the evening Julia and I saw Borders of the Lost creek at the Student Center. This time I noticed more about backdrop and ~~so~~ footage angles. Really cool. Anyway, that's that for now, adios!

September 12, 2018

Wow, so I feel like like I lost a week somehow. Like, how has it been so long since I've written in here. That's how unfinished journals happen. I

need to be more careful. Anyway, I don't really remember all that well what happened on Thursday. I know I would've gone to Geology, but if my memory serves me right we didn't do much that was all that interesting. We might have just worked on the worksheet all class. I'm also pretty sure Julia and I got lunch. Or, maybe no lunch. I think we went to the Student Center just to sit and talk a while. I know we didn't get lunch, matter of fact, because I was starving hungry all through Calc Recitation. Also on Thursday I really did super bad in Ultimate Frisbee Club. I smoked quite a bit before going, and I already knew that'd be iffy, but what really wound ^{right} up sucking was that my thighs were really killing me. Specifically my ^{right} left leg. That so bad, I couldn't run very fast, my mobility was also lowered because everyone else has cleat cleats cleats. Super embarrassing. Doing really bad. It's okay though, I survived. I think also that Thursday was the beginning of my recent really big dinners trend. I have been eating like, really huge salads with tofu and whatever, spaghetti, whatever sandwiches they had, yogurt, whatever. Really good stuff and fun. Though this may be how the freshman 15 sets in. I haven't swam in the week that I haven't written, after all. So the next day was Friday, which was probably a good day. Again, kinda foggy. All I can remember for sure was that Derek left school for home at noon, and so I decided to have Julia over at my dorm -- the next day. I got my days mixed up. Friday night there wasn't really anything going on. I just hung out in my room and then I hung out with Sammy and two of his friends, one named Grant and the other whose name I can't remember. We were all smacking on my deli juul. We got hungry and walked to Dolly Ho. We were just sitting there at the table by the counter when the guys saw someone who looked like someone they knew. He was odd-looking, and wearing jeans-shorts and an American Flag wife beater. Yikes. Well so they were all laughing about it and I turned around to look and I meet eyes with this thin, browned haired girl who really acknowledged my eye contact and then came over to our table and talked to us about random shit, just kind of standing there by my seat at the booth, and it was quite odd. She seemed to be flirting with me, but at the same time it seemed like she wasn't. She said I didn't really know how to reply to this one thing she said, she had said something, and I swear she said "Whe" like she

self-referred to herself as being in our group, so I was like "So you're 'we' now?" kind of in a teasing way, to be jokey. She was like "Umm, I didn't say we, you've jumped the gun a little bit there." So he was ~~like~~ ^{also} doing that joking voice too, but it was off putting. So somebody's like, "What did he say?" I was not sure how to reply. I was just really confused. She jumped in and said "He said all women should be enslaved." I was so ~~so~~ ^{so} startled. It was funny, but then I had to explain to those stoned motherfuckers ~~how~~ that she was kidding. Stressful, but really fun encounter. Anyway, we talked in my room, the four of us, and after too long had passed ~~after~~ they left for their dorms. I can't remember how well I slept that night but I'm sure it was good. On Saturday Julia came over to my dorm to stay the night because Derek was gone. We had this amazing sex with my candle burning deep in the nostrils. It was so good. Smelled so good. We also went and picked up American Seregeti. Now, I believe it was Saturday night, the 8th of September that Fall started. Now, I know the technical start date is in the month a little later, but I think it started ~~today~~ that day, because there was a storm late that night that just never really left us. It has been chilly and grey since there. On Thursday I felt muzziness and it was really chilly and I accidentally called the wind "August wind" instead of "autumn wind." Embarrassing. Anyway, Julia and I were sleeping together and there was real rain going on. Oh, and before we went to sleep that day I showed her out to Solo that night. It's a new Star Wars movie about the background of Han Solo. But anyway, this was actually the next day, on Sunday. Friday night we just slept together. It was super warm and at some point, like 3 AM, I woke up and began to rub-on Julia without even being wholly awake. She woke up and we had some good, late night sex. Then I fell asleep again. It was fun. Then I think we had sex in the morning? Just love fucking that girl. We went to breakfast (at noon) and we just got so rained on along the way. I was wearing that old striped shirt with green white and blue or something and Julia had my raincoat, so you could actually see my skin through my shirt. It's a thick shirt! Well, it was a great time. I love the rain like that. I also loved the coziness. Felt like fall. Anyway, to show the suddenness of the change, on Saturday sometime during the day Julia and I did ~~what I like~~ ^{shin} ~~choosing~~ the pool. So on Sunday I was wearing long sleeves during the day. Well, anyway we watched Solo together at some point and I really enjoyed it. I loved that movie much. ~~She~~ The movie was at times surreal at

times with a crazy black hole scene and also a ~~conf~~ cool fun story in general. I liked every part of it and I think it really felt ~~like~~ like Han Solo. ~~Really~~ Really fun. I think I walked back to my dorm myself that time? I really don't remember what happened. The next day was Monday which was really fun because I did pretty good at Ultimate Frisbee Club and then we all went to eat at the 90 and talked to Solomon and Sammy. Solomon recommended Daft Punk albums and also reminded me of some conversations at the lookout I had forgotten about from the lookout, and then I went home. I didn't get to sleep though, because I had a reveal big lab report due so I had to stay up reveal late and I did and then still didn't finish. I ~~went~~ ^{spent} a lot of the next day in between classes just working on it. Got it in at 4:30 when it was due at 5 that afternoon. Then I went to Julia's and stayed the night. I was trying to work on math homework but it wasn't loading so I was frustrated but I still had fun with Julia. Also before I went I was really high because Harrison, Katelyn, and I smoked dabo and a blunt ~~and~~ in my car and I got so stoned. Walk to her place was interesting. Today was long and relaxed. I left Julia's place to with her at 7am and then got to my dorm and fell asleep. I woke up in time for class and I rush on over there only to realize that my tired self had thought that class wasn't until an hour later at noon. I was pleasantly surprised. I went to a coffee shop in the Patterson Office Towers called the Intermeygo. I didn't bring my book, which I am really pushing to finish. Probably will continue tonight. After lab I just did my homework, read, and ate a big dinner. I had some good conversations with Helder and Harrison about family and stories and it is always cool to hear about Helder's Native American Mexican family. Harrison also talked about how close he and his siblings are. I reflected on when Morgan and I would break over to each other's rooms when we were little. It was nice. Now I'm listening to Joe Rogan. I'm feeling it bro. Night vibes. Peace.

September 13, 2018

Today was an excellent day all around. Even that I woke up late for chemistry because I stayed up so late writing in here and reading through it to the finish. Because I got the journal updated, I started American Serengeti, which just simply makes my heart sing for freedom.

I took a chemistry exam right that I feel pretty confident about, and while I was eating a celebratory ice cream to chase down the club oil smoke, I made the realization that I am a man, the greatest thing in the universe to be, and that everything is mine and given to me. As a man, I decided about it. I was making tea that it is necessary to break up with Julia and I must do so by telling her this: "Julia, I want to marry you someday, but I also need to sleep around in college. It's just a guy thing, I gotta do it." I just have to do it. Also before the guy I was bumping out these fantastic tunes on that old guitar I found, and I was doing it where people could hear. I was feeling professional, and then this guy ^{he} came over and played excellent guitar on my very own instrument. Totally showed me up. He was nice enough despite small condescension. Really great moment. I really like the instrument.

September 24, 2018

So it's been a long minute. Some of the most emotionally charged up a bit since last entry. I went ahead with the breakup on Friday and it was awful. Julia was crying and when I left I saw her crying from a slowly closing crack in her bedroom door. Very difficult. I'd had plans for that evening that fell through, too. I just spent the night feeling like a piece of shit, basically. I was guilty and lonely and sad. Saturday was altogether boring until the evening. I had some conversation with Solomon (more on him soon) & then we split up because Blake Clark, the legendary here himself, was in town to see some GSP Friends. Well, I stopped on by the student center to see him and while there I wound up meeting some of his friends playing pool that were really cool people. Problem was, they were going to a dorm and didn't have enough people to sign me in so I had to leave. However, this girl Mel was going back to her dorm and that gave me a perfect opportunity to walk on her back and flirt a little something-something. That was really nice because it reinforced the break-up was a good idea. Well, I got back to my dorm afterwards and by the time I did Mel had texted me saying that Blake and the Gang were actually going to her room and that she could get me in. Hell yeah. I came back.

guy named Brandon (cool guy) had also brought alcohol. I drank, and to my complete surprise so did Blake! The guy has been stuck so deep in his shell that I did not expect anything like that at all. Oh, and also! I'm not sure if I wrote about this or not but a few weeks ago there was a girl in front of me in chemistry researching Longs Peak! I tapped her on the shoulder and quaked on it for a second. Well, turns out this very same girl is one of Blake's friends named Rachel. She was there and hanging out. Kind of magic. She and I are similar in the extreme. Like, it's almost unnerving. Don't remember what it was specifically tho - wait yeah! She was in Creative Writing at her GSP too, has a passionate interest in camping, etc. Might be cool to check into, but she is rarely available. Not a huge plus. In between. Anyway, we all smoked my tabs, I ran into ^{up to} Tommy getting them, he joined the party. I saw Chloe Saxe, Olivia Surlough, and Alexis Hill just wandering around, and then we all went for a long ass walk to Jimmy John's. Good night to be sure. Still, the next day I wound up going over to Julia's, just as friends, and then we had sex. We talked about the issue I kind of have, and I decided I'd stay on for a while. Flamingoing himself doesn't declare the start of his manhood to be until he was like 20, anyway. That's what I was thinking, at least. Because that's kind of how it feels. I don't want to break up, but I'm pretty damn certain that soon I'll have to. So I need to do it soon or my manhood won't be covered ever. Because in the act of breaking up there is a lot of discipline and honesty. Those are both very masculine traits that the breakup will test for very difficulty. The way I see it, until you succeed in the first big breakup you have not been adequately tested for manhood and are thus a boy. Soon. But anyway we're still together right now. I just don't feel the same. I'll have to do it soon. We just watched Starfield until I left after that. The week went by in some sort of blur until the weekend. I'll write about that whole heart tomorrow.

September 25, 2018

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I took a chemistry exam right that I feel pretty confident about, and while I was eating a celebratory ice cream to chase down the lab oil smoky, I made the realization that I am a man, the greatest thing in the universe to be, and that everything is mine and given to me. As a man, I decided about it I was making tea that it is necessary to break up with Julia and I must do so by telling her this: "Julia, I want to marry you someday, but I also need to sleep around in college. It's just a guy thing, I gotta do it." I just have to do it. Also before the guy I was bumping out these fantastic tunes on that old guitar I found, and I was doing it where people could hear. I was feeling professional, and then this guy he came over and played excellent guitar on my very own instrument. Totally blew me up. He was nice enough, despite small condescensions. Really great moment. I really like the instrument.

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guy named Brandon (cool guy) had also brought alcohol. I drank, and to my complete surprise so did Blake! The guy has been stuck so deep in his shell that I did not expect anything like that at all. Oh, and also! I'm not sure if I wrote about this or not but a few weeks ago there was a girl in front of me in Chemistry researching Longs Peak! I tapped her on the shoulder and quaked on it for a second. Well, turns out this very same girl is one of Blake's friends named Rachel. She was there and hanging out. Kind of magic. She and I are similar in the extreme. Like, it's almost unnerving. Don't remember what it was specifically tho- wait yeah! She was in Creative Writing at her GSP too, has a passionate interest in camping, etc. Might be cool to check into, but she is rarely available. Not a huge plus. Whatever. Anyway, we all smoked my dabs, I ran into Tommy ^{while} getting them, he joined the party, I saw Chloe Saxe, Olivia Surbaugh, and Alexis Hill just wandering around, and then we all went for a long ass walk to Jimmy John's. Good night to be sure. Still, the next day I wound up going over to Julia's, just as friends, and then we had sex. We talked about the issue I kind of have, and I decided I'd stay on for a while. Hemingway himself doesn't declare the start of his manhood to be until he was like 20, anyway. That's what I was thinking, at least. Because that's kind of how it feels. I don't want to break up, but I'm pretty damn certain that soon I'll have to. So I need to do it soon or my manhood won't be crowned ever. Because in the act of breaking up there is a lot of discipline and honesty. Those are both very masculine traits that the breakup will test for very difficultly. The way I see it, until you succeed in the first big breakup you have not been eloquently tested for manhood and are thus a boy. Soon. But anyway we're still together right now. I just don't feel the same. I'll have to do it soon. We just watched Spielberg until I left after that. The week went by in some sort of blur until the weekend. I'll write about that whole heart tomorrow.

September 25, 2018

I think the main reason I don't remember much of the week is because it has been almost totally eclipsed by the following weekend, I'll do my best

to sum it up, though. I knew that I did not have cleats again on Sunday Monday and that was unlaessing. I swore I would get some on Tuesday. Oh! Yes, this was the week of exams Tuesday night I had a Chemistry Exam. Everybody showed up at about 8 and much pleasant anxious-style conversation was had. Well, the exam felt really good, better than it really turned out. I got an 82% or a 79% or something in that ballpark.

Well hold on with all that. I just want to hang on, to this moment. I don't want to forget this. I'm just sitting here in my chair that I assembled with Mom, Dad, and Grammy, looking over past my bed out the window into the rain. It's been raining for the past 4 days. Simon and Garfunkel's Bookends has been on. "Preserve your Memories. They're all that is left you..." The moment is gone. Back to your regularly scheduled Page-programming everyone.

The energy of the exam room was fun to sample, so many-I realize I have already mentioned the exam. Well, okay. I also took a Math exam. That must have been my confusion. This was on Tuesday and I walked through the rain, got to the exam 3 minutes before it began, and, where I walked in some friends from Recitation all happily called out my name. I was mainly Bo and Ben. Ben looks exactly like I Dubey, and is just as sarcastic. Bo is a tall and slightly chubby dude with tasteful facial hair and glasses. Both are wonderful. I sat near a girl from recitation as well named Liv. She's the same girl I write about before, the snarky one. I really like her now though. Day before yesterday I ran into her in the hallway and I was soaking wet and I said "What's up Liv?" She was like "Not much, you?" "Just ~~very~~ soaked." I shook water from my hair for effect. "Why didn't you have rain gear?" "I couldn't predict the weather! I don't know how you all guessed." She laughed a wonderfully pure laugh.

Back from a few hours of stuff I'll write about in a minute. Anyway, so I sat behind Liv and then realized I had forgotten my graphing calculator in my dorm. Two minutes before test time. ALERT! ALERT! I ran through

the rain to my dorm only to find pure nothing. I ran all the way back just to find it was under some stuff in my backpack all along. Wound up scoring a 72% on the test, and that turned out to be much better than most people's score. Curve was six points, so I basically got a B. At some point also during the week Derek and I went to Kroger. It was a long ass walk and I think I went because I needed to buy a calculator. Oh shit no, that was like, two weeks ago. I can't allow myself to go so long without updating anymore. I even missed the year anniversary of the journal. Luckily I already recently wrote a ~~pride~~ thing about it. I wish the journal came out to be exactly a year, but that would surely be too perfect. Anyway, on Thursday I was going to go to Ultimate but I realized something. I had not purchased cleats. I was not about to break my promise to the coach. I drove to Dick's and I kept trying on the cheapest pairs of cleats but none fit until the \$60 range. They're these bright yellow/golden things. I really love them. Very popping. Coach Hughes poked fun at me when he saw: "The guys and I were just talking about your shoes finally being cleats when we noticed you were wearing ~~haki~~ shorts with a belt. It's progress." I was really touched/amused by the story. Now, for the weekend. So Thursday night Solomon texts me with a proposition. He says he needs a ride home for the weekend. I didn't mind the idea, I planned to go see the guys the night of the arrival. I tentatively agreed. Solomon really sunk the deal though, when he told me we could go to a "festival" whilst there. My assumption was that it was some kind of small local ~~sauvie~~ music festival. Well, Caden also texted me on Friday when he heard of my plot to fly home and asked if I could bring home his girlfriend Dakota from college. I happily obliged, and Solomon, she, and I piled in during the rain that has yet to stop falling, and drove home for Louisville. Dakota never said a word the whole drive, sometimes visibility was like, 0, and right as we pulled off I-64 and pulled near to Caden's house, my car started freaking out. Sputtering and jerking,



I only barely threw her in park before we all exploded and ~~that~~ died. I'm kidding, but the car was not in good shape. We popped the hood to find that for that entire ride, the oil cap had not been on the engine. I thought the car was busted for sure. I called Dad and he told me it was probably fucked. Caden's dad told me the same thing. Everybody had to get rides out from the spot.

September 26, 2018

Well I was embarrassed. I moved on though. Cory picked me up and drove me to the apartment and I hung out just really chatting with Gregg about his first acid trip a few weeks ago. He talked a lot about the "acid science." He really knew the feeling. Apparently got caught in a loop all that. Well, I think Cory put up a really fucked up Black Mirror episode about clones in a digital world controlled by an evil tyrant. Super creepy. Jeremy showed up, and I don't really remember what we talked about. Eventually Joseph & William showed up (at like 3 AM) and we woke up just enough to talk for quite a while. I think that Joseph is ultimately my favorite in the group. He and I talk in the most comfortable, hilarious way. We can share understandings of social situations etc very easily. Honestly despite his ~~own~~ indulgence of substance (every time I come home there is a new story of some stupid drunken failure in some way), he is one of my favorite people I have ever met, due to that special self analysing conversation we share. I could tell as soon as he arrived I had missed him. William also was really fun to talk to. Oh man that was nice. Anyway, we got crossed and went to sleep. When I woke up I read by their large window until Solomon picked me up at noon, but actually, he drove to my car. His mom drove he and I to my car because despite all the fear mongering the thing was absolutely not destroyed for good. I followed Solomon and his mother all the way out to the site through beautiful countryside to a farm outside Tropic. I was inured with the place when we pulled in. There was Grateful Dead stuff up everywhere and I could hear music

Coming from a gazebo a little ways away. We sat up there in the pouring rain and there were some preliminary greetings with folks they knew. Evidently this festival has a small cult following and everybody knows each other. I was feeling exclusive as fuck just being there. I don't really know when the exact moment that the bubble burst, but it surely must have at least seemed strange to me when we went to our first "class" and it was Acro-yoga. Turns out this is 100% not a music festival, but some odd Lianmal gathering of aging hippies and twinking hipsters, that they call a "yoga festival." The thing is called M-y-path and it's this tiny camp that acts as a center for practicing New Age-ists. There is intense focus on Indus-inspired religion and art. Yoga classes from dawn to dusk. Unfortunately we arrived late so I only had the opportunity to visit two yoga classes and both were fun. However, the first class was really intimate, and it was performed with a stranger. This girl woman named Amy came to me to be my partner. She would be the "flier" and I would be the "base."

That drawing is the best I've got. She had to warm me up by like, giving my feet, chest, and hands a massage.

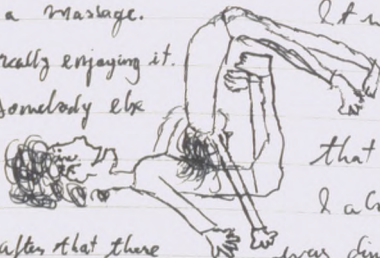
so I was really enjoying it.

was with somebody else

the fact

"I feel like

abandoned. after that there



It was really interesting. She was fairly attractive

Somewhat some confusion began and she at the end of the affair and despite that nothing romantic had occurred she said, "I abandoned you!" and frankly, I felt

abandoned. after that there was dinner which was plentiful and some kind of dance. We were all dancing to a Bluegrass band and it was a pretty good time. They played a couple of Autumnal, Halloween-like songs and I really enjoyed those. One had a really heavy roaring brass thing. Still, the dance didn't quite seem right. Solomon, who had been going to this festival and was kind of Mr. Big shot, (it's since childhood) was doing this odd type of dance on all fours that everyone seemed to really enjoy. He was dancing like different animals. Something about it was just very embarrassing to me. Especially to do with people. Still, they seemed to like it. He had been flirting very prominently with that woman Amy, despite her being 30 years of age, and it was that awful style of childhood summer camp flirting but I think it was working.

The people at this camp were so oddly like children. It seemed like they never had the early teen summer camp experience and they desperately wanted to even despite their lateness to it. Everyone was doing the couple-y crap by late night, especially Solomon, which was really annoying because he was literally the only person I knew excluding me from conversation with the only person I'd met. So I went to bed and woke up the next morning with water just all over me. The rain didn't stop the entire night and the shitty fucking tarp they had me put my tent on had collected a fuckton of water that all got inside my tent. Ugh. Whatever, I think I slept better than Solomon. He was also apparently cold for what little time he wasn't wearing down the 30 year old. I went to a Qi Gong thing when I woke up. That was the favorite thing I did whilst there. We made simple movements whilst standing with our eyes closed and just really focusing on the movements. It felt like there was a lot of potency in me. It was cool. Then I ate a decent breakfast with Solomon and the pinnacle of this place's madness approached. We went to this thing that Solomon's own mother was running called "Ecstatic Dance." It was this wild frenzy of people running around on all fours and like, growling and shit. There I took everything I had not to flat out leave. It was incredibly trippy. One of the weirder things I've been ~~part~~ ^{part} of. In my whole life after that there was a closing ceremony where a dog walked up and licked my face when we were all joining hands and then she sat with me a while and I felt as cool as shit. Then we finally left and I drove Solomon back to his of UK and then at last the weekend was over. I went to Julia's and apparently she had a bad weekend as well so we just suffered together awhile and had sex and then I went home to bed.

So the next day was Monday and I have never been happier to be in school. After the madness of the weekend school felt like the most familiar thing ever. I really didn't have a good translation in Latin this day and I couldn't focus in Math, but I had my tea with me and I felt home.

That evening it was still raining. I felt I had been covered in water for all my life. Not only that, but I was wandering around trying to find the hidden fields where practice would be during the worst part of the storm. I had taken off my

~~started~~ shirt too because it just clung wet and cold to my skin. I finally arrive after a real trek over the hill that looked down on the field and in mocking triumph I shouted down at my team, "Does anybody know where the cricket field is?" That was the field we were set to ruin that day in the storm and mud. As a matter of fact, the item of practice we drilled that day was the dive for the disk. I was shirtless and sliding tens of feet through pure, stinking mud, and it was awesome. Everybody was making fun/complaining, and it was one of those "This sucks but we can make it fun." Moments. Well, at the end of practice what happens but the clouds break apart, & the sun shines out in gold as it sets, and a double rainbow appeared over the field. It's 307 AM and I have an ~~test~~ ^{exam} tomorrow so I need to sleep. Tomorrow I will tackle the richest least that was Tuesday, and also hopefully catch up the journal at last. September 27, 2018

So. Tuesday, I woke up at like 7:40 AM and had to skip breakfast to make it to Chemistry on time. Got through it without too much boredom. Although I was sent back to my dorm to get a rain jacket before Geology but unfortunately I had left it in the car after the weekend's madness. Well I also got through Geology pretty easily and then starving as I was I ate breakfast at Champion's kitchen and really enjoyed it pretty well. Waffle and syrup and also an egg sandwich thing. After breakfast I just sat down and read American Serengeti for like, three hours until class started. It was Calculus Recitation, and I have really grown to love that class. Guess I already talked about it. It was a whole lot of fun to be in there. Ah! Also, I totally skipped Chem Lab which was awesome. I'm dropping it ASAP because it really sucked, and I don't want to major in chemistry. So after that I think I went to eat at the 90. Don't really recall. Oh or maybe I didn't eat until after I went to the gym with Solomon and Charlie. That was really fun. We had a blast and I felt really good and sore afterwards. Solomon and I ate and then drove over to this guy's place to buy wood. Actual bird this time. I couldn't play Solomon until later and it was getting near 8 PM when my first

Swim club practice would be so I ~~keep~~ resolved to get the weed and smoke some with him after practice. Practice was quite challenging, but it was also very short. I guess I kept thinking, "yeah it's really gonna suck to keep swimming after this!" and then after a couple of times of that, practice just ended. It was a very efficient hour long. I went to an atm for weed money and then Solomon and I made the exchange and smoked. It was my first time smoking a bowl in a while and it was nice. We talked all the way to Papa John's where Solomon went off and I got myself a pizza. I was so fucking happy to be eating that pizza, it tasted so goddamned good. Man I am hungry. Well, after the pizza I was all ready to go to sleep. I was in PJ's and all. Then, however, I got a text from Rachel inviting me to try to get into the abandoned tower. I threw on clothes and met her, Alex, ~~and~~ who I met on that hike a few weeks ago, and a guy named ~~James~~ ^{Joey} who was also cool. We did find a way in after some deliberation by pulling up a grate that led to a door that led into a strange passageway or tunnel for the abandoned complex. We wandered around down there for like, an hour. There was just a whole lot of space to explore and we were trying to find a stairway to get into the actual tower. Well, we were not sure where we had left to look and the pipes started making weird noises. Then "the pipes" sounded just like a door opening back down the tunnel. We ran. I turned around thinking it was probably nothing but there was legitimately a guy back there. Oh shit. I accidentally ran past the exit. Oh shit again. I was lost and running from this maintenance dude/security guard. I was so fucking scared, I thought I'd be arrested or something. I turned a corner and there at the end of the hall was the exit door. I ran for it but couldn't find the entrance exit one I was inside. It was dark and I was just going to hide, but then the lights came on. Well, I just gave up at that point. I walked out to the man defeated. He led me out and then after chastising me but made no disciplinary action. I told everyone else I made it out myself. Very exhilarating night. ~~As~~

So exhilarating in fact that Wednesday was pretty boring to make up

for it. I woke up, went to Jatin's and that was cool enough. We talked about Jupiter and his anger at humanity and how he was going to flood the Earth. Then Calculus, which was OK, and after that Julia and I had Chick-Pil-A and I hung out at her place until 7:30 pm when she dropped me off back at my dorm and I went to swim practice. ^{That day} ~~Today~~ felt more difficult than the one before. Met some folks on the team and they were all cool. Almost chose to do the easier B set but stopped being a bitch and did the A. Very proud. Then I came back to my dorm, made tea, and stayed up very late updating this thing. I ~~also~~ forgot to mention that that morning maintenance woke me up and I had to move my desk so they could get in and ~~move~~ replace a filter. So today, this morning, I slept way in. Missed both of my first two classes. Chem and Geo. I didn't leave the dorm until 12 to eat at Intermex with Julia and a friend Theresa. I got the Mexican turkey ciabata with jalapeños and hot sauce and Mayo and I was in heaven. So good. We chatted until recitation, which was as fun as ever, and then I finally turned all my coins into ~~450~~ \$45 cash and then I spent that on a beautiful ~~long~~ loud for weed. It's really nice, and I got it at a place called Botany Bay. How odd is that? It has a very beautiful design that looks something like this - well, nevermind. I can't do it justice. I'm glad I tried that in pencil. It has this wonderful spectral blue and green to it and is generally very alien looking. It's cool. I was trying to make plans to use it with Nick, Harrison, Katelyn, and Nina but I had to go to an Ultimate Frisbee debriefing for the tournament ~~tomorrow~~ this weekend and then Harrison was gone with family until 11:30 and then Nina and Katelyn were asleep. Plans totally fell through. Ugh. So now I'm tired and we're caught up to this moment.

Sately I've resolved to take a year off starting this Spring semester to do the PCT. I just feel it's what I need to do. Still, the question remains as to whether or not it would ruin my social life by forcing me to make all new friends the semester afterward. I mean, I want to have close college friends, but I also want to do the PCT. And somehow they seem mutually exclusive. I am trying to get a job to start saving. I only have like \$350 right now. I do plan on doing

UPS again this Winter break but I will not move than that. I applied for a job at a greenhouse and I really hope that they accept me. I would love to learn how to garden. It would be such a blast. When I applied though, I accidentally put that I was a convicted felon so I had to have that changed on the phone. Fingers crossed. It's late. I need to sleep. Goodnight!
October 1st, 2018 (12:40AM)

Friday was a good day in the end. During math I wasn't really able to focus on anything and I was still stressed from missing that smoke resh, for some reason, and I hadn't planned my rides to and from Knoxville very well. I wasn't sure if I was going for a minute. Turned out it was all fine and after having some time spent with Julia I went to Woodland Glen III and dropped in the car driven by Carson, the dude who put me in the weed Groupme Groupchat I'm in, Brian, and including Bear, and Solomon. It was a cramped backseat but it was a really good time. Solomon, Brian, and I smoked a bowl together and we listened to a lot of ganja smokes music. Carson liked my addition of Bertha by the Grateful Dead on Skull and Roses (just put this on) and I was very proud of that. We had a good time all the way down South. Knoxville is in Tennessee, and thus we got this wonderful ride through a sunset, verdant hillscape all the way until the stars above us came out. Very fun. We arrived where we would be staying, a guy on the team named Empire's place, at like 9pm. It was a very nice and out the window I could see a field in the moonlight. The inside had a living room including the front door and if you passed by a fireplace looking a left you'd be in another warmly coloured kitchen and living space. I slept in that living space in/on my sleeping bag. The floor was hard, and I was embarrassed by the smell of my ~~back~~ bag because it still smelled dank from the wetness of the weekend before. I still slept well.

Saturday we woke up early (6:00AM) and hustled to get ready for the tournament. We had still to drive 40 minutes all the way to Knoxville and the room ups began at like 8:15AM or something like that. Well, Brian, Bear, Solomon, Carson (driving),

and I got in the car. We started on our way. Well, we made it something like 300 feet and the transmission refused to change. Carson's car was haphut. We had to push it up a hill to get it out of the way of everyone else, and then we thumbed thumbed our way to the tournament with our other team members. We listened to some hype - up trap and saw even more and even more beautiful views. Fuzzy sunset over mountains implicated on the horizon. The whole ride was enchanting. Playing the actual games was kind of stressful. I learned that I am probably even worse at the game than I had thought I was. I did participate in one successful point, when I slid into a catch and tossed off to Carrico and then he threw into an endzone catch. When I came off the point someone (I believe his name was Peyton) said "Congrats on your first point in KULT." Felt 100 ludars, a good beginning. Nothing else noteworthy except a lot of heat and general success of my team except for one loss out of three games against Tennessee. Most of our success was due to my teammates and not me but I was still on the team. When it was over I wound up getting chicken with Empie and someone else whose name I forgot and I didn't really know them at all so we just talked about Seinfeld the whole time. We had this local fried chicken called Gus' that was pretty good. After that we went back to the house. First thing I did was go with a group down to the man-made lake right by the house and some of us swam in the cold fall waters while the others stayed by the shore. Soon after that we all went in and I jumped line in the list of shower orders and got clean and into clean clothes. I had finished American Serengeti the day before and it concluded on a very warm note optimistically raising the chances of reestablishing the ancient Great Plains ecosystem in Modern day America and I had nothing to do so I just went upstairs and sat down at a table in the kitchen by windows and the TV which was showing the Kentucky Football game against South Carolina. Kentucky's on a winning streak 5-0 right now so every game is exciting. Initially I just spent time on my phone because everybody was in the living room watching the game, but over time I somehow got to talking with a small, motley crew that showed up at the table. at first it was just small stuff like remarking that I was cold and getting a blanket that had been made with pictures of Empie's family and talking about

that with this girl Kinell who was short, cute, and red-headed, and this quieter dude Alex who is really good at the game. Someone else who was quiet, eventually the same old ~~doosag~~ low-rag wearin' Brian sat next to me before long and then Solomon came over too. I ordered a pizza from Dominos and for some reason that really got the party pumpin'. We were all talking long easy and fun at around the time I sent for that. Also, this dude named MS who is good friends with (and actually lives with) Brian Cuche up from a map because he had had to drive to the tournament at like 1AM because of work and I was messing with him, saying he had missed a whole feast and that I ordered a pizza and everything. He thought I was fucking with him and then the pizza arrived and he was so mad. Then Carriso (the team captain) ordered a pizza too and MS and I ordered myself one as well. I was proud to have started the trend. Anyway, the table conversations eventually got so popular that the whole kitchen was involved. After so long, probably $3\frac{1}{2}$ to four hours after the conversation had begun, it began to fizzle for me as Brian and Solomon had gone to bed. I decided I'd sleep too. I chose the laurement this time for quietness - sake and I had a nice long sleep. I of course woke up a couple of times because I was sleeping on the hard, uncomfortable floor, but it was still a good sleep overall. I woke up at like 6:30AM because the ^{on Sunday} team was leaving and I probably would have had to have with them but I figured I could afford to stay in bed an hour or so more and it felt like a big risk but it paid off because I did get a ride, plus! The ride was with Brian and MS so I was hyped. Once there we warmed up and got going. I do think I played a little bit better on Sunday than Saturday because I had a more focused defense. Still, mostly just embarrassing. It's okay though. Just the last time I think we won two, lost one? Or maybe we lost one won one. All I know is that we lost to the same Tennessee team again. ^{MS} I decided to just ride all the way back to ~~Det~~ Louisville with Brian and MS and we ate at Chuck Worthy's. Riding with them was a blast. We played this game where everytime you see an individually fanned bird of course, you get a point for it as long as you say "My Cows" before anything else. Also, if you pass a memorial cross or graveyard, you can call "graveyard" and rewards

all of one other person's cows. I wound up winning the game on some quick-draw shortcuts of cow herds and although they both reached, we were too close to fix for a graveyard. Woo! Those two are really cool. I showered then watched an episode of Seinfeld with Julia over skype. Then I went and ate a quick dinner of pizza, salad, and ice cream before taking a joint we rolled for Thursday and my love to Katelyn and Harry and we all smoked together behind the abandoned dorms I love that bowl. Shit had me spaced off of just a couple hits. Harrison had to go get food so Kate and I talked together for like an extra hour. I should have asked to come up to her room maybe? She does have a boyfriend and I do hate Julia and ultimately that's why I didn't. I want to though. Mgh. Chris sent a song he wrote into the groupchat and I was so impressed with it that I called him and he and I wound up talking for an hour or so about this and that. The lyrics are really deep. They seem to be about leadership, and I'm guessing it has a lot to do with Jeremy. Really deep. I love Chris. He ~~tried~~ gave me good advice about my PCT dilemma. I was saying I really wanted to and I'd give him reasons why I shouldn't. He shut them down for me, and told me that if it was money I needed I'd have to work double shifts at UPS. I said "Well that'd be worth it to me." He said, "I was texting you there, joke." "I respect your response." He told me that meant a lot. I am going to get a permit this November.

October 2nd, 12:46 AM, 2018

Today (Yesterday) was a good day. I woke up at around 9 AM and normally I don't wake up until like 11:30 on Mondays, Wednesday, and Friday, and I love waking up early. You just got more done. I did laundry and got all the way to the front door of the 90 at 9:45 and then realized I had Chem Recitation at 10:00. I went to that and wound up eating breakfast at Einstein Bros which is like a coffee/bragel place in the Chem/phys building. I got something called the El Paso Wrap and it was delicious. It had like, egg, other stuff too, etc. It was so good. After that I went back to the dorm and worked on Latin. That was cool. Jupiter is getting ready to kick some ass on Earth. I just really like translating, even though I always seem to get the right idea through misinterpretation. Ovid has a lot of subtlety to it that I haven't mapped out

yet. My actual Latin class was really good too. I was supposed to translate some lines like five before I did so I asked for a rotation strip and I felt bad for doing Carrie like that but then she said she actually preferred it like that so that was cool.

Then Math was really contemplative. This analogy for the chain rule about climbing a mountain. Nobody but me understood it, it felt. I had to put in a lot of work to figure it out when I didn't even need to in the first place because I already know the chain rule. Well, after that I found my way over to Julia's ~~but on the way~~ when I got to her apartment she asked me a question you never want to be asked. "Where is your car?" I had left it in her lot over the weekend because I couldn't move it from the X-Box like I'm supposed. When I got back, it was absent - I started being really upset. I was mostly just afraid it had been stolen. We got a phone number for the local towing company and we went there, paid \$140, and then drove to the mall. My mood was fine at this point but I was really hungry so we ate (I had Mac's) and then we used the half-off October coupons we got for Yankee Candle on those big jar candles. There's more to write but I need sleep.

October 3, 2018

"The rest" was that I wound up leaving Julia's to go to Ultramar Fiske practice, and as it turns out we didn't have any. So I had chose to go back to Julia's. On the way there I stopped by Memorial Hall to see if you could get in after dark because my friends want to explore it and they seem to only enjoy doing such things at night. Well I pressed the handicap button just to see if the door would open despite the actual door being locked. Turns out, it did jerk open an inch or two, then close. I did it again, and curled my fingers around the door to pull it open. I did, and when I did, there was a girl on the other side, presumably going to get the door. When she saw me she said, "Oh!" I was confused. I thanked her and began to walk out of the stage area. I noticed that the first few rows were full of people. They were all girls. There were also two women on the stage. Nobody was saying anything and everybody was looking at me. I smiled awkwardly and made up some lie about stopping in to use the restroom. I don't know what I walked in on, and I can only theorize forever.

anyway, I made it to Julia's and I'm pretty sure we just watched Seinfeld and had sex. Lots of good jokes were really popping off, though so that was fun. I think I went home about 10 PM. Don't think I made tea 'til about one AM though. I had an 8 AM class in the morning but I just wound up staying up late. ~~Woke up~~

Woke up on Tuesday and I was tired. Made it out of bed and into chem and I was happy. Drinking tea and all. Then I went to Geo and both were pretty uninteresting. I think I had something to eat in between. Anyway, after Geo I think I sat around in my dorm until Calc recitation, which wasn't very great either. My head was off & I was so tired. People were getting my jokes even less than usual. Oh! One thing though, I did talk to Emma Miners and she is apparently not in a sorority like I expected she would be. Much respect to her! Next time I smoke I may invite her. Or maybe we can just talk. Emma is really cool. After that (recitation) I took a big old nap and stayed in my dorm all night. Today, I woke up around 11:00 AM and tried to get some Latin done. It wasn't enough so I had to quickly bullshit a translation in class and embarrass myself. After that I went to Calculus which wasn't anything special. I zoned out a lot and was focusing on keeping my thoughts in order - I was interviewing myself about various things. The night before I messaged Mr. Youngman & Mr. Stewart about my PCT idea. Youngman said maybe and Stewart was less maybe. I don't know yet. Mr. Youngman also gave me good advice for Mashead. He recommended *If by Rudyard Kipling* to get a sense of it. So those thoughts were in the mix. After class I went to the library to get ahead on Latin and I found an enormous old Oxford Latin dictionary that I used to help the translation. So they're flooding the Earth because they were scared burning it would catch Heaven on fire. Everytime I turned a page of the book or clicked my pen the shape of the room I was in caused it to reverberate back to me very loudly. That was a lot of fun. Then Julia and I went to Kroger to buy pumpkin carving stuff. We ate at Jolly Ho and then came to my dorm. I pushed in a big wooden table from the Active Learning Center area down the hall, and we got to work.

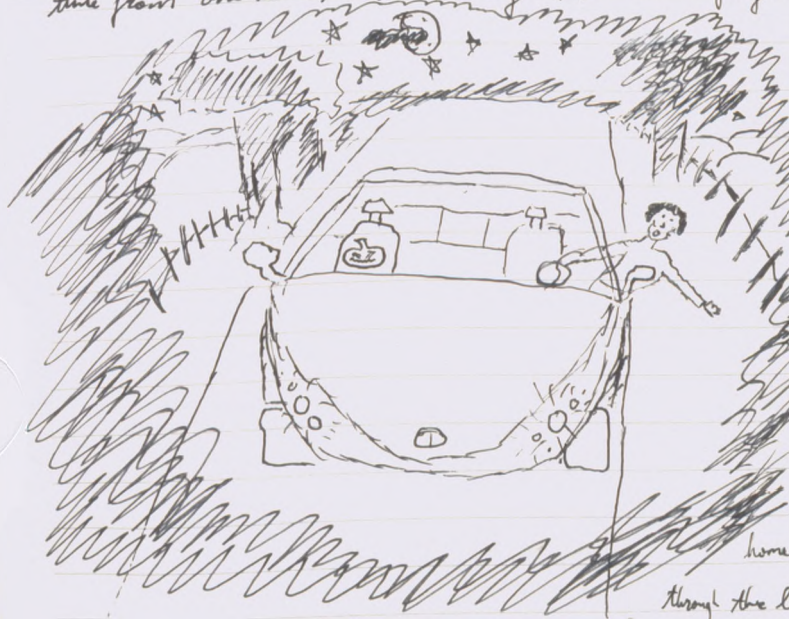
We were listening to some excellent Halloween music and having a good time and getting work done. My Jack-o-lantern now looks dope as hell. I went with my usual style, really it's pretty similar to last year's model. Still love it. After the Jack-o-lantern Julia and I had sex and now I'm just hanging out here. Big long, sleep coming up in T-minus three seconds. Forging the Halloween vibes tonight - Stay Spooky.

October 7, 2018

Thursday I woke up at 7:45 AM, just 15 minutes before class started. Hell yeah. Had time to get up and get there just on time. It was cool. One of those super lucky coincidences AKA everyday miracles that just make you a little bit more interested in the day. So I was in there, then I went to Biology, and then after that I can't remember until recitation. I went to the library afterwards with Ben (may never see him again despite him being the coolest one out of all of those people because he's dropping Calculus), Bo, Morgan, this dude from South Korea named Jim, I think, and that's about it. We were just trying to figure out our Math homework but for real shit was pretty hard. We went and ate dinner but I couldn't really relate because they're all engineers and I'm not ever going to be an engineer. Hilder told me the other day that your most tight friend group is going to be your Major Community. Well fuck me then. I might declare a major in English. I know I would meet people I like with an English major. I just wish I knew anyone else doing that major. Nobody is doing it probably because it won't pay at all. You've got to wonder sometimes if college is really worth it for those of us without marketable interests. I mean, I can't think of any job that's worth a damn without some degree. Unless I tried authorship. I wonder how you got into that. I could probably do small editorial pieces for a job. I really did hate high school journalism, though. I wonder if there's any money to be made in running a blog or something. I could maybe do a Youtube channel? None of these (especially the last one) seem like careers. I really want to be an author though. I've always known that. I've also always known that that is a "high risk dream." Maybe I oughta practice though. I mean, I do write about every day in here. That's like practice, right? I do manage to force myself to write semi-regularly so maybe there's

hope? I am really good at writing. I have always been. Also good at talking. I am made to convey ideas. Anyway, nice abstraction there. Let's get back into the concrete stuff. After the dinner I think my official gameplan was to get really high and watch a horror movie. I checked the first requirement off of the list and then decided to watch *Sigurd* based off of a recommendation by that Ben previously mentioned. Really fantastic movie. I was totally except until suddenly from out the window there was thunder loud enough to give me pause. I pulled up the shade and it was absolutely pouring rain outside. Like, so much rain. I later found out that it was in fact enough rain to flood the lawn in front of Willy D. and make a mud slide pool out of it. Sadly I didn't at the time know of this so I just went to go talk to Helder about the storm. It was awesome. Derek wound up joining us and we had a great conversation but I wasn't able to make tea for Friday because I did not have them. We didn't stop chatting until like 2:30 AM. Oh yeah and around 1 AM these three girls showed up and they were drunk off of their asses and so we talked to them for a while. Derek had this hilarious mocking way of talking to them. It was awesome. Anyway the next day I woke up and didn't do much Latin before class because I was totally unable to focus on anything at all, or happens, but that turned out okay because the section I had to read was one that I had translated pretty well. After that I went to Calculus and I remember being glad when it ended. I talked with Julia outside of Dunkhouses and then went to now find Mom, Grammy, Emma, and Morgan who had all come down to Lexington to come see me. It was really nice! We went to my dorm (Morgan opened my weed stash box and found my pipe) and then to the library and then the KA house for Morgan and they gave her a tour of the place so that was cool. Then we went and got dinner from Jolly He and I was getting really odd vibes from Morgan and Emma while there. They really didn't want to eat and were both acting very quiet. It was odd. I got a really good turkey sandwich and pretty soon after that the family went back home. I would be following them shortly in my own car, but first I had an appointment with Jimmy. Don't really like him much after it, to be frank. We went to go smoke in my car (after doing Calculus hw) and the dude kept smatching AUX. It was really annoying. My car, my weed, my AUX. Solomon was coming but he did not know when to park so I stood on my car with the Jak-o-lanter in hand above my

head like a beacon and he saw it and came over. Thank god he did because Sammy was being as annoying as fuck. So complain -y. Solomon kept it real as usual. We smoked and then went each our separate ways and I elected to go home after my family. The drive was so wonderful. It was extremely dark (I left at like 1:00AM) and I was driving these empty backroad highways for the first half-hour. My jack-o-lantern was glowing in the passenger seat, soft silhouettes of trees and fences and hills wrapped up around me, the windows were down, some wonderful music was playing, and I was sticking my torso out the window to see the stars (which were plentiful). It was such a beautiful moment. Then I got on the expressway and the atmosphere died just a bit. I just found out about a route that is all back roads but it would take the travel time from one hour to two so maybe not. But anyway it was excellent.



I pulled up to William and Joe's apartment instead of my house around 2:30 or 3AM and met with them and we all chatted for a while. It was really a good time. I got to show off my load. I then after talking a while went to my own home where I silently crept in through the back door just like all

those times I did in the most recent and yet most distant summer I've ever had and then slept very well, having had a day inclusive of many different emotions and experiences. The next day was long too. My family and I had a whole group visit of the zoo in Cincinnati. We got to see the fawns from the hippos and all the other great animals of the place. It was cool to see the Mexican Wolf again because this time after reading American Savagery I know a lot about it and how they're making something

Like a comeback in the Southern Plains, we then on the drive home stopped at Barnes and Noble and Mon got me The Road by Cormac McCarthy which I am very excited to read this month. It's a post-apocalyptic (I beg, I know), about a father and his son. Lots of ash and whatnot. After all of this we made it home around 7pm and I went to Will's place around 9pm to see what the party was looking like. At that time it was there but the place was all nice and clean and I sacrificed my 1.75 grams to be rolled into blunts when Eddy and Matt arrived and they had some weed too and we all just smoked and drank so much. I lit my bowl a lot, smoked like six blunts, and had at least 4 beers. Then a bunch of people started showing up to the party. Jeremy arrived and he brought Kayla Pucek. There begins a night of near constant reduction. People were for some reason on my ass about how tired I was. Some stranger at their apartment was trying to call me a bitch for it. Like, I argued with her a while and then I kind of looked at Will like "what the fuck is even happening?" and then I realized the party had gotten too big for my taste. Parker Hogue was like, also trying to get under my skin about it. The whole affair was just very odd. Jeremy carried one of our fat ass Eddy rolled blunts down to meet some stranger at the door and let him smoke it when he hadn't even put in any weed so we all got on his ass for it. But then later in the night I took like 2 free hits from Murph and Nina because they were smoking out of my bowl. Also Darrel was there and he ~~is~~ is a Iowa state college dropout without a plan. Noo Kee. and during all of this mayhem I am being assaulted by Kayla Pucek's sexuality. I had to go, shit was maddening to a man who had peaked like 2 hours ago. I was in Cory's room reading the book when who would've thought but Kayla Pucek comes in and she was being very tender. I had a bit more respect for her that night than others, it's true. Well yeah we almost fucked and I'm glad we didn't! But also you know. I woke up around 9 and then left for another long day with family at Huber's farm. It was an awesome time, though it is almost certainly the last. Huber is unfortunately being sold auctioned off this November. 175 years old, and it's over. We had a great last time. Pumpkin Patch, corn maze, apples, everything. I helped a girl carry a huge pumpkin off the cart while still

Carrying my own and fast ~~like~~ like Broom Boxes. Well I've got a new pumpkin now and I'm back in Louisville. Lexington. Tex is made and Latin is tomorrow. I've got a "forgotten details" highlight reel that'll probably be put in tomorrow at some point. Goodnight.

October 11, 2018

Well it's not tomorrow but really when is it ever. I'm gonna start with the promised highlight reel. Even though by now it's almost too old. That weekend we were in Knoxville I was waiting to take a shower in the basement but I couldn't sit anywhere because I was still wet from the lake. I went out to the lower deck underneath the upstairs deck and just sat a while. These two guys DP and Carren were up on the higher deck talking about a tattoo. Both of them have personalities that border on annoying/protectionist but what does that really mean coming from me? I stood on the wooden rail and my head about reached the height of the floor of the upper deck. I could just see DP and Carren. I introduced myself. DP is still funny. He probably said something like "Oh sweet buddy?" Sometime I got it into my head to climb up there on the outside of the rails to get up. I was putting all of my weight on these thin wooden struts that connected to the higher hand rail. Unsurprisingly to anyone but me, one of the ones I had put my body weight on broke. It pulled out of the hand rail at the top. I started falling but caught myself on another thin thing. It held. I was being called an idiot by everyone. I just climbed back down because and pushed the wooden rail back in. Problem solved.

That forgotten inclusion was the next afternoon on the way back to Tex. We were racing another Ultimate Furber car on the expressway and Brian in the passenger seat stuck his bare ass out the window as we passed them. What a role model.

Okay, so you can see why I had to get those in here at all costs.

Back to your regularly scheduled programming.

Monday I don't I woke up until at least 11 AM. It was a really good night as far as I remember. I went to Latin and we worked on pronunciation all period. Calculus wasn't much more interesting. Julia and I hung out but didn't do anything special. The day was good but unremarkable. Oh, however I suppose I did bring

drugs on Monday. That was actually pretty cool. In the groupchat dude was
advertising \$254 ^{grams} and he claims it was a strain called Melato. He was a good dude
but he was also trying very hard to establish me as a customer. I think it worked.
Not sure yet. It was a good deal. He offered me to smoke and stuff but I was
going to Julia's so I declined. That's about all I did.

Tuesday I woke up on time for Chemistry and digested a whole lot of exam review
that I really needed. Then I went to Geology and there was little of great interest.
I went to Calc recitation after probably playing some guitar or something and it was
also boring because I was sad Ben wasn't there. I did get work done, though.

Afterwards I studied at the library for just a little while and then went to Julia's
place. We watched Girl With the Dragon Tattoo and that was alright but I didn't love it.
I almost fell asleep a couple of times. Anyway, afterwards I just went back to my dorm and
got ready for bed. I had a dream that night about partying with William Kennedy
and Sophie Colette. She was this beautiful girl I worked with at Lakeside 3 or 4 years
ago. In the dream it turned out she went to UK. In real life she goes to NYU.
October 13, 2018

I just woke up from the most intense dream I have ever had. I woke up at 11:30pm
but then fell back asleep and that is when this dream began. In it, I had just gotten
back to my dorm from a family weekend and Mom had bought me this brand new
\$500 laptop. I was standing in my dorm when out of nowhere 5 or six people, mostly
guys but a couple girls, forced their way into my dorm. They kept saying they were a part of
some gang. There were some pretty-looking dudes, too. Mostly all white with like preppy-
athletic wear on. Well, they were there to rob me. I was peaceful, and letting them
take whatever because most of it was cheap. But then they found the laptop and the dude
set it on the table and smiled. I grabbed it and put it back in my backpack and
said "I just can't let you take that." The guy was basically saying he was going to
take it anyway. I said, "I guess I'm just going to have to fight you, then." He looked
really reluctant to fight and I was too but I had to and he didn't. He put his arms up and
I remember punching him in the face a couple of times but then he was on the ground and I
was on top of him mauling his neck against some edge of like a floor vent or something

over and over again until somebody knocked me out. I know I was knocked out because I woke up doing something else. I'm pretty sure the next scene was that the government had rounded all of the "good guys" or victims in a safe place and I remember a helicopter starting pouring champagne over the crowd. I ran to follow it and got some in my mouth. Everyone was glad it was there. Next thing I remember it was night and I had found a hill where all of the gang had congregated. I fought everyone I could. I fought this one dude by pushing him by his shirt down the hill and then like punching him telling him to stay down. After him I made it to the top of the hill where I pretended to be one of them until I like almost this girl nearby me. Then I started fighting everyone. I including chasing this dude downhill. Next thing I remember I was in my dorm and it was ransacked and my journal had been destroyed. There was some kind of survivor group I was a part of in a really effort and I was crying. I was so mad. I was so fucking mad. Then I woke up mildly disappointed it wasn't real. I was so proud of the fighting I did. anyway.

Wednesday I had a close call in Latin. I was behind in my translations and I had to do a part I hadn't translated about 14 words but it turned out well. I'm not sure what I did the rest of the day. In, wait. Yeah I am. Wednesday I took my laptop to Best Buy because for whatever reason it all of the sudden was completely unable to connect to any wifi. I gave it to the Geek Squad and they said they'd probably have it back by Sunday. Well here's a hint: I'm writing this on Sunday.
14th October, 2018

And I still don't have it. I did have fun driving there though because I just smoked my pipe all the way there. Then I smoked all the way back. That was dope. Literally. Ha. When I got back however I realized I had homework to do so that definitely fucked up the high. Whatever, sleep still felt good. Thursday was my chemistry midterm. It went well, as far as I can tell as of today. I spent the evening in a celebratory smoke session. Hell yes I'm proud of that session. I went to the library but on its grounds, not actually inside it, and I smoked alone in the sudden autumn

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chill that only settled in just a day prior. It was wonderful. On the way back in to my dorm the wind had blown out my joint so I hid the remainder behind my ear and walked into the lobby. I ran into Dominic out there and he met me with a finger pointed at the belly of my collared grey sweater. He was pointing at ash that I had accidentally dropped on myself. "Where are you coming from?" He asked. I said "Nowhere." We laughed about it. He told me he'd hit me up soon to hang out. Well I then went in to my dorm and laid there shirt off jeans on in the dark and listened to my speaker let loose "Death Don't have No Mercy" by the 4 realtful Dead. I was carefree. Then I saw that Dominic had messaged me and I went to go smoke with him and his friends and they are all really cool. I smoked with this dude ~~but~~ this dude ~~but~~ this dude. It was awesome. They had some really cool humor. Then we all went back to Dominic's and in walked that dude Shane and the first thing he does jump up and point at me and say, "Heey! We just got back from smoking too!" It was this instant insert to our wife and it was just a grand old time. Well after that I went to sleep. I even woke up at 9:20 AM for my advisory meeting. I mean, I was definitely seven minutes late but not bad for a deep high night. So Friday I had an advisory meeting where I was really excited to go because it was about the PCT Trip. Surprisingly, when I told her about it she strongly recommended I do it. I didn't expect that at all. She said she didn't know about the scholarship freeze but she did seem pretty optimistic for me. I was so pleasantly surprised by her opinion on it. Really set my head into the clouds for the day. I did have a really good passage reading in Latin. We were talking about the loss of the animals in the flood. "Lions and tigers were swept away; a wandering bird having searched all day for land, fell into the sea because of his exhausted wings." Sad and especially hard. Liking due to the fact that I was also reading The Road at the time. Desperate. Then in North we had a lesson regarding related rates and I understood it. Then he decided to make the homework over it a whole lot more difficult for god knows why. I was only able to do like 5 of them out of 12. I just talked with her though and she said she didn't get any done so I felt better about it after talking to her. That was

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Not a good feel for real until I went to bed. Friday Saturday morning I didn't even wake up until 1:30. It was the night of that dream. Ops. Well I was in a poor mood until I went out with Julia around 3pm and she and I went to this cute jack fall festival hosted at the Arboretum. It was really all for kids but there was a good bluegrass band there throwing down together to make some real beautiful Fall music. Julia and I played around on a dead tree. Then we came back to my dorm and carved jack-o-lanterns. This time we did put them out on campus. I hope they're still there. I had a white pumpkin that I for once carved a happy face into. It was a great lantern. Then I went over to Julia's and stayed the night.

Woke up today around 9:45 pm. Julia and I hung around and had sex and talked before going out around 3:00pm ish and we had Panda Express. I got a fortune that said, "You will go on an inspirational journey in a faraway place."

Maybe I will. Then she dropped me off at my dorm and once again I was feeling kind of bored-sad. So I went to go eat and afterwards felt much better. I played some guitar until Helder stopped in. He and I made decent conversation for a while and then He, Harrison, Chad named Kyle, and I went to the gym around 9:00 pm. Then after we all ate at the 90 and afterwards Harry and I met Kate to smoke. It was really fun and we waited out a rainstorm smoking at a bench under an awning in the abandoned dorms. I got to this wonderful level of high. It has been so excellent. When we split up I came back to my dorm, sat at my desk, and I've been writing here listening to music ever since. I did spend an hour with a Helder/Derek conversation and then another hour in a Derek and I convo that felt really good. I talked about the fees I have regarding the PCT thru-like possibility and I related it to when I was afraid to climb the Water tower over the summer but I knew the view from the top was worth it. That is exactly how I feel. Maybe I will, fortune cookie.

October 29, 2018

Well, I'm glad to be back. Do I feel guilty for not having updated in so long? Yes. It's my guilt compounded by the fact that so much

shit has happened in the past two weeks? Yes. Am I going to have forgot to include a lot of information because it has been so painstakingly long since I last updated? Yes. I ~~may have~~ ~~can't~~ ~~guess~~ word count per line going to be totally fucked up for a while? Yes. Will I ever stop with these senseless questions and review the last two weeks? Yes.

Okay so the first week I didn't write about was Midterm week. Basically I got like 80 - 85% on all my tests and I didn't study for any of them so college is cake rides are a big mood right now. Also I think the Sunday of this whole ass week I didn't write about I got moving on my Sap Year thru hike idea. I don't know how its possible that this only happened two weeks ago. I called the Scholarship office to me if I could take a gap year and still have the scholarship when I returned. Despite the fact that I had been fully expecting an answer in the affirmative, the woman over the phone flatly told me no and gave me no recourse. Something about that didn't strike me right. As a matter of fact it made me pretty goddamn mad. No way was I just going to hear "Nah." over the phone when I had been thinking so much about this idea. On Monday I marched into the Scholarship office and re-presented my case. This time I was told maybe, but it wasn't likely at all. Apparently what the fuckass denies over the phone had neglected to tell me was that there is an appeal process. In person though ~~the~~ the woman I met with still told me it wasn't likely to happen. I decided to do it anyway. She said read her a letter and they'd all ~~review~~ a mysterious "Committee" would all review it. Sounded to me like an easy way for them to deny my appeal without much accountability. I asked if I could present it to the Committee in person. That way they'd have to ~~make~~ ~~it~~ know who they were denying. She didn't want me to make them go through all the work but she didn't stop me, either. I needed to email her with an appeal and a time that would work for me. I think I emailed her on Wednesday or so and I think I typed the appeal Tuesday. I also didn't have my laptop at this time, but Bry was still trying to fix the wifi problem it was having. I may not have written about that. I had to go to the library whenever I had homework to do. After I typed the appeal I went to go eat at the 90

and there I saw Rachel O'Driscoll and Sammy chilling in there. I wasn't really feeling Sammy at the time because he showed some poor mood etiquette the other day and it was particularly annoying because I was high. I realized I had overreacted talking to he and Rachel, though. I told them about my PCT idea and both were really supportive. Obviously Rachel was more so. ~~Well I think the weekend before also I went to a party at Whitt and Joe's that involved half the fucking world and Kyle Ponack kept trying to ride my fucking dick as usual. Can't believe I never wrote about any of that. Oh shit man that was longer ago than I thought. These two weeks have felt so goddamn long, man. It's throwing off my sense of time.~~

Nothing super exciting happened for the rest of the week that I can remember until the weekend. Right after Calculus on Friday I dropped in the car and drove my ass down to North Carolina to backpack with George. I believe this was the 19th. We put up real late because I couldn't leave until 4pm and the drive down was a mother of six hours. We checked out the summit of a bald mountain called Black Balsam where the wind was extremely intense. We camped beneath the treeline and George started up a fire for us. We wound up sleeping around 11:30 but then we talked through the tents for hours long. It was awesome. When morning came we didn't even hike until like at least 10am. We still got like 11 or 12 miles before it got too late though. I loved the rusty leaf colors down there. It colored the gentle hills and felt very warm. It was a wonderful time. That afternoon George and I smoked together and I got like big loaded because I hadn't eaten very much. It was really fun. The sunset was like orange, pink, and deep purple. We also experienced an odd anomaly wherein George's iPhone lit up when I said "What song is that?" I had no idea that was possible. Wonderful time for sure. Now, are you ready for the reason I haven't updated in so long? I accidentally left my journal in George's car so he had to ship it back to me and I only just got it. The second third day we were out we only had to wrap up 7 miles and we actually got it done really quick. I got to test out my new GNOG Waters bladder and it is a dream.

I love that thing. My entire backpack rig-up was much lighter and more efficient than ever before this time. Also, my new backpack is just so much better than my old one. Hip pockets, lighter, simplicity. It's like a sports car. Big love. The whole way back to Lexington I was listening to this album that came out this year called "For Ever" by a band called Jungle. It's the first indie band whose music I both like and respect. I really love this album. It had me grooving at 85 mph all the way home with some forays into the 90s. I've also been in love with Bridge Over Troubled Water by Simon & Garfunkel lately. Last week was a hot party every single night. Do I mean party literally? No. But had a wonderful night every day of the week. And, it was always something different. Monday I don't really remember anything I did until the evening. Even then I don't know for sure, but I think there was a smoke sesh with Kate, and then one with Kate and Harrison. I love multi-sesh nights. Got a good sample of the environment. Plus it winds up that you smoke a lot. We picked him up from work and then smoked in his car. Also I just remembered, we didn't have any Latin class at all last week until Friday so that was nice. Tuesday I woke up in time for chemistry which is always pleasant and I think I talked to Rachel about something afterward. I don't really remember, after class Julia and I hung out. We went to see Bad Times at the El Royale in theatres and it was great. A whole lot of fun and I love Jeff Bridges. I wonder how many people his presence in the film sold. After that it was like midnight and I got a text from Rachel about trying the towers again. I've got to admit, I wasn't totally optimistic about our chances of getting in after our first attempt, but when I finally got to them in the tunnels it became apparent that we were cooking this time. We found a trash chute and Rachel jumped up in there and started trying to climb. She needed a boost which I provided but then she made it through the little chute door and into the first floor of Kierin Tower. She tried to find a way in for us but she was having no luck (though I didn't really give her much time) and so I found my way up the trash chute solo. We guys thought we wouldn't be able to fit, but I had that feeling I got where I was pretty sure I could climb up and through that flap. Well, I did it. Basically. I was proud of it too because



the trueline and George started up a fire for us. We wound up so, but then we talked through the tents for hours long. It was awesome. When we came we didn't even like until like at least 10 am. We still got like 11 or 12 miles before it got too late though. I loved the rusty leaf colors down there. It felt like the gentle hills and felt very warm. It was a wonderful time. That afternoon George and I smoked together and I got like big loaded because I had a lot of very much. It was really fun. The sunset was like orange, pink, and deep purple. We also experienced an odd anomaly wherein my iPhone lit up when I said "What song is that?" I had no idea that was possible. Wonderful time for sure. Now, are you ready for the reason I haven't updated in so long? I accidentally left my journal in George's car so he had to ship it back to me and I only just got it. The second third day we were out we only had to wrap up 7 miles and we actually got it done really quick. I got to test out my new GNOC Water Shredder and it is a dream.

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it was a breakthrough in the case. Alex and Tray came after and we tried our best to climb all twenty-two flights without getting killed by our own exhaustion. We made it to the top floor and there was a sweet ass, asbestos-covered lounge up there. We were super excited and Alex and Rachel played an ancient piano and we scattered, looking for a way up to the roof. I spotted a ~~trapdoor~~ that I think ^{they} then pulled down and then he climbed up and opened a nearby door and we all came up. Then we found the roof hatch. We got up there and the view was just beautiful. I sat briefly on the edge while Rachel sat there for great length. We were spooked. She lived ~~there~~ though. We scoured some of the dorms and I found a moustache with my name on it taped above a door. I would love to know where that Jack is now. Well I have his old pink moustache nametag. Ha!

Wednesday I don't really remember anything specifically. I probably smoked ^{or} something. Oh yeah, I did smoke! I smoked in my dorm (big bad move) and then danced around the dorm to all kinds of fun music. I danced with my shadow on the wall like Peter Pan. ~~Friday~~ Thursday night Julia and I broke up for good I believe. We really needed to do it. It was this big to-do about me getting caught up with friends and being late and I just had to do it. I didn't cry this time. Feel guilty, but that's it. Friday night I don't really know what I did. Probably read. Oh, nope. I got it. I did read, until Solomon and Carren tested me and we all went to smoke. It was a good time, but I had to go around 1:30 am to meet Rachel, Tray, Alex, and two other girls atop Kirwin. It was awesome, but sneaking in there through the tunnels and trash chute alone while high was terrifying. Still I did it, and when I arrived on the roof everyone was excited to see me. It felt so good. ~~They~~ They let me smoke some cigar with them, and that was odd but cool. Smoking tobacco is always interesting. The texture is what I like about it. Still not into it, of course. We all went down into the lobby ^{lounge} and smoked my bowl. It was really nice to be high with all of them. I really enjoyed everyone's stoned personality. If you couldn't have guess it, I especially enjoyed that of Rachel's. The girl just makes me ~~can I lie?~~ We all went back to an ALC in Woodland Oaks III and

watched Block Mirror until the sun came up. It was awesome. I'll write about the rest of the weekend tomorrow. Oh now, I'll also write about the appeal. Totally slipped my mind somehow.

November 2, 2018

Well, I just dropped out of college. Holy shit. I can't really believe I did it. Like 30 minutes ago. I got an email saying they denied my gap year so I just sat there and held my head and I knew there was really only one thing that could happen. I had expected it to go down like that the whole time. I knew they'd never accept a compromise. Today I had to make a choice. Was I a college man or something else? A dropout I suppose, but one with an interesting and beautiful future. Which would I be? You can't compromise in business like this. They are two different spectra, you can't gradient between them. I had to choose, and I knew what I wanted, and so I wanted the PCT and therefore had to drop out. I will not be the man who ignores his own heart. I have to go all in to become the beautiful thing I someday will be. I have no choice. Now. Now it's over, too. The choice is made. I have been dreading that choice for some time. Now it's over. My God. Turns out today was the last day for a 50% refund, too. That's a pretty happy coincidence, isn't it? I signed the paper with this goddamn pen. Wow. Holy shit man.

I think I'm writing in here because I don't know what the fuck else to do. That feeling of forcing myself through all of that to get that paper signed. Jesus Christ. It was willpower the whole way. My God.

I'm very sad now. About it all. Very similar to when I broke up with Julia that time a few weeks ago. That at least gives me confidence that I've done the right thing. Still. Here I am scared. Here I am nervous. I feel so much guilt. I know still that what I have done was necessary. I know it. It had to be. God please carry me. God please save me. God take me where I know I'm meant to be. Because I am lost and

it was a breakthrough in the case. Alex and Tray came after and we tried our best to climb all twenty-two flights without getting killed by our own exhaustion. We made it to the top floor and there was a sweet ass, asbestos-covered lounge there. We were super excited and Alex and Rachel played an ancient piano and scattered, looking for a way up to the roof. I spotted a trapdoor that I think ^{they} then pulled down and then he climbed up and opened a nearby door and we all came up. Then we found the roof hatch. We got just beautiful. I sat briefly on the edge while Rachel was were spooked. She lived ~~there~~ though. We scoured down a mustache with my name on it taped above a door that Jacob is now. Well I have his old pinkie me I don't really remember anything I did smoke! I smoked the door to all kinds of the Peter Pan. Friday We really needed to with friends and being didn't cry. I was guilty, but I know what I did and I know what I did. I had to go with Carren and Kevin. It was a chute alone when the roof everyone was some cigar with them, and The texture is what I like down into the lobby with all of them. I enjoyed everyone's stoned personality. If you could guess it, I especially enjoyed that of Rachel's. The girl just makes me how can I lie? We all went back to an A/C in Woodland Glen III and

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Just that time a few weeks ago when I broke up with me. I have confidence that I've done the right thing. Still, here I am. Here I am nervous. I feel so much guilt. I know still that what I have done was necessary. I know it. I had to be. God please carry me. God please save me. God take me where I know I'm meant to be. Because I am lost.

NO DO PLATED.

November 6, 2018

Well I'm back in Louisville now. That same old Heine Bros on Douglas Loop. Derek helped me pack up all my shit Sunday evening and I spent basically the whole weekend before that getting high with various places and with various people. Gotta condense my handwriting. Friday night I smoked with Shane, Dominic, etc etc. all of them faces I'd be surprised to see again but also ones that showed great kindness to me. We smoked with a huge group but still got high, and then I went back to my dorm. I waited a while until Sammy showed up and we discussed everything, really. Then I went to go smoke with him out in a little spot at the abandoned lounge. The dude really opened his soul to me. I really was some of the best stuff anybody ever said to me. Really poignant stuff that I don't want to write because I hope to remember. Well anyway, sooner or later I concluded the night with sleep and in the morning Joe and Jeremy were there and I hung out with them for most of the day. I also parked illegally because it was the day of the Georgia game everyone was really hyped for that UK lost and I had gotten a parking ticket because I forgot to move my car the night before. Anyway, Joe was really a burden to me because he was just so goddamn drunk all day. Then I went to a party with Sammy and Rachel and everyone they knew but I was an outsider so I didn't really have much to do. I did play some drinking game called Raze Ball that is too complicated for me to remember very well. All I know is you had to leave a ping-pong ball into a cup before the person behind you did because then you'd have to drink a mixture of shot alcohol that was someone worse than others. All I had really wanted was to talk with Rachel and Sammy and Jeremy and I did smoke together under the backyard stairs and nobody could see us but even then neither of us was incredibly articulate. I was unfortunately one of the antisocials all night because of it. I was awkwardly left alone during a strange, funny of all shouting their private school songs and then the C-A-T-S cheer. The whole thing was rather terrifying, crossed as I was. I could have explained that with more detail but I'd rather not dwell on it. My departure felt rather

anti-climatic, just in that I never got to talk privately with Rachel. I mean, I will be seeing all of them some weekend soon for a concert, but I do hope I am not as forgotten as I felt that night. I drove the hour back to Louisville alone. I was listening again to For Ever my Jungle and trying not to be crushed by all the shifting loves. I couldn't see anything behind me or to my right. Still I drove safely and arrived home in one piece to be shouldered by my dad when I told him the news. He was sure we could go back to UK and "rectify" the whole thing. I had to keep saying No until silence hit and confusion took over me and eventually Mom came home and Emma hugged me and everything was stress and fear but Mom (as always) was able to wrap up conversation for the night and settle it all.

So the next Morning Dad took me out to breakfast around 9:40 presumably (and understandably) with the intention of going to Lexington directly afterward but I held out and instead we went hiking at Jefferson Memorial Forest. It was good to see the old Mitchell Hill Lake again. Especially in these fall colors this year. I reviewed some all that I had planned about the PCT. Afterwards he helped me move all those boxes out of the car and into my room where they're still haphazardly stacked. I don't really know where he got off to afterwards but I went to Quest Outdoors to look for work and found none that was easily obtained so I headed my way over to the UPS employment center and scheduled an interview for 9 AM Thursday. After all this I spent the evening watching Netflix or Youtube or something until I went to sleep.

Tuesday I woke up around 11:30 (typical unemployed scrambling) and I just decided I was going to go wander around. First though I went to Abortion to vote for the first time, and that was cool. I just voted Democrats all the way down the line. I just love that environmental policy-making. It's funny how one detail can totally change the way an activity is described. When I went and "wandered around" I did the exact same thing I would have previously described as "going for a walk" but I am a college dropout after all so that means I don't earn the nicety of the phrase. I'm kidding, of course. I hope. But I went to Big Rock Park and laid out on the

Big Rock reading the Stand by Stephen King. The book is really long to fit into November but I suddenly have much more free time and also I'm a look ahead anyway. During that period of two weeks in October that I didn't write I read the Beach by Alex Garland all the way through. Fantastic book that to me was a metaphor for the free youth I was then on the brink of attaining. The main character has to be brave enough to jump from the top of a waterfall in order to discover a beautiful beach that he would leave more wise (and fucked up) than if he hadn't. Well, I was brave enough wasn't I? Let's see if I sink or swim. I stayed up there and people watched most of the evening. People around me seem so young. So many kids. I feel so much older than them than I actually am. So much further away. I went to Thine Bros and read some more and wrote some. Are you ready for a big reveal? Today is actually

November 7, 2016

and I stopped writing early at the Bros' yesterday to join my Dad on a walk with the dog around Atherton. It was nice. I realize now how important it is to bond with him. He pointed out the day I got home that I had never told any of them what I was doing. That is true, too. I had no idea how big a bomb it would be. Well, that's a lie. I knew. I don't know why I never told them, except that maybe I thought they'd tell me no. So I'm trying to get used to talking to him more. I would like to know more about him and learn more about me (to a degree). Well after reading pretty deep into the night I went at last to sleep.

Now, Today. I didn't go out or do much of anything at all except for one thing that made all the difference. I stopped by Latin Club over there at Male High School to pick up Emma and while I was there I decided to chat with Mrs Vanderhoff. There were many students there who I recognized and I feigned some delight, but as soon as I saw Mrs. Vanderhoff over there across the room all bets were off. I went directly over to her and thus began what would be a thirty minute conversation of bliss. ~~Not~~ Nobody I have met - well, I suppose it was just good to talk to her again. She has so much energy. She - first thing she did was explode into happy conversation

and awe at the fact that I made it to Long's Peak. She always knows what to say. It was so refreshing to talk to her again. Seriously, college professors don't mean shit to me after Male. She even knew Mrs. Jungberg who was my Latin teacher at UK and we were even able to bond over that. She really knows how to bring me out. Here's to you, Mrs. Norderhoff! She just gets it. Other news is less interesting. I am sick now, courtesy gift as a part of my welcoming parade. I am also afraid of my sore throat because my ENT immune system just had to weaken up around the time that I began to read the Stand. Save me, Lord. Anyway, I want to make it to page 200 tonight so I'll be picking her up here. Fare thee well.

You know, I ~~did~~ ought to add that it was raining as I drove home.
November 17, 2018 Saturday

Don't be mad at me. If I had gone into great detail concerning the past few days you wouldn't enjoy reading this thing anymore. Rather than trying to scribble in every painstaking detail like I have been lately, I'm going for more of a lay-interest style. This life is not one that really needs second by second journal updates, I realize. ~~On~~

On Wednesday this week I started at VPS. Originally I was supposed to start on the 19th and on ^{Monday} Tuesday night I was really mopey over that. Too Much Time on My Hands - style. I was really sick and everything I was eating at Morris Diner seemed to taste like ash after a few bites ("I feel... Nothing!"). I got a call that I almost denied from a Georgia number that when I answered did not try to sell me anything but instead asked if I'd rather start work on Wednesday. Made me feel so much better. My weekend hadn't been very good, I was sick and with the family in Tuscaloosa. We saw a football game and I wasn't sitting with Mom and Emma + first but I wanted to be because who really cares about the game and it was Emma's birthday so I climbed over a bunch of fences and passed through restricted areas to sit with them but all of their seats were taken around them so we found an empty seat area in the Alabama

Underclassmen student section and we had to (or got to) observe the Alabama
football wildlife and I saw Sam Grales and talked to him for just a minute or
two. But that phone call made me feel a lot better. That was a pretty
good target there, huh? You think Faulkner would like that? I do.
Yeah, but work has (obviously) been sucked. I mean really it's not the
worst but it is definitely not great. At first it just depressed me to be there
seemed like a lot of stagnant folks. Really though you just gotta talk to
them some and they aren't so bad. Of course I am in a pretty good mood
right now though. Why? Because yesterday was an excellent day. I went
to work and made it through unscathed and then Mom, Emma, and I went
and got some food and I took a shower in order to prepare for a concert
with the old Sex Gang. We were all meeting up at Rachel's house and I
figured, in full style, that I'd like there to give me the option of leaving
after getting fucked up if things went awry. I was pleasantly surprised to find
out that Rachel's place was only a seven minute bike ride from my
house. Huh! It was on Woodford Avenue, right where Dad and I
would like down Valentine to Cherokee Park. Didn't Rachel say her house
was pretty eccentric? Humm. Sure. Wait a minute - surely it's not
that one place... That one place at the end of the road there...
My God, there they are... In the pool room of the enormous
hidden away Highlands Mansion in the style of a German Cottage.
My God. I never ever thought I'd wind up in there. I was totally
numb. Lumb-struck. Slack-jawed in awe. As soon as I arrived I think I spent
some 10 minutes blathering praise on at her parents for their work. Then
she came down the stairs in pajamas and Sammy, Alex, and Trey showed
up, and everybody else was there too. In this just phenomenal home I
couldn't even believe. And it was Rachel's house. My lord. So they all
ate and it was hype. We went to Cherokee Park to get fucked up before
the concert and I smoked alone on Big Rock while some High School kids
from Manual were sitting there and all my friends were up on the ridge

above the rock. When I was done I climbed up there with them all
crossed up and I'm sure I sounded like quite the fool. Whatever, it was cool.
Sammy and I smoked some ~~the~~ more with Joe and then we went to the
concert ^{party} I was riding in Rachel's trunk and you could see the downtown
lights and scenery and it was dim in the backseat and J. Cole's song about
losing his virginity was on and it was Bliss. It was all so perfect.

The concert itself was all right. The first band, just the opener, was actually
more fun to watch than the main act. They played instruments, you see. It
was for sure a nobody Group but I really liked listening to it. Definitely put
on some France-like shirt for me in my crossed state. They're not actually
a small group at all. Just looked them up on Spotify and they have one
song with 15 million listens and they have 1 million monthly listeners in
total. I really liked the music. I don't think anyone else in the crew
was really fucked up enough to enjoy it properly, but I was maooned. The
light looked like the quality that acid always used to make things have.
It was a dope time. Viewers Sleep Clinic. The main act, Kaslo,
was big crap. I didn't even stay the whole time. Starla Wal mainly
I just convinced ~~three~~ three other folks who were too sober to have
fun to get ~~me~~ out of there. We went to the Waterfront, it was nice.
Starla, Joe, and Daek? Something. ~~After~~

Well after that we met up with the A. team at Rachel's and then
after some relaxing Rachel drove us out to some place called Fairmount
Falls. The fog was thick in the forest and it was like two
or three in the morning. We hiked up a creek in perfect blackness
like we were walking in a celestial cave. a forest illuminated
by flashlights is a ~~so~~ alone is a beautiful thing. With the creek
and leaves and bare trees. So cool. Then we actually saw the Falls
and they were beautiful. Then we went to the top and some shit.
I forgot to mention how tall the cliffs were on either side. Clearly
a very old river. after that we went to the car and it was pp. like three

Underclassmen student action and we had to (or got to) observe the Alabama football wildlife and I saw Sam Graler and talked to him for just a minute or two. But that phone call made me feel a lot better. That was a pretty good tangent there, huh? You think Faulkner would like that? I do. Yeah, but work has obviously been sucked. I mean really it's not the worst but it is definitely not great. At first it just depressed me to be there. Seemed like a lot of stagnant folks. Really though you just gotta talk to them some and they aren't so bad. Of course I am in a pretty good mood right now though. Why? Because yesterday was an excellent day. I went to work and made it through. I mean, I was not and I got some food and I took a walk with the old Fox Gang. We figured, in full style, that I'd be often getting fucked up if things got out that Rachel's place was house. Huh! It was on Monday. I would like down Natchez too. Was pretty eccentric? Hummm that one place... That's my God, there they are hidden away Highlands. My God. I never even knew about it. Black. Some 10 minutes later she came down the stairs and paper up, and everybody else was there too. In this just phenomenon couldn't even believe. And it was Rachel's house. My God. Do they all ate and it was hype. We went to Cherokee Park to get fucked up before the concert and I smoked alone on Big Rock while some High School kids from Manual were sitting there and all my friends were up on the ridge



above the rock. When I was done I climbed up there with them all crossed up and I'm sure I sounded like quite the fool. Whatever, it was cool. Jimmy and I smoked some ~~the~~ more with Joe and then we went to the party. I was riding in Rachel's truck and you could see the down town lights and scenery and it was dim in the back seat and J. Cole's song about losing his virginity was on and it was Bliss. It was all so perfect. The concert itself was all right. The first band, just the opener, was actually more fun to watch than the main act. They played instruments, you see. It was for sure a nobody group but I really liked listening to it. Definitely put on some strange-like shirt for me in my crossed state. They're not actually a small group at all. Just looked them up on Spotify and they have one million monthly listeners in think anyone else in the crowd. Well, but I was maoored. The guys used to make things have Clinic. The main act, Kaslo, whole time. Stasha Well mainly who were too sober to have the Waterfront, it was nice. At Rachel's and then to some place called Fairmount forest and it was like two up a creek in perfect darkness. A forest illuminated beautiful thing. With the creek. Then we actually saw the Falls and they were beautiful. Then we went to the top and some shirt. I forgot to mention how tall the cliffs were on either side. Clearly a very old river. After that we went to the car and it was pp. like three

and we went to another place. Rachel called it Riverbottoms and it was creepy as fuck. Apparently it was the site of a murder and rape in 1999 and the suicide of a Senator. Unrelated. The fog was so goddamn thick. Haven't seen much like it. The victim of the '99 affair was found in a barn right there so we went in the barn for the specks. It was cool. We got back to Rachel's and had the old life discussion, but it's becoming more aware every time we have it I feel. Turned out everyone was asleep before Trey and I stopped talking. We even outlasted my sex am alarm.

When we woke up Rachel's mom had made an enormous breakfast spread and I made up for missing dinner with them by eating a huge old breakfast. It was so good. Like, phenomenal. I loved it. We talked just a little bit more, and then they went back to bed and I am here in bed at home. Might go see Will et al. later. Got work early tomorrow.

Here's something I forgot to mention. Alex has seen my Sawyerbent cave exploration video independently of his knowing me. We were talking about exploring the cave and I told the story of how I did it in Sophomore year and how my light went out and everything and I said the whole thing was on Youtube and he was like "Hold on... I think I've seen it." I was all "No way, BS, Nuh-uh" But then he said

"Go your screen name Artificial Mayo?"

I lost it dude. Like, that just made me feel so relevant. Like even people that he had been influenced by me before even knowing me, I guess. I was so proud. Like yes, that's me. I was so touched.

November 21, 2018

Tonight's been a rough one. I think that my hair may be starting to thin. I cut my hand on my candle jar w/ a dying lighter in hand and now I am terrified and depressed. Will I ever make it anywhere? I spend so much time thinking I will. I am so sad and so scared. I haven't got the motivation to write, really. What if I was tricked? What

if fate only pretended? What if there's no greatness after all? I was thinking this earlier and I suppose I'll have to stick to it: Sometimes you can only remember you saw the light once. God please save me. God please.

I've been at work. I hat-nah. Fuck this. I'll write tomorrow. Thanksgiving.

November 24, 2018

Well, it's not Thanksgiving is it? Nothing superficially noticeable has been going on since my last update, but lots of the nuance stuff. I've been having a lot of great dreams about me in California.

This all started with some dream of me walking around with people I knew through mutual friendships in L.A. I saw Rachel and Co. there and people I was with Ben but never brought me to Tommy. Funny enough, that seems to be the way I interact with the guy in real life. Yesterday I was at a Thanksgiving party at Grace's house and Tommy was a planned appearance but his performance was cancelled due to some paper. I think I was supposed to see him last weekend as well, when I hung out at Will and Joe's apartment but only ~~partially~~ saw Will, Gregg, Cory, Jeremy Cobay fine I guess I saw almost everyone (Chris (!!! Really nice to see Chris. He's got such a good head on him), and even Kayla Funke. That was surprising but (mostly) pleasantly so. It was cool to hear the "basic" perspective on my decision and plans. She was made to be a ~~house~~ wife, Katy Taylor Funke. She's cool enough, but she was born to live in the East End someday with a golden retriever. I think she's just a little bit preppy is all.

In the end of the dream I drove to the beach and just looked at it through my windshield and was very excited by it.

Funny enough, the next Cali-dream I had was at the beach as well. This time though I swam around with Rachel and Co. and I remember there was really intense beach culture that dictated where you

Could sit. &

I got my first UPS paycheck on Thursday and I put 95% into savings and spent 5% of it on gas. I also spent \$30 of it on downloading the Guthooks app for the PCT. It's basically an app that shows a bunch of information along a map of the PCT. It's a map that can use satellites to track your progress, and it provides info about places nearby. This morning I spent 30 or so minutes just following the Southern California section of the trail. So much cool shit along that section and people will leave funny comments about different waypoints on the map. For example, the map had marked "View of Cliff" and people had commented things like "I guess this would be impressive if you started in Mexico," and "Four star view of cliff. Would view again."

Looking at the app was very reaffirming, and I have needed that quite a bit over the last few days. I am very confident that the PCT will change everything for me, but this waiting causes a lot of doubt. ~~I did not stay at the~~

I did not stay for very long at the Friendsgiving party last night, but I did stay long enough to have a very good talk with none other than Zachary Coomes. The guy initially seemed to think I was an idiot for doing all I had done. I can understand that, but it did padden me. It wasn't until later at the party when he really came over to talk. The kid is very perceptive in his own way. He can definitely pick up on much more than a person might give him credit for. So, when he came over to me and said he knew I would find what I was looking for out there, I listened. "The way I see it, you're looking for a purpose. I think you're going to find that after a month or two, and when you do, you'll always have a place right here. You could write a book about all of this, you know." He is a genius, just for that sentence. Blew me away. Joe and Will and me smoked three bowls in my car (good weed, I was very

high) and we drove back to their place. I left out a great deal of scheming that was involved between William and I to control Joseph's dumbest emotions, but at least now it's documented that such scheming occurred.

I don't think my relationship with William has ever been better. We play for the same team these days. I also think he is a total freaking genius. He made a bet like, last year that I'd drop out. He puts so much work into controlling Joe that I think he is essentially a psychologist. The kid also definitely has it made right now. He's just a genius. Plain and simple.

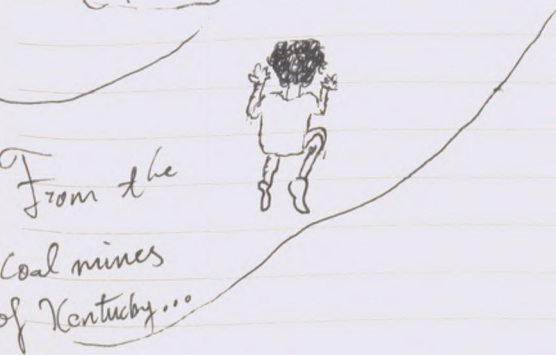
I've learned how to play Jim Jones at Botany Bay over the last week and I'm very proud because I figured it out just from fucking around and not really from looking it up. I actually didn't look it up but once when I needed a hint, and even then I don't think the hint helped much. It's still rusty, but I'm very proud of it.

I've also been playing Red Deal Redemption 2, which is just a phenomenal game that is big time hyping me up for March. I think I forgot to say I got an early permit for March. March 4. That's early. Really though, Nobody's checking when you leave, so I'll just leave whenever I want. I think I need to hurry up and turn that gold medal into a plane ticket. I also need to send Mom and Grampa Christmas gifts. Farewell, sweet journal.

November 25, 2018

I've just been listening to Frank Sinatra's "My Way," and it's got me thinking. I also watched Die Hard last night and it had a large impact too on my thinking. I am fulfilling the monomyth. The story we're all telling of a man strong enough to shovel through shit and come out the other side. I am actively pursuing this. I am writing my own "My Way" style reflection. Someday I will have more pride than most in my own life. When ~~do~~ have I ever looked down from my wants? Well, all of this we have, but I will not any more. It also

occurs to me that I have never been "West." I made it to the camp last summer. I touched the great border wall of the Rockies. I looked out over the West, turned around, and then drove home. Colorado is a gateway. I'm going through it this March. Because by choosing to be my own man, I earned it. The doors are open to me now because I earned it through the bravery of taking life into my own hands. But still I suppose they're not open yet. Soon. Okay fine, not my best drawing.



December 5, 2018

Nothing aside from the same old VP's grind until Friday, and the only thing notable about Friday is that I went back to VP's after my shift from midnight until like 4am for more work. Happy to do it, though.

I was hard but in preparation I purchased 10 sums of lavender green tea from Safai and made myself a thermos-full. Really good stuff,

that tea.

Saturday was more eventful, but all that I went with Mom at around 1pm to go see a musical rendition of A Christmas Story at the Louisville Center for the Arts. It was awesome, I cried a bit at times. There was this whole number about the Mother cooling down the Father in his anger at something his son had done, and that was extremely touching because Mom did that precise thing the night I came back home. After the musical Mom and Emma went to Lexington to catch the State High School Football Championship. Mom wound up winning of course, but they said they had a good time.

While they were gone I hung out with Chris, and Jeremy, Caden, and Nothen Vittitow. We walked Bardstown Road aglow. I bought Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas, at Carmichael's, and the dude at the counter recommended me Fight Club and I recommended him the Beach. Then we just went to Caden's place and played this board game about playing music you like that pertains to certain situations. It was fun, but when I left it felt too much like old times. I'm excited to get out of here already. But I had fun.

Sunday I worked until two thirty or so. After that I brewed another thermos of tea and then drove to Caden's house and we got in my car and drove to Nashville for the Childish Gambino concert. Caden bought two tickets forever ago to take his girlfriend. However, at the beginning of last week Caden was informed by his dad that he couldn't take the car, so Caden needed a ride. I was the ride and got off paying nothing but gas and parking. I had a wonderful time at the concert. I danced the entire time and the energy was so high constantly and we heard most all of Awaken, My Love, some from Because the Internet, and even some new song that was really awesome. I yelled so much that at the last note of the concert I collapsed. Lots of fun. The drive home was excellent. As I drove out of Nashville I put on California real

loud and the folks on the street jammed. Then Cadon and I got to arguing about racism and everything like we do and that was fun as well. I don't feel the need to advocate against racism. I think that not being racist is advocacy enough. Cadon feels differently. Eventually the conversation shifted to my Monk Monomyth thoughts and I was finally able to eloquently explain the way I feel. How I believe it is in the power of any man to have complete dominance over his life. At least in response to it. I guess I mean that I think I am strong enough to work my will upon the world, and that I can choose to accept all of life's challenges and overcome them all to accomplish my desires while I still breathe. I know I can do anything I want, I just have to weather the damages, I will be an author dammit. I'm on my way.

Last night I finished Fear + Loathing. One of the best books I have ever read. Maybe even the best. I've got work soon so I'll analyze later.

December 7, 2016

I think the biggest thing to me about Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas was the way it totally threw me. I was getting inside it like will happen in a section near the end. He was talking about what I'm doing, this whole live on faith. Live for what we all saw in all the acid. Trust the beauty and that persistent feeling that I was meant to be something. Then he took all of that and said that it died for good in '69. That Tim O'Leary proved the American Dream (Something from Nothing) was bullshit by trusting it and failing. Making no success in any of the movement's goals. Clearly Thompson had had some faith in it all and felt personally ruined when it failed. He said that clearly the whole movement was flawed because it relied on the blind faith of a deity or authority. This was horrible

to read based on my recent lifestyle choices. Especially because he brought me in close before he dropped all of it.

However, the chapter before he wrote about driving across an airstrip. He'd made a rash decision, and the only possible choice after doing so was to keep going. There was no taking it back. What I got from this is that the decision I've made puts me against far more opposition than I ever would have thought possible before. The odds are much much worse than I thought. So much worse that I almost thought that Stewart knew what he was showing me, but that he always kept the dangers hidden from me. So now I'm here, and my only choice is to keep going. I have to stand up against the world and show them something. I don't know what it is yet, but I think the PCT will help me with that.

I've finally been reading Walden. Thoreau talked in the first chapter about those who should forsake the provided societal path for natural rapture. He described us as philosophers. This got my head spinning. He made a distinct difference between philosophy teachers and philosophers. I think I am a member of an ancient line of thinkers, bent forever on exploring the nature of life for mankind. Stewart and I and Jack Kerouac and Thoreau... we're all so different from everyone else in such similar ways. I don't know who set all of it in motion but I believe it is from these people that I have picked up the torch.

God, it all sounds so crazy. I mean, I guess it is. I just wish I could tell it to anyone. To anyone who might understand. I feel I need to talk to Mr. Stewart before I lose all of this.

I've been having hook ideas. I know it's preceptive because I haven't yet even been on the trail, but at the same time it has already changed my life so much. I've been thinking about using the High Sierra and the decision to enter it as a metaphor for accepting manhood. Accepting that you will fight the world for hope.

I have been thinking, too, about another piece of philosophy in Fear and Loathing. Thompson talked about going so deep in your act that your only choice is to succeed, or else you die. Like the only way to really succeed at all is to give yourself no other choice. I really like that, because it's basically what I've done. DB

Do or die.

The Sierra

December 10, 2018

I am Henry David Thoreau. Man is seriously me. Like, I've been reading Walden right now and the blatant of our kinship is really just startling. I always used to wonder why I hadn't yet read Walden, as I always knew the book was right up my alley, but I think if I had read it before resolving to drop out of college, the decision would simply have been too easy. So now everything he says is like a review of my general philosophy and reaffirms that I have made the right choice. I want to write down some of his quotes.

"He dwelt, as it were, in a tent in this world, either threading the valleys, or crossing the plains, or climbing the mountaintops."

"We now no longer camp as for a night, but we have settled down on Earth and forgotten Heaven."

Yesterday I hung out with the guys over at Will & Joe's and my man William continues to impress me. He's just so much headier now. So much more so that he doesn't begrudge me for being like that anymore. He says he's going to be doing the same thing that I am, but that he's just trying to have a more stable support for it.

I hope that works for him, but to be honest I think that ruins the point of doing it. I love traveling just for traveling's sake, but there is something really special about total exposure to the hands of fate that William's comfort plan doesn't allow access to, and without that aspect I'm not sure if travel will be quite as meaningful an experience. But I've always been a touch more radical than Will. What's new?

Thoreau also makes a good point that with no backup plan, failure means death. Certainly makes life more meaningful when you are a hair's breadth from such a thing.

"Bankruptcy and repudiation are the spring-boards from which much of our civilization vaults and turns in its somersets, but the savage stands on the unelastic plank of famine."

► In civilization nobody plays for real stakes

► If it's okay to lose, you will

► Everything on the line

I told Jeremy and Nathan about a dream I had recently involving them. The world had ended but it was still like, environmentally sound. I was driving around what was Kentucky but also Virginia living a vagrant lifestyle and I had just fought a giant snake. Anyway, I came upon Jeremy and the crew and I was like "Yo! Have you guys started the whole vagrant thing yet?" and Nathan was like "Yeeeah, no." Like, not even a societal collapse could get them to change their ways and live the right lifestyle.

December 15, 2018

I think I'm done with weed now. Shame for sure, but the last couple of times I smoked I've had this frightening feeling of nearly passing out or having a heart attack.

Today I went out to Jefferson Memorial Forest to smoke and relax. I packed my bowl in the car because the mist outside was great and

I didn't want to dampen the weed. I smoked as I walked toward the lake and at first it was really nice, but I hadn't smoked all of the weed in the bowl, and I wanted to smoke more. I remember thinking, "Maybe I should just stop smoking here. If I just leave it at this, it'll be fine." But then I sparked up and hit a good one. I thought, "You just aren't the type to stop so easily," and I got much higher. Until I was having a fear like the one I first had a few days ago in bed when I thought the weed might be fucking around with my heart. I've ~~but~~ heard that if you combine weed and acid it can cause heart trouble, and so that kind of makes sense because I feel like I'm basically always microdosing at this point, so maybe it really was fucking with my heart. ~~also~~ I decided not to finish my hike to the lake because I was beginning to feel like I might pass out and I started to run because maybe somehow that would stop me from falling to my knees in the middle of this misty forest where the sun will be gone in an hour.

I managed not to pass out, but I had to make the promise that I would never smoke again. I have been dubious for the past couple of weeks as to whether or not I should be doing it anyway. Maybe I just got too high, but I'm taking it as a sign that ~~this~~^{this} time of my life, smoking weed will not be necessary. Honestly, the tea I've been drinking has been making me some kind of high anyway. So who needs weed. Sounds so lame, though. I really like that pipe I have, too. I also just really like smoking. Like, it's such a fun thing to do. Still, no more. Weed is evidently too strong for me.

It has been like I'm microdosing, too. I sometimes watch myself do things like it's a first person movie. It's never a very strong feeling, and it's more interesting than it is troubling I think of it as evidence of a higher mental state. Kind of like zen, or something. It could be because my sleep has been so strange and little as of this week.

Still, that's what's up. Walden is wild still. Just finished Economy and it's crazy because Thoreau is like, dishing out everything I've been puzzling over for the last month like it's nothing. He just asserts that worshipping of God is only possible through individual fulfillment. I've been beating around that bush since I dropped out of college. Speculating, but never sure enough to affirm. He ~~also~~ also has rather commanded me to live however the fuck I'd like to and life will take care of me. Because I'm one of those people that everyone just loves universally, who they'll love no matter what, because I'm strong enough to be myself and they think they could never be that strong.

I really love everyone at work now, and they all like me too. Again though, it's in that weird way that I just can't account for. It's like sometimes all everyone will want to do is let me command their attention and tell them something. When the two college girls joined our belt Austin made sure that that happened with most everyone. Including the new girls, was around. Just nearly constant compliments. I don't know why that happens to me so much.

Completely unrelated; the Highlands scene may be dying. There are so many vanilla private school kids at this Heine Bros here right now. They're all ~~obv~~ obviously uncultured and loud. Just discussing the weekly shit in circular topics that all revolve around sex and status. They don't know what they're missing here. They don't know why everyone thinks places like these are so cool. All they do is try to wring status out of place and fashion. God save the Highlands. I hope the PCT isn't like this. It has been pretty sensationalized lately. I mean, I don't really think people like this could ever touch something as pure as the PCT. Look what I've had to give to go to her. But still, at times I fear for it. The CDT seems more virgin. Next year, perhaps. I think for Louisville the next place is where William and Joe live. Lots of college age, or at least college-type folks are moving in. Seems to

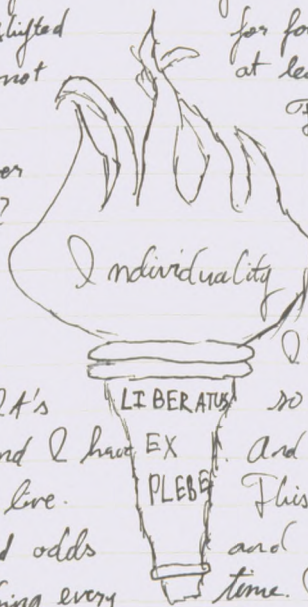
be getting better and better all the time. West Oak is where I predict this city's future lies, though it may take some time to grow. I wonder how she'd fare without me. I do believe I'm one of the lowest in the city's entire 2018 graduating High School class. I do believe I had a good impact on my neighborhood and my school just by interacting as I did within them. All of my friends will carry my torch, I believe. Our torch, I suppose. "Ex PLEBE" does sound pretty elitist doesn't it? I just ~~saw~~ guess it might be.

I double shifted my excuse for not the chance I didn't. I never could I know?

think I put this week. than she did.

care about. It's to do it. And I have joy. I love to live.

against stupid odds the right thing every honest. Total honesty. I love so much to be alive.



for four of this past week's seven days. at least a 5/7 is that I did not have

Friday. Or at least I was told I looked myself though so how

largeness. But anyway I still in right around sixty hours My supervisor said that's more

I'm at last chasing something I so big to me that I'd do anything And I am. I am so full of pride and joy. This great gift where I can put myself and still come out of it doing time. I don't know how to be anything but honest. I love so much to be alive.

I bought clothes for my great journey yesterday afternoon. Wide brimmed hat, white button up shirt ~~gift~~ from a brand called ExOfficio and some Patagonia jogging shorts. I put my purple bandana around my neck (though on the trail I'll use the blue), and I just look so dope in that outfit. It's like a cowboy costume except every piece of clothing is necessary. So badass.

I came here tonight to practice writing a short story or something, but honestly this journal entry was all I needed. Very happy. Night.

"The morning wind forever blows,
the poem of creation is uninterrupted;
but few are the ears that hear it."
- Thoreau

"Read your fate, see what is before you,
and walk on into futurity."
- HDT

December 23, 2018

The past few days have been very rewarding. On Thursday night I double shifted with Jeremy for the second time this week and he and I loaded air containers (despite my lack of certification to do so). I was loading this thing called an L-9 which is an oversized rectangular prism that I had to bend over really far to put boxes in and I was tired and my back hurt and I was generally feeling very rough. I felt so stupid and full of regret. Like I had sentenced myself to mental stagnation and that I wasn't even the same guy who had wanted to like the PCT. I felt that it wasn't very glamorous after all. Like I didn't want to as much as I had once. That was scary. I fixed it though, by merely denying that that could be true.

I said to myself, "I don't give a shit how you feel right now, I know this is the right thing and I know you want it." I just had to stick out the bad times a little while longer. Sure enough, things started getting better. When I got home I was very proud and energetic.

The more I put myself through all of this hardship, the more I realize that the kid who dropped out of college wasn't really looking for the PCT, ~~so much as~~ he was looking for a chance to prove he could do whatever it takes to get what he wanted. He wanted to prove he could field whatever hardship lay in his path. I'm proving that every day. I am so happy. The PCT's lessons will be totally new.

I had thought it would be the thing to teach me all of this, and I do know for sure that determination is a huge part of it, but all of this goddamn double-shifting has shown me I've got that. The PCT will teach me something even more exciting.

My head is starting to get pretty into it. I see a lot of problems with the way we all work now. Thoreau has been helping me see them. For example, I see now how all of the luxuries we have constrain us. How I might want to drink sugar instead of water because it tastes better, but it is pollution in my body and is more expensive. I'm much more excited about the simplicity of my trip now.

On Thursday I got paid for last week's work. I got \$760. Very nice. I bought trekking poles and found they can be used to set up my ~~new~~ old tent's rain fly. So now I've reduced my base weight. Very exciting stuff.

I've been having vague dreams of mountains. I can never remember much. Only a general impression. Snow covered in darkness. Heavy wind tossing flakes from the ground. Crags in black and white. I hope I can remember one more completely soon. They feel so strong, these dreams. I imagine they might be visions. What will happen to me up there in that "range of light"? How will I feel? What will I find? Who will I be? I'm coming.

I'm listening to Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young's Pegasus. Specifically Almost Cut My Hair. Very inspirational. I re-read my speech from graduation just now and it is always so interesting to see the roots of my current thoughts. It always seems ~~that~~ in pieces of pride ~~that~~ that I've always known everything I know now. That ~~the~~ ~~same~~ ~~than~~ every idea I've ever had is just more detail contributing to the same general trend. I wonder if anyone out there remembers what I said that day. I wonder if anyone but me can see the track I trace. I don't know. I'd like it if they did.

December 27, 2018

"Talk of Heaven! 'ye disgrace Earth."

- You already know who

Today I bought shoes with a Qwest gift card that I got on Christmas from Mom and then thirty dollars of my own. Morgan came with me because she wanted to go to the mall to try on some jeans at American Eagle. I bought Ultra Lone Peak 4.0s and I am extremely excited to wear them in the desert.

Broke the news to my boys on Christmas that I would not be taking that blunt anymore. I gifted them my bowl. Still can't decide if I will smoke on the PCT. Right now I am thinking no.

Christmas was really great. I got Mom, Dad, and Grammy the Awakening, For Whom the Bell Tolls, and East of Eden respectively. I honestly cannot say whether any of them will be read. I got all the things that I wanted, of course. But I was also "gifted" quite a bit of waste. It's my family's way of showing their care, but I wish I could explain to them better that I don't want more than I need, and that I surely do not need 80% of what they gifted. I guess that's ~~spoiled~~ spoiled of me to say. But then again, I just wish they wouldn't try to spoil me. I feel guilty enough issuing present demands. Just hang around until March. Nearly there.

I felt really low yesterday. I was forced to take extra training at UPS and I developed a fear that my brain would stagnate and I would become stupid. As ~~cheer~~ and cheery as it is, on the bus ride home "Eye of the Tiger" was playing and it reinvigorated me. "Give me all the pain, make it as hard as possible, I can handle it." Good mood.

Most of the time it seems very obvious that I have done the right thing. I know that the waiting game is one you never stop playing.

I watched the "escape from Alcatraz" last night and it was phenomenal. I escaped, or am at least escaping. I ain't no Charlie

Butts! They can't lock up that damned flower inside me. I'm getting out of this joint.

"I should be glad if all the meadows on Earth were left in a wild state, if that were the consequence of men's beginning to redeem themselves." - Your Boy HDT

You know, I simply refuse to believe that ~~Thoreau~~ there are things not meant to be. Of course this is known about me already, but my lord. The day, the very hour, even, that I take to writing about my doubt ~~Thoreau~~ Thoreau responds with his own doubt and rebuttal:

"As I was leaving the Irishman's roof after the rain, bending my steps again to the pond, my haste to catch pickerel, wading in retired meadows, in sloughs and log-holes, in forlorn and savage places, appeared for an instant trivial to me who had been sent to school and college; but as I ran down the hill to the reddening west, with the rainbow over my shoulder, and some faint tinkling sounds borne to my ear through the cleared air, from I know not what quarter, my Good Genius seemed to say, — Go fish and hunt far and wide day by day, — farther and wider, — and rest thee by many brooks and hearth-sides without misgivings. Remember thy creator in the days of thy youth. Rise free from care before the dawn, and seek adventures. Let the noon find thee by other lakes, and the night overtake thee every where at home. There are no wider fields than these, no worthier games than may here be played. Snow will according to thy nature, like these sedges and brakes, which will never become English hay."

To not believe in God after occurrences like this would be insanity. This is obvious and blatant. What beauty lies in store for me. Thank you God.

December 29, 2018

Today I woke up at around 6:00 AM and got ready by packing my backpacking gear for a day at Red River Gorge with William and Jimmy.

I first got only base-weight stuff together and then weighed the pack. It came out to something like 11 pounds and that is just a little heavier than I'd really like but it's still really good so I'm pleased. I wanted a more accurate estimate of my on-trail weight than 11 pounds for practicing on the trail so I threw a bunch of heavy books in my pack and got going.

Well, I suppose I didn't get going for like, a few hours. Will and Tommy weren't mobilized until like, 10:45. Pot heads. But once we all got it together we got on the road. The drive, as it always seems to be, was beautiful. The hills out in Eastern Kentucky are so beautiful. They're humble. They seem to recognize the prominence of the great peaks of the West and refuse it with a knowing and gentle smile.

Then you drive through Natcha tunnel and come out in the mountains' ever-wild heart at Red River Gorge. Immediately after passing through the tunnel there are rock cliffs looming high above you. I had been worried that the Gorge would not be so beautiful this late in the year but I instantly knew as we entered that I was wrong.

The trees may have been largely brown, but the ground was a wonderful red and there were several pine trees throughout that made the canopy beautiful as well. Got

The hiking was a wonderful environment for talking with those two. For once conversation was their sole focus as we walked. It was nice. More later, I'm tired.

December 30, 2018

I am not less physically tired than yesterday. As a matter of fact I must be no - or over - tired. Perhaps I am of relatively equal tiredness. On one hand, I didn't have work yesterday and today I was working for 7 hours, but on the other hand, I did hike many miles yesterday. However, that could compound today's tiredness because of lasting

Soreness. Who can say. The point is that I am very physically tired but I have an excited drive to update the journal here.

To Continue...

I have been having fears about my own end of conversations however. I speak much more than I listen. And I only really speak about reacting to the PCT. I really need to listen more. I was able to get Tommy to share on the subject of school and everything, though.

It is after all, a very cool thing to go to Brown and he should feel free to tell me more about it. I just need to do better showing interest.

Anyway we finally made it to Silvermine Arch. It was this low valley arch that when walked under provided entry to a hollow or grotto; a space surrounded on all sides by cliff. The rocks were red and green and black. It was quiet except for gently falling water. It drew in to the grotto in small eddies that left eroded trails on the hillside above the cliffs. The place felt like it ought to have more recognition. It lived up to an expectation I didn't have.

After leaving we went to Hidden Arch. This was cool in a more humble way. The arch was made by a thin column connecting an overhang and a lower precipice on a cliff face. It looked a lot like a doorway. Along the wall were wind (?) carved pockets in the rock that seemed like they ought to hold candles in the night.

Then we
interesting things
bought me an ale.
He told me it
still, that was
begin to do more
little gifts just



left. We talked over arising
on the car ride. Tommy also
with no warning."
was only a dollar but
really kind. I need to
stuff like that. Small
cause. Thoran would

say it's wasteful but he's not always right. And maybe he wouldn't say that.

Today I began in the morning to translate Seneca's first book of letters to Lucilius. Already amazing stuff about using your time wisely. I need that in my life. This afternoon I have done a pretty good job, too. I got home from work after a long day (8AM-3pm) and went to the store to buy bread and milk (albeit with Mom's \$). Then I made food when I got home and after that I began to write. I am very tired but first I want to take a shower, clean my room, and read.

January 1st, 2019

Happy New Year! I'm so excited to be here, at the official dawn of what may be my greatest year. 2018 will be hard to beat, but it was the year of transition.

My story begins now. I think it'll be a long one. There should be much to tell at the end. I know I've gone the right way. No matter how it winds up, this was the way for me.

Always take the path of hope. It really will call you. I've still got some learning to do before March 1st, but it's all coming to me in leaps and bounds.

I feel unsuited and less. I used to cry because I knew the hardship I have to face because I can't be anything but myself. The night I realized I had to drop out I sobbed uncontrollably while Derek slept a couple feet away.

At this point I can't be sad anymore. It's a privilege and a blessing to be given the determination I seem to have, all you have to do is whatever it is you know you're always wanted. Everything else will just "someday be" "What it took to get here."

Sometimes I feel like I already have an idea of how it will all turn out for me. So far it has all been like a story, when you look back on it. It's almost too perfect, all of it. Like I've just been telling myself this story all my life, but the story is real and I tell it without meaning to. I wonder I guess if every action I make is part of a subconscious adherence to this story that I decided upon beforehand. But how long beforehand? And what about the coincidences and elements beyond my control? No, I think it's Time's story. God's story.

I've been thinking about the name Jacob lately. It comes from Hebrew down the line for "he who follows." I always hated that because I've worked so hard for originality all my life. I like it now. Really it's perfect.

I've been following something all my life. Without ever knowing it, I've been balancing, tracing, and teetering on the edge of a path that only hindsight makes clear for as long as I remember. It's amazing that I can be so aware of doing it. I swear it's hardly even me. But it's also all me. I guess God paves the way and I follow his tracks. You could translate Jacob Prince to "Follower of Christ" if you stretch the definitions a bit. Another perfect detail that could always be checked up to loose interpretation. I want to make everyone get it someday. See it the way I do. "No man's genius ever misled him." - Henry David Thoreau

January 9, 2019

Tonight I have been afraid again. I'm never quite sure about anything. I think it's because we just switched off the Red Belt at UPS and all of the good rules are gone. Now I can't just pretend I'm a college student on Christmas Break. I have to accept that everyone I have ever really enjoyed company with is basically a world away from me. And I have to be afraid that I've made the wrong call

and that I'm missing out on my generation.

I watched Harold and Kumar Go to White Castle and it left me with a strange mix of emotions. Predominantly I was sad because I loved the simple casualty of the movie. They were on a big adventure, but everything was still normal in a way I'll never get to have. It was college stoner normal. Like, really smart college stoner normal. Like everything the me that started this journal wanted to be. At an Ivy league, not really giving a fuck, etc.

The place where I am now is more real, more true, and more exciting (except for that all I do is load loves every day), but it is so much less glamorous. And easy. and ^{less} casual. Every day I have to re-evaluate my entire personal philosophy to assure myself that I have done the right thing.

But also the movie was making fun of their life-styles. Their masculine aspiration, their American Dream, was to get some White Castle. When it should be more like what I'm doing. Maybe, I don't know. I guess I'm afraid. Why do I have to go to such lengths to be happy? Is it because I am an idiot and can't realize that life doesn't need to be hard? As I wrote that I knew it was untrue.

God I just wish I could like starting today. I really dislike all the people I work with now. Not as glamorous as the youth. The people I ought to be spending my time with. I guess I just fear that I've cut too many people out. Like now they'll forget about me. Like I won't matter to anyone anymore. "How ~~to~~ does it feel, to be without a home? Like a complete unknown? Like a Rolling Stone?" Bob Dylan's freaking me out. I'd have thought he'd support all that I'm after. Doesn't seem to. I can't tell.

I guess I don't care what he thinks, anyway. I think this'll be alright. I think it'll be good. Apparently Jack Kerouac also dropped out. Although he dropped out from Columbia. Makes some difference I suppose.

Damn connections anyway. I'm a man, I'm doing what I care about here. "I don't know if I'm a-gonna make it, if I don't just spread my ashes, I f I do just spread your mind." Worst that can happen is I die.

The PCT isn't what scares me. It's afterwards that gets me. What will I do? Really I know that's thinking too far ahead. Still, this is likely what I will consider as I like. I'm not going home. That's all I know.

It's just that Mr. Kerouac had so many like-minded friends. I have no one. I am the only one who will ever care about the things I do, it seems. I wish someone would care that I read *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and we could talk about how awesome it is and maybe they'd have their own opinion of it and maybe I could reply in a way that built upon their statement or asked them to elaborate and they'd have passion when they answered. It's like, Tommy should be that guy. He's read the books. He never talks about them. I don't understand it! Where is the love? Am I overwhelming when I state my opinion? I want to hear what others think about the ideas. I hope I am not too narcissistic. I feel very lonely, I suppose. I don't know how to bring out the passion in others. All I know is how to give them mine. That's why I feel so narcissistic. I don't usually know what to say. I don't know.

I really did love *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, though. So powerful. I imagine that McMurphy and I are pretty similar. Matter of fact, I imagine when I read it it reminded me of that way hope feels sometimes. So painful and so beautiful. Like if I ever want to be happy I have to keep moving on toward what's going to kill me. To prove something to the world. Like what I felt on the March acid trip. I don't I ever wrote about it. It was all, "It's you, I have to do this." How lucky it felt and how proud I was, but I then realized it was more like a death sentence. Still I was proud it would be me. Still I ~~am~~ ^{am} proud. But I am very scared.

I'm also going forward with the hair part down the middle. Decided last night. It looks pretty silly right now but hopefully it looks good when my hair starts to grow down. If it works like I imagine it will. at least I'm trying.

Like Mc Murphy and that control panel.

January 13, 2019

So I've had a good weekend. On Friday around noon I went with Baxter to Cherokee Park because I was feeling lunny with nothing to do at noon on Friday. Before I left I briefly could not find my phone, as always seems to happen.

Well so I'm at Cherokee Park on Dog Hill walking down when I slipped on the mud. Then I just decided to full on sprint down the hill. I was wearing joggers (to keep pace with the newest trends) and they didn't have very deep pockets. When I stopped running at the bottom of the hill I felt like in my dash I had lost something from them. I only had wallet and keys, and so the trio was incomplete. "It's all good, I remember I didn't bring my phone on the walk because I couldn't find it at home." So I walked on.

Now, recently I had been cynical about phones. Thinking "Man, I don't even really want to have this thing on the trail. Too much temptation to glance out and return to society via internet." When I got home and realized that before I left I actually had found my phone and that I really had lost it going down the hill, I realized that that was horseshit. My phone is like, the most important piece of gear I'll have. Yes I will use it, but I will use it as a tool. A tool cannot control its user unless he lets it. I was freaked.

I hopped in the car and drove my ass to Cherokee Park and walked up and down the hill twice. Didn't see it. Shit. Well what probably happened was somebody picked it up and so I'll call my phone and they'll answer. Oh, but we don't have a home phone anymore so maybe

I'll have to use a phone at Heine Bros - I had walked up the hill and my phone was just sat at the top on a stone slate bench right outside the gaydos with a muddy corner where it had hit the ground after it left my pocket. Somebody saved my ass. Whew!

That night it snowed and so on Saturday I went to this park in Shepherdsville called Pine Creek Barrens. It's a natural prairie land. But the technical term is Glade because it's a prairie because the soil is so thin rock shows through. They had a then 3.3 mile loop and I did it in the snow in my PCT Warm-gear. The gear held up very well and I was warm and cozy the entire hike. Plus it was such a beautiful time. The area has a bunch of cool geologic features that I didn't expect and creek views that I really liked as well. Awesome time. After that I went to the Parklands and just hiked a little more because I was so loathe to give up the snow. I was singing Epitaph by King Crimson like really really loudly. It echoed it was awesome.

I guess I never mentioned it but I saw Brendan Tjoh at Heine Bros the other day. He was with this girl named Hannah I think who just had the fattest ass on Earth so good for him. He said he was going to Thailand and that's where he is! Cool. Anna Foring is in Belize. They are both awesome I love them.

January 17, 2019

Last night I had a really cool dream. I was on a college campus with several different people at different times. At first I was with William in his dorm and there was a girl in a room across the hall who was topless and eventually she came over to the room clothed. We played Smash Bros. Well, she's a friend of hers, and I. Then I was hanging out with George on the same college campus. We were walking around outside or something. The same girls were there, but now I thought George would be upset with me for flirting with them like that one time at his house long ago. Then finally I was with Caden and we were walking away from a conversation with Mr. Wright because I had noticed this enormous birch tree. It was like, redwood sized

We never quite made it to the tree, sadly. However, there was this really strange and beautiful scene somewhere around there that made up for the lack of tree. Caden and I were in some basement. He and I had been talking about some amazing song. This crazy song called People - Song of Man or something like that that was extremely long and it went through ages of Human history and there was a cool video on Youtube that showed a wheel of the ages that displayed an apple walking to the beat of the current one we could hear. It was called something about hours. Anyway. I wanted to listen to the whole thing. Caden brought me to the basement where there was an array of Minecraft style switches in a square. He told me to hear the song I had to flip them all. As I started flipping them he began to discourage me. "Jacob, you don't want to do that." "Jacob, it's over 60 hours of music." "Jacob, stop!" But then I had flipped them all. The song was on. I don't remember much from the song other than that it was a fully produced piece of music. This was a real song. I also remember that one part of it was almost too anime sounding for my taste. But the beginning was not like that. Very interesting.

Not sure I ever mentioned it but I read McCarthy's Blood Meridian last week. It was good but I felt so furiously confused that I don't think I'd have an easy time being convinced to read it again. On Tuesday this week I went to Carmichael's to buy the book that caught my eye the day I bought Blood Meridian. It's called White Noise by Don DeLillo. We read the opening lines of it during a practice AP exam in AP Literature last year. I love it. It's a hilarious satire of our entire society. Focuses mainly on how everything we buy and really just everything in our society is so deeply coded with subconscious reminders of our being in a group and our being comfortable in society that we have no idea. Mainly focuses on advertisements. I may have to pull quotes from it later.

I immediately after I bought it I went to Hine Bros to read it and there were hardly any seats. I had to sit on a tall chair at the window-wall facing the road in between two girls. The one on my right, now that I think of it, was the topless girl from my dream. They put on "Box of Rain" and I noticed it, as usual,

from that chorus "What do you want me to do? ~~do~~ To do for you? To see you through?" and that made me smile even bigger than I had been from the look, and I had to say "Nice." I thought that girl on my right might think I was nuts so I left and sat at a chair that was also facing the window wall, but diagonally and farther away. By accident it was facing the girl who had previously been on my right. To prove this wasn't intended, I chose the seat because it was the only one in that square of cushioned seats around a coffee table that was not awkwardly close to close to this other girl sitting at the chair square. Anyway, girl who had previously been on my right either thought I was looking at her or wanted me to because she kept turning her head around my way when she was in thought. I could tell from the corner of my vision that was not occupied by book. Anyway the other girl, who had determined where I chose to sit, left but forgot her phone so I waited to leave until she came back and got it. Then I left.

January 14, 2019

"Everytime I see newsfilm of someone in his fourth week of sitting in a cage full of snakes, I find myself wishing he'd get bitten."

"Why is that?"

"He's asking for it."

- Don DeLillo "White Noise"

January 22, 2018

I finished White Noise yesterday and it was good. It left me aching but that's the point of that one for sure. The main character never found the confidence to be a man. Now I'm reading about more coming of age masculinity stuff in East of Eden. The book I bought for Christmas. Ops. Anyway, I walked down Bardstern Road to the mid-city mall public library branch to check it out.

As I was walking I passed Book and Music Exchange and the sign out front for advertising had this awesome poem on it that gave me goosebumps. I walked on in just for a quick second to ask if it was an original or what. Apparently, as they told me, it's by (the Great) Shel Silverstein and is called "Imitation."

Here it is:

"If you are a dreamer, come in,

If you are a dreamer, a wisher, a liar,
a hope-er, a pray-er, a magic lean bruper...

If you're a pretender, come sit by my fire,
For we have some flax golden tales to spin.

Come in!

Come in!"

Beautiful stuff. How wonderful. On the way there also I met a man pulling a guitar down the sidewalk who said he wasn't much of a guitarist but more of a singer/songwriter. I told him he's better off.

Anyway I finally made it to the library. My original plan was to check out Siddhartha by Herman Hesse but I couldn't find it in the fiction section so I decided after much deliberation to check out East of Eden instead of going to Carmichael's to buy Siddhartha. At the desk I asked the man if they might have it but that I missed. They did! Evidently the book is classified by that library as nonfiction. This surprised me. I'm going to read Steinbeck's first. Because they are library books I can't annotate in them. I think I'm going to keep a quote log for each book and put them in here.

I need to make sure I strike a good balance of content in this thing. By all right the last page ought to be finished the day I leave.

January 23, 2019

Today at work I wrote poetry with a Sharpie on the inside of containers. I hope people see and enjoy it.

Anyway, bigger news. I understand why I have been feeling such a pull toward Hoian lately. I couldn't understand why I felt like I was being told to become a Stoic. My current reasoning is that maybe, if I can have done everything I have already with all the psychic weight I've carried (drugs, lots of possessions, Julia, etc), maybe I can be even more without any of it. I can become that much bigger than I already am. It does worry me though. I don't want to compromise fun. I think

though, that maybe none of that was really fun after all. Makes me want to start reading Siddhartha now. Tough call. I want to be a relaxed, friendly guy who partakes of the fruit (as this bonds you closely with a person), but I think this may be beyond the path of my fate. It is better this way I believe, but of course it is difficult to accept. But that is something that I do know to be true. The hardest path is most frequently the right one. I think I ought to continue the Seneca translations. Brave New World is already here, methinks.

January 26, 2019

I wrote a Sonnet:

In early hours, mornings of sweet dew,
a veil to crown the coolness of the shade
falls slow and soft and gold and yet strikes true
from Heaven to the vale, feel its cascade.
Note that subtle murmur, faint and distant,
Crescendos ~~chases~~ chases out the silent fare,
jostles, dances, spirals in an instant,
throws clothes against my skin, brushes my hair.
Perhaps I'll stay, ~~and~~ bathe some in the river.
If I do I'm sure that I'll dry by noon.
Explore more until that shining sliver
assures my feet to rest - the silver moon.
However I must such a life attain,
I'll do it for this alone haunts my brain.

January 27, 2018

So last ^{Friday} Saturday I hung out with Will, Joe, Cory, and Gregg at their place. I went over there at midnight or thereabouts and it was a big to-do because of course my car was blocked in (the one time I decide to park in the driveway) and I couldn't find Dad's keys and it was midnight so I couldn't ask anyone so I took Mom's car. Luckily she didn't seem to mind. But anyway I went to their place and almost immediately upon getting there I started taking red bra shots. I had been

suffering from a bout of serious discipline that week so it was nice to relax. But never too much. I was really having fun talking with Cory and Joe. It was just us three at the time. Cory told me that if I ever want to come over and write music with him I should. I may take him up on that. Or at least I should. We could probably make some beautiful stuff. I played Botany Bay (Jim Jones at) for them and even though I was very drunk (and maybe because I was) it came out really well. Beautifully, actually. I even did the little improvisations I've been messing around with. They really liked it. Joe proposed a toast to Botany Bay. The talk was primarily about Joe's philosophy vs. mine. He said I'm going at everything too fast. That I know. Honestly it was really interesting. He classified my current pursuit as an addiction. I suppose it would be an awe addiction. Neither one of us knew what to call it but each of us knew what the other meant. He said I'm addicted, and that it would be better to relax for a while and live gently. In his mind an easy-going life is more likely to promote longevity and ease. He's surely right. I've just never been wired that way. No matter if I wanted to be or not. I already tried that path in college and I was bored. No, this road is mine. The road of awe and pain. I am afraid tonight. But I feel better now.

William came and brought a blunt and we smoked it and I played a song I wrote a month or so ago it called Bittersweet. Capoon 3rd part, Am C F G, I'll put the lyrics in here. Everyone said the song was legit as fuck so I'm proud.

Steinbeck has really been wow-ing me. Samuel has been discussing the choice of greatness. I am trying not to let the similarities between his descriptions and the choices I have thus far made make me narcissistic. I guess in truth I've been looking at it as a choice already made. As a battle already won. But this will be a long campaign. I watched 127 hours last night and I am afraid that whatever I have to do will be at least that hard. But it makes me feel better to recognize that as the flaw in my reasoning. Obviously dropping out was only the first step in this thing.

Joe and I's argument is millennia old. He thinks Fear is the strongest human emotion but I know that it is love. I will miss all of them when I'm gone. Joe, Will, and I

have such a wonderful way of talking. Everything flows out so comfortably and quickly. Of course that may have been the alcohol, but they actually hear me when I talk to them. They don't just smile at me. I love them, obviously.

February 4, 2019 (post midnight)

Well the only thing of great importance is that my friends and I hung out a couple of times last week and I finished East of Eden. I went over to Will and Joe's on Wednesday and on Wednesday I decided that smoking again was no big problem because everyone has their vices and that's what keeps us sane. Or so I thought because of something Samuel Hamilton said. But Joe and I really talked that night and - oh wait nevermind I had my nights confused. Wednesday night we all played Smash Ultimate. I was high though, and I did take my pipe back. It was the whole squad, actually. It was a good night and as I was leaving around 11:30 I was just casually talking to Jeremy about one of Grace's parties and I was like "You know, that one where you were really drunk on..." and Jeremy started making this urgent face and I was like "Huh?" Chris and Caden were there and I had forgotten that he keeps his vices from them. I was really disappointed.

I have been listening to this new band called Quiet Holers that's ok. I like a song by them called Medicine quite a bit. It's kind of Indie/Folk. But right now I wonder if I should still be paying for Spotify. Will get to that. The album I have is called Amos Breaks and there's some song on it with the lyrics "It's a trap just to get you back." I thought about this driving home.

Well I went over there again on Saturday night and smoked some more. I was with Nathan (who is evidently needing a lot more good shit now) and other than that it was the regular crew playing Smash on the couch. My heart was beating too fast again, and although I had a good night this problem persisted. Joe and I talked before he got too drunk. He had gone to sleep but he climbed up over the couch to tell me I couldn't choose both. Both is not an option. He doesn't understand. He is right. I think every human is good and evil, but Joe has decided to chill and I have decided to fight. So I can't back

down, you know? No pussy-footing it now. Last night I finished East of Eden and it helped confirm this. I have to have discipline. I have to stand up to my own laziness and do what I know I ought for. Joe believes no one is special and that he needs to blend in with them. He said himself he thought it was easier. I can't choose that even a little bit. So no more smoking, drinking, ~~drinking~~ (yeah get at me fuck off) or anything. It is my duty to be loyal to myself forever. I don't want to see my friends until later. Probably until March. I don't know yet. We'll see. I might not get this thing filled after all. Who knows. It doesn't really matter.

There was a song that played. On Saturday night. Hub, I guess it was Blessings by Chance. Yeah. It was. Listening to it now. This is the second one. The second one on the album. "Are you ready for your blessing? Are you ready for your miracle?" I took two hits and said "Yes, please."

February 5, 2019

Yesterday ~~Over~~ when I was walking Baxter Mr. Horlow pulled up behind me in that small blue Italian car. It was awesome to see that dude. I told him all about my stuff and he was totally supportive of me and it was awesome. He seemed really happy and relaxed. It was really nice to see him I really hope I showed how much I care about him enough.

February 7, 2019 I AM

Hard times when it comes to stopping with the smoking. It's just wild how my whole thinking will shift. I'll go from you're good without it to "Why not? How it gonna hurt?" and that turns into a huge desire. I'm not even an addict. Though I will say I smoked a lot in college. Really it's just that telling myself I'll never smoke again is hard. I think of the PCT. "You're telling me you're not gonna smoke with all those cat backpacks? You're not gonna party? Just hang silently in the back? How are you going to make any friends? You're not going to smoke in a hot spring?"

Today I went through all that at work and came out happier for it.

I think the only thing that really keeps drawing me in is insight. I don't want people to think I'm vanilla or uncultured. I know that I'm not either of those things. Another thing is that I will not have as many wacky stories. But all of those things are so stupid. I just spent the latter part of an hour smelling my empty pipe and I'm not sure if it counts as a relapse or not. I'm so afraid of wasting time. But then I think that everything is only a pastime. Get me out on the trail quick! Before I lose my mind.

I really hate work, but there are some things about it that are nice. There's this kid (he's actually like 23 or something) named Jamil that I met on my first day in the building. He's a light-skinned black dude with nice level facial hair that looks really good and he's always gazing off smiling. There's a special glitter in his eyes when the light strikes them. He's a really special kid. When I first met him he told me to call him Smiley and so I do.

It took me a good minute to figure it out but he does have some mental disability. He plays basketball for a team called Special Way or something. But really it's hard to notice. He's just kind of overly nice and naive (kind of like me). Anyway, he makes this all throughout the workday the "yoooo" maybe at once every half hour or so you'll hear this constant "yoooo" from far away. It's Jamil. He makes this awesome/super strange almost whale-like sound. All day you hear it. It makes me really happy.

I think more and more that philosophy is for the dissatisfied. My brain will roll in circles arguing with itself. It gets nowhere. I need to relax.

February 7th, 2019

Siddhartha has made me feel much better about myself. I have been confused as to why I need to stop smoking and why I feel more and more resentful of the people at work and the book has made this more clear to me.

"His goal draws him to it, for he allows nothing into his soul that might conflict with this ^{good} god."

"Most people, Kamala, are like a falling leaf as it twists and turns its way through the air, lurches and tumbles to the ground. Others though - a very few - are like stars set on a fixed course; no wind can reach them, and they carry their law and their path within them."

"The child people can love; that is their secret."

And here's some good stuff from earlier in the book. "He would aspire to nothing but what this voice commanded him, occupy himself with nothing but what the voice advised." Today has been the apex of my dislike for the people around me. Or at least the apex of my open disregard for them. I don't stoop to give the creepy Indian dude fist bump bumps, I don't fake smile, etc. I have felt like an asshole but now I understand it's because I have to close my soul to foreign influence. Or at least the wrong kind.

I've found this nice, seldom-used airplane landing bay where I can go on break to avoid them. Today I just sat and watched the clouds that dominated the sky roll by in tearing rends. It's nice there, what with this ridiculously warm weather we've had.

Today was Grammy's birthday so we ate some WW Cousins as usual. That was fun, it was nice to see everyone.

Last night I saw a scene from a South Park episode that talked about weed's being bad only because it made boredom go away and boredom is what spurs us to create. This was a really powerful point. So today I made sure to occupy my time wisely and not engage in phone time waste (which has a similar effect). I played all the songs I can currently play on guitar and then worked on learning America by Simon and Garfunkel. I can play that song I wrote "Bittersweet" really well now. It's definitely the best of all the songs I've ever written.

It is a tremendous sadness to me that a guitar cannot come along with me on the PCT. I did research about portable guitars and nothing good.

I think the only thing that really keeps drawing me in is image. I don't want people to think I'm vanilla or uncultured. I know that I'm not either of those things. Another thing is that I will not have as many wacky stories. But all of those things are so stupid. I just spent the latter part of an hour, smelling my empty pipe and I'm not sure if it counts as a relapse or not. I'm so afraid of wasting time. But then I think that everything is only a pastime. Get me out on the trail quick! Before I lose my mind.

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Playing it is really a beautiful thing.
February 8, 2019

Just deleted Spotify and canceled my subscription, landmark moment. all social media is coming soon to the chopping block. I purchased the Monkey Wrench Gang and already it's hardening me against the enemy. Man, that makes it sound like I'm going to shoot up a school or something. But real talk, I mean the enemy being the oblivious masses who don't care really about anything. Spotify and weed were ~~hooks~~ ~~that~~ ~~etched~~ anchors of pleasure that I liked to let weigh me down. Masturbation, you're in trouble, bud.

I was also thinking this morning when I finished Siddhartha that this phase of Stoicism may not be permanent. I don't really know yet. I used to be sad about a Stoic future (besides the fact that now I am not sad at the thought). Perhaps that future won't even be. I don't need to worry about them. Just now. If I spend all my time worrying about who I'll be tomorrow, when it gets here I won't know, and then I'll wonder who I used to be.

I have been confused about how I could be both (as I've always imagined myself) when Stoicism demands no aberration from its rule. and when I say Stoicism I don't know if that's literally what I mean. I just use it as a broad term for my determination to do nothing but obey that little voice in me. ~~Sidd~~ Siddhartha helped me realize that a person is both in the greater view. Both when a river is seen as a whole. It doesn't bend right and left at the same time, but throughout its course it spans both directions. ~~So~~ So obviously there is no need to worry about "missing out" on anything. I'm confident that I will always make the right decision. Even if it's the wrong one.

The snow in the Sierras is cranking up. Just as I hoped it would. Of course, it could level off here or some could melt before I get there, but I really hope it doesn't. Hell, I want more snow. I don't know just quite how bad

it's going to be yet, but I want it bad. At least from a distance I do.

The monkey wrench gang is cranking up my energy.

February 10, 2019

Yesterday I packed up all my backpacking stuff and headed out for the Siltstone Trail in JNF. I realized the other day that I had never hiked it all the way through. At the time unfortunately there was a race going on on all the trails in the forest so I had to pull over every 3.5 seconds to let them pass. Serves me right for thinking that temperatures of 35°max would drive people away from the place.

As I was on my way back, probably about ~~over~~ 4 miles from the car and welcome center, I encountered an unexpected problem. I really had to shit. Like, can't wait. I pulled off trail behind the densest thicket I could find and shot in a hastily dug cathole, hoping as I heard them pass that no runners would be too interested in their surroundings. As far as I know, nobody was. This was a good lesson though. Proved to me that hiking with toilet paper is for the birds.

~~after the hike~~ I also met this dude with a scalp-high pack who was also carrying a barbell. Apparently, he and his 10-year old "Explorer" buddy are going to climb some 19K' peaks in the Himalayas. Woah. He has already climbed 22K' peaks in South America. He told me about this dude who hiked from Norway to Mount Everest, summited, then biked home. WTF. Cool stuff. As I got in my car I ate an Oatmeal Creme Cookie, fruit snacks, and peanut butter crackers that I got from a nice dude supplying food to the runners.

After being at home for some time William called me, told me they had some weed sealed out for me, and said come on over if you want. I had asked Joe to get me some before dawning on my official resolution. I was being tested. I went on over, ~~said~~ "just said no," and then tried to explain to William everything Biddhortha taught me about the fountainhead. He continuously interrupts me, never lets me finish a train of thought. I think he purposefully does it to scramble my train

of thought. I made the connection that this individualism which is similar in nature to the one I had when I read Atlas Shrugged Shrugged, but just hopped up on even more potent idealism, made me remember that the decision I made pretty soon after that to intentionally "act my age" and hang out with people and consume drugs. Now is the time for those days to end.

Murphy, Nina, Sean, and Kate all came over and it was pretty fucking lame. I mean, I was the only sober guy but I know for a fact that even high I would've been bored out of my mind. They just watched shitty trippin' music videos for like an hour and a half. Languid marijuana smoke faintly clouded the TV as they watched it, mouths agape. There was conversation initially, but as the beats made their rounds a magic trance fell over them and their tongues lost the audacity to move. I drove home very glad I didn't smoke.

I'm thinking about pirating music onto my phone, but as I write that it feels against the point. Earbuds are dystopian.

February 13, 2019

So the basement flooded dramatically and we're going to have to throw everything down there out. Thank God. We've got a dumpster coming in tomorrow at 11 AM. We're not just going to throw the basement away, we're going to get rid of it all. I see now that my job is to force my Dad to develop a spine again. And by that I mean develop the ability to hold himself accountable to himself. Because he's a shell. By ~~perhaps~~ perhaps are going to fix this filth we are living in. I will pull no punches. He can be saved, I've just got to grill his ass. Be rude as fuck. I have to rub his nose in his own shit or else he won't learn.

February 18, 2019 Midnight

I've had a lot of strange-ness going on lately. I'm retiring the Stoicism thing. That's the sort of stuff that could drive a man insane. The cleaning has been going well, but I've been a real terror to the family about it. I went over to Will & Joe's and I got drunk and a little high on Friday night. Asher, Garrett, Cory, and Joe are the primary people I hang out with

but I also chatted with Gregg. Thank God for my friends for keeping me sane. Joe was like, this Stoicism thing is not necessary for you. He was right. Plus, if I bring a pipe out on the trail I'll be like ~~Stendahl~~ so, score. Stoicism wouldn't ruin me, I'm fairly sure. It's like it was trying to hold away my personality. Sooo glad that's over.

I broke 5K on Friday, too. Woo! I also went back to Lexington to just get a couple of things from the old dorms. I felt so out of place there. "People are strange, when you're a stranger..." I thought about contacting Rachel and Julia but did neither and got the hell out of dodge. I didn't have to see Derek and that was nice, I just dealt with the new roommate awkward the whole time. I insisted on carrying all my stuff myself and made a Dick Van Dyke one man band joke. Caden came with me to sex because he wanted to see his girl Dakota. Caden is okay, but I don't like him as much as everyone else, I have decided. It's always kind of made me nervous being around just him. Because I ~~always~~ almost always feel the need to make the vibe work, whereas with everyone else it just does.

I saw William at Dominos on the way home from their place. I had had two shots and a beer but when the night began to wind down I was lucid enough to drive proficiently. I was not q lucid enough, however, to keep from stopping when I saw Joe's car that Will had borrowed, leaving a pizza in a box, writing "What's up bro?" on it, and looking over to the car as William prepared to drive off in it. I gave it to him and it was pretty awesome how little he seemed to be surprised. We just talked for a second and carried on. I really was lucid enough, too. I did swerve once on the expressway because I was going too eagerly to change the song, but that might have happened if I was perfectly sober, too.

A couple of days ago I was barging upside down from a metal girder at work, it was pretty awesome.

all of those things define my character. Not the bitter and moody Stoic that sometimes for no reason seeks to destroy my happiness. gotta watch out for that cheeky bastard. Just thought of a good analogy for the Stoicism:

Trying to be a stoic is like brushing my ^{hair} curls. It doesn't really work and the curls are better anyway.

February 18, 2019

I'm hanging at Fleine Bros. I just finished a book of King short stories called *Full Dark, No Stars* that was alright. What I am more excited by ~~to~~ are the two books I purchased today from Carmichael's. I got Whitman's *Leaves of Grass* and now it occurs to me this is the tip in American poetry and I perhaps had better keep my nose out of it. I also got *Travels With Charley*. People who lament American culture are fools. Anyway, I was thinking about the people here, as I always seem to.

I find myself more

by the setting of the sun
alone ~~in~~ ^{at} the window
as the mirth becomes undone.

Coffee Shop

The door allow the outward path
more often than the in
and the chances of enchanted faces' entrance
are more slim.

Here's Steinbeck again with the good quotes.

"When the virus of restlessness begins to take possession of a wayward man, and the road away from Here seems broad and straight and sweet, the victim must first find in himself a good and sufficient reason for going."

"Nearly Every American longs to move."

February 22, 2019

I had a dream last night that woke me up before dawn. I thought that I had to write about it in here. By morning it was lost. Makes you wonder what I thought was such a big deal. And whether it's still in me somewhere. Did I lose whatever it was that made me feel so much in a moment? I dream every night to some degree. I know that there are those who don't. My only memory

from last night is a happy thing about being in high school college

Today I went for a hike but it wasn't satisfying. That was troubling concerning my immediate future. At the end of the day, though, I just don't feel right in woods like that. Bare browns all around, looking me in alone on a universal red-beige leaf carpet. It all felt empty. It felt like limbo.

On Wednesday night I went to Will & Joe's. We smoked and played Fortnite. I got a couple of kills so that was cool. I watched/played Bandersnatch on Netflix. It's an interactive episode of Black Mirror. I turned it off quickly though because I was high and they were talking about acid and I didn't want to hear it. That was a good moment though. I draw my own line, so thus I don't read Stoicism to draw one for me. Now I really can trust myself.

I finally convinced Joe that I'm just doing what I want same as him, and we came up with a pretty good model for Human Learning. I had translated a poem by Horace found in Travels with Charley where he quoted Joseph Addison:

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed lucem dare ex fumo cogita
"He knows that smoke does not give ~~us~~ from light,
but light gives from smoke."

I really like that idea. I was arguing that negative reinforcement is the only way we learn. Joe was arguing for positive.

It occurs to me now that my translation may be poor, but it has caused good in me.

We decided that learning is loving what you've got until bad forces you to find a new way. Only ever seek good, but expect to find bad.

Whitman has been really cool so far! He's got this long series of poems hyping up the poems to come in a chapter called Inscriptions. Some of it has been rather dull. Well, it's never really dull. It's just at times hard to keep up and my failure makes it seem dull. I was going to complain about the poem I am currently reading, Getting off from Poughkeepsie, but as I re-read it with more dedication it warmed itself very closely to me.

The coolest thing I'm getting from it now is his thinking on death in stanza 13. I understand him to be saying that every life is remembered in every modern moment. Because of people like him, who would tell their history through his own lens. Like when he dies he becomes a part of our collective conscious through his work. Now we know him, and thus his America (including all of her citizens, cities, moments, etc) without even knowing we do.

Stanza 15 really touches home because of how hard this is at times to follow. I'm gonna do another note paper now.

It is the job of an author to reconnect the people with their past. I have to synthesize the world of Whitman with my own. He does seem very excited to show me, thankfully.

February 25, 2016

Walt has been leading me to death. He keeps hyping himself up as the poet of all but he still hasn't been the poet of all. I have liked most of Song of Myself, but part of the problem is that the poem is so long I can't read it in one sitting, and then because it is poetry I can't remember what I read last when I resume.

Today I finished Travels with Charley. I liked it, but it isn't like anything else Steinbeck wrote. I think it was written mostly for the fans. It is very rambling, but gentle and fun.

Today I bought Ulysses. It may have been a mistake, ha ha. I am already somewhat bewildered but I'm washing my way through.

I'd wanted to read it for some time and for better or worse, I am now. I am a little freaked out though because I only have three weeks or so to finish it. I am going to have to be very dedicated.

I'm going to put in my two weeks' notice at UPS tomorrow. A very liberating feeling. Though yesterday work was pretty cool, actually. I was sent to small sort again and as I was trying to leave I got totally lost. I found myself on what I guess was the opposite side of the building from the exit I was looking for.

To get back across I traveled this strange mechanical midland below belts and buttresses of steel. It was like a clanking canopy above supported by thin wintry metal trunks. All in the waning light of evening. I crossed a metal grate gorge that must have showed off more pulsing package innards. If you ever showed the means what their lever courier system would become... But when I did escape, the sunlight was lagging outside. Winter really ruins a person. I need Spring more than I need. March 1, 2019

Last night I went over to Will + Joe's place and smoked and that was really awesome. As soon as I got in I saw William sitting with Cory's guitar and I just kind of assumed control of it because he wasn't holding it. I hadn't played in a while and I love Cory's guitar so I was excited to fuck around a bit. I was also excited to smoke. I got my tie dye \$5 and gave it to Joe for \$2 back and filled my bowl a few times throughout the night.

We were talking about Lord of the Rings at some point and I was probably the one who brought it up because Ulysses has given me a lot of understanding of England (and even more of Ireland) at the time and that gave me some interesting shit to say. ☺

My theory is that the men of the West in Numenor are the Normans. As I was thinking about all the similarities it

really began to be clear to me that *Lord of the Rings* is a fantasized English perspective of *Wuth*. I had so much understanding of the series. Definitely one of the greatest pieces of literature in history.

William showed me how he was learning to play Blackbird on the guitar and he's really coming on very well on it I'll say. The strum pattern inspired me to write a new chord progression also inspired by what I know of Simon & Garfunkel's America. I don't know the middle second chord for sure but the prog is C, B/D(?), Am, and then F. I pinch two strings at once. It's very melancholy. I need lyrics for it. I played around with it some this morning and cried a lot. But anyway it was really nice to flex my guitar skills a bit. Everyone was hyping me up.



March 3, 2019

So English is a Germanic language. Why do we use so much Romantic slang. I just told the barista (Heine Bros) "Thanks." Surely that's *Gracias* or *gratias* from *tibi gratias* ago. But the word is totally Germanic. How strange.

"Youth, led by experience, visits Notoriety."

-Joyce

I visited Will and T again last night but without much purpose. Oh, and actually it was the day before yesterday. We just watched Big Mouth high and silent. My pipe broke on my way there. I am not sure whether buying a new one is worth it.

Last night I stayed up pretty late reading Ulysses. It is only now getting to a point where I might recognize the beginnings of a story.

Stephen has been offered a job at the press ^{and} is being told that "he ~~could~~ ^{can} do it!" The narrative very easily left Bloom behind there. I did not anticipate such a move but I am glad for it.

Makes me wonder if the point of the story might not be to somehow detail the arise of Joyce as an author. But in one day?

Last night also I watched Good Will Hunting. Wonderful movie. The choice of his heart awarded to love, and what a role Robin Williams plays. Will Hunting also provided the much sought reassurance concerning my choice to ml. He lambasted that egotistical collegiate asshole in the name of originality.

Today it snowed an inch or so.

Oh! also on Friday night I visited with Aubrey Youngman at Quill's coffee. It was really nice to see her! Our conversations for the first 4 hours or so were fantastic. She is doing really well in her English major classes. She told me about how its about playing through the system. I told her about how bad I am at that.

We talked until they closed and then went back to her dorm. I can't tell if she wanted to fuck or not, I suppose she did. It just didn't feel right to me. She talked and felt like a little kid after a while. Or at least a little bit like Mrs. Whaley. I really liked the first half of the conversation. She was so adult. But in her dorm she was less. I think it's because she was nervous. If she'd have offered me some of the wine she had things'd've gone better.

The conversation of coupled caffeine consumption (especially among fans of

like things) is a vile of its own that until Friday I never realized!
It was almost better than weed, though I don't say that with certainty.
anyway it was interesting.

I didn't go to work today because I just didn't feel like it. I
already have all the money I need, after all.

My music taste has become much more Indie/Folk lately. I love that
It already was getting there but I would say it is for sure, now. Recently
I've been listening to this woman Willolux(?) specifically the EP
she perfectly sums up a lot of what I feel, there. also this song
called Wisdom/Boredom that also hits my nail on the head (ouch!).
I don't remember the artist for that one. Finally I have this album
I love by Beirut called Gulag Orkestar. Definitely weird but I love it.
Joe Vest introduced it to me.

Girl at the table by the fireplace to my left: "It smells like weed."
Ha.

March 5, 2018

I was just reading some of the unalomen's manifesto because his
philosophy is startlingly similar to mine superficially. When I was getting
interested in Stoicism I was more like him. What analysing his work
made me realize is that freedom is not the lack of cultural input, it
is instead the culmination. Any sufficiently cultured American is free.
They have been given the mental tools to freedom by those great authors
who have always held it. Stoicism can make a person think of themselves
as a slave to culture, when really you're only a slave if you're doing something
you don't like and in that case you're a slave to ^{yourself} ~~the culture~~. Boom. Fuck
off, Ted. And also me from last month. You're both fucking dumbasses.

Last night I watched Groundhog Day and it made me really happy.
It helped me remember that everything I'm doing boils down to a search for love.
How his day never ended is ~~such~~ symbolic for how monotonous his life was
without love. So during the monotony he started to become good at things to

he could be worthy of love. Really I'm doing the same thing. One little fantasy I had after watching was that maybe I wanted to do the PCT so bad because there is some great love waiting for me someday, and that the trail is necessary to my achieving ~~achieve~~ achieving it. Really ~~that~~ who cares anyway. I don't need a reason to want something. But the fantasy did warm my heart. I really do want to find the perfect girl someday. I realized that a lot of my thinking boils down to hope that someday I'll find a place to satisfy me forever. I guess to put that better, me and everybody else are trying to find peace. If I can't get that, maybe I can ~~off~~ find someone for whom my love is so great that I won't ever want to leave them.

I've been wondering recently why I don't pursue women* (thanks to KC ~~who~~ as I learned today has 9 brothers and sisters and grew to the age of 7 in Turisia), and I think it's because I know those around me aren't "the one for me." I've never really thought a one night stand would be worth it like he did. I want to really be taken away by someone. Swept off my feet. Like in ~~the~~ ^{in whom the} ~~the~~ ^{pulls} ~~pulls~~ ^{rolls} when she says the world shakes after they have sex. I was going to quote the protagonist but incidentally I can't remember if he described the ~~sex~~ post-sex as "like when a man has sex with a woman he does not love" or not. He might have said that about a different event, he might have said that with a negative qualifier floating around in the vicinity, or maybe Hemingway is a huge fucking dickhead after all.

Okay I looked it up and Hemingway's protagonist Does love her! "after a little while, he asks, 'But did thee feel the earth move?' and she says yes, 'And then the earth moved. The earth never moved before?' He assures her it truly never before had for him." That is what I want! I also want to re-read For Whom the Bell Tolls. My god, what a book.

March 6, 2019

One of my favorite things is how often I think I'm right, and then how every time I am proven wrong. There's more out there than I'll ever know. I'm gonna try though, ha ha. I was thinking about literary theory* for one night stands or out of sexual interest generally

Books are the best form of media because they dig their ways into your mind for as long as it takes you to read them and no matter what you do when you're in the process of finishing the book, all things seem to be analogous supposing it. Always thinking about a book. Even when you're not.

Today I posted about how Pentecost vs. I-Series is a symbol for the fading Western culture as globalism shifts toward the favor of the East. Like how Joyce writes about the British control of Ireland. Some dude in the comments was like, "It's definitely not as big a deal as you think." True that.

I'm listening to an album called *Illinoise* from 2004 by Sufjan Stephens. It makes me really happy because it's obviously very good and I've never heard it before.

I had a dream last night about a party at Will & Joe's (but much more lavish) and Kevin "the Cuban" was there and Hispanic music was playing and he had sunglasses on and smoked a cigar. Imao.

March 8th 2019

In 2019 America, Aristotelians go to college and Platonians go to the fields. Because anyone who does something with the goal of making a living is Aristotelian. College is modern day farming.

Peripatetic can mean aristotelian or migratory. But really I'd say Platonian. Platonism is the new migratory. Similarly, Platonism means anti-indulgent but really Platonists collegiate "Platonists" are

March 10, 2019

My birthday was last Thursday the 7th. It was a good one! In the earlier hours of the day, pretty soon after midnight, I wrote a short story (or finished one I had started previously) and put it on Snapchat. Several people read it and gave me high compliments. I'll have to print it out and put it in here. The rest of the day I worked and ate at WL with the fam and that was really nice. After that I went to Will & Joe's place and that wasn't great but it was alright. One thing that was good is that I cut Joe and I short in one of our arguments. I didn't want it to go all night.

Friday I just didn't really do anything. Didn't read much, wasn't in a great mood, etc.

But I did buy a new rainjacket and water filter from Quest that I'm excited about. Grammy gave me like \$225 for my B-day and Mom gave me some \$ too. Really nice of them both.

Saturday Mom and I went to Cincinnati to go to REI, an outdoor store. I did not expect to buy anything but I did wind up getting microspikes. We also went to this pub right afterwards and Mom let me try some Guinness. First time. It was really good. Like, delicious. The froth, and lack of carbonation. Really enjoyed it. She got a little tipsy so I drove us home and it rained extremely hard all the way and she was pretty nervous but we made it without incident. That night at 10:30 I went to Electric Foddyland up the street and bought a new pipe. This one is much simpler than the first. It was only \$18 and is unassuming and nice. Went to Will and Joe's right afterwards to christen it. Will, Gregg, Murph, Zach, Parker Hogue, and I all hung out. It was a great time, too. Will and I went to the corner store and I got a lighter. Used it to light my little pipe all night. Super good high. Very happy all night. Parker Hogue is intimidated by my vocabulary. Zach I was really glad to see. He's such a happy dude. I love hanging out with him, although I suppose only in short intervals. Give it too long and we might not have much to say. Oh! Tony was also there for a while. He and I talked about composers for a minute and Will joined in. Both recommended Chopin. I'll have to check it out. gotta lunge - read delays so if I ever hope to finish it. Great look.

"America," I said, quietly, just like that. "What is it? The sweepings of every country, including our own." - James Joyce

March 15, 2019

On Wednesday Will, Joe, and I went canoeing. We were left for Red River Gorge around 10am and we were finally set up to drop in the river around 1pm. Way later already than we should have considering Joe had work at 5pm. But it would be no problem, so we thought. The river at first was very calm. Although within the first 30 seconds of sailing we hit a log, capsized, and the boat filled with water. Joe and Will both lost their shoes instantly. I tied mine to the canoe so they survived. But Joe and I could only barely get the canoe out of the water the pressure was so high. We did, and, like gamblers, we continued on. None of us were very good at canoeing. We spent like 25 minutes rotating backwards over minor rapids and punneling in calm water. Well really it was beautiful

going. I complimented him several times on his choice. We were seeing a ton of pines on either side and high rock walls as well. We got out and sat ~~upon~~ in the sun by the water and smoked a blunt. Laylie was the word I used. I'm sure it was only an hour (if that) following that we had to ditch the canoe. We had capsized enough times that we were dangerously cold and the sun no longer cast her comfort so far down into our canyon. We were trying to put on the heat but the rocks in the river whose rapids had been minor ~~per~~ larger only and their rapids worse until we faced impossible maelstroms flanked by water flowing white and quickly underneath an oak wood barrier. We began to ~~like~~ hike barefoot, cold, and desperate along the riverside praying for sunset to hold its chill until we made it anywhere away from so remote and unforgiving a channel.

Through choking rivers of rhododendron we crawled and broke our ^{sharp} feet over rock banks. All to collapse atop a hill overlooking the river in blackness around 11pm and wait for the search and rescue team I was able to call with service from the hilltop. Joe made a fire and the two men were able to get to us after 3 hours or so. We drove home tired and beat.

Last night I went back over to their place and everybody was there like Will Caden etc and I smoked a joint whose rolling I was complimented on by Will. We played Secret Hitler, smash Bros and some other card game called Werewolf that is basically Mafia and it was easy, perfect, and gentle ~~casual~~ raucous fun that was just as times had ever been.

I talked with Stewart - Youngman today for a very short time. It was extremely ~~interesting~~ though. We may meet up for coffee tomorrow.

March 18, 2019

Well, I'm gone in something like two hours. Are there more things I could've put in here? More details to observe, pictures to take, people to remember? Yes, surely, ~~and~~ even if I didn't get it all, I got quite a damn lot. So much done. This has been a fantastic last year and a half. Best I've ever had. And now it culminates here with me writing ~~about~~ over my gear-strawed bed and a plane to California awaiting my board. Fingers crossed the TSA doesn't mind my pipe. I only used it a couple of times anyway. It would kind of suck to lose all the last 5 months' money over some resin. I think I'll be alright. Only one way to know for sure. Goodbye!

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